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The American Mercury

13110

Don't Blame the Munitions Makers
by F. C. Hanighen & H. C. Engelbrecht

Herbert Lehman: "Silent Dynamite" — *Saul Levitt & Allan Chase*

First Encounter — *Sigrid Undset*
Mussolini is Tottering — *Anthony M. Turano*
A Plea for Socialized Medicine — *George W. Aspinwall*
Peary Did Not Reach the Pole — *Henshaw Ward*
They Broke Our Strike — *John Mullen*
Cows and Horses Are Hungry — *Meridel LeSueur*
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The American Karl Marx — *George Simpson*
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Blind Flying is Not Safe — *Kenneth Brown Collings*
The Truth About Dentifrices — *Jerome W. Ephraim*
Fiddlers Are Dumber Than Pianists — *Edward Robinson*

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

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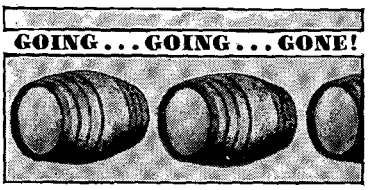

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Partial Contents of the October AMERICAN MERCURY

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CHINESE REDS

By Agnes Smedley

The upheaval that has been going on in China since 1920 has been of stupendous proportions, but the outside world really knows very little about it. The correspondence that has appeared in the American press has been largely paid propaganda. Miss Smedley, who has written about China for many American and European newspapers, knows more about what is going on in the ancient land than probably any other newspaper man or woman. In the present article she tells, for the first time anywhere, the extent of the infiltration of radicalism in China. This fact will eventually change world history.

SURRENDER BY SYMPATHY

By Jules Romains

A magnificent short story, extracted from M. Romains's forthcoming "The Proud and the Meek," Volume III, in the series of "Men of Good Will." It deals with the age-old theme of adultery, but the author brings to it a profound and fresh psychological insight. The woman finally surrenders because of the man's sympathy with her sorrow for her imbecile son.

SAM GOMPERS: MISLEADER OF LABOR

By George Simpson

The trouble with the leadership of American labor is mainly to be found in the legacy of Samuel Gompers, who did more to degrade the American workingman than almost any other individual. President William Green and Matthew Woll are acting only in accordance with the principles laid down by him. Dr. Simpson discusses not merely Gompers the man, but also the industrial history of the United States as influenced by him. His article will shock the moguls of the American Federation of Labor, but all intelligent men and women will find it very enlightening.

SOUND FACTS ABOUT CONSTIPATION

By W. W. Bauer

Dr. Bauer, director of the Bureau of Health and Public Instruction of the American Medical Association, here gives some sound advice to all those who are worried about their digestion. He dispels many unfounded fears, and he has much to say about the many widely advertised fake remedies for disorders of the stomach.

SOCIAL SECURITY—FICTION OR FACT?

By Abraham Epstein

The leading authority on social insurance in the United States here considers the various plans of social insurance open to President Roosevelt and to the next Congress. He comes out unequivocally for a Federal subsidy system of insurance, and he proves in detail why all other plans are either unworkable or Utopian. The matter of social insurance will be the subject of official deliberation and public discussion in the next few months, and Mr. Epstein's article will do much to clarify all the issues involved.

MYSELF UPON THE EARTH

By William Saroyan

This is ostensibly a soliloquy, or rather a dialogue between Mr. Saroyan and his typewriter, but it embraces the whole world and all life, and it often reaches heights of vision seldom reached in contemporary American prose writing. It is perhaps the best thing Mr. Saroyan has so far written for the MERCURY. His other two contributions were "Aspirin is a Member of the N.R.A." and "Ah-Ha Ah-Ha."

THE SOVIET "DICTATORSHIP"

By Anna Louise Strong

Many people are of the opinion that Russia is really an autocracy, that it is governed by a political machine akin to Tammany. The facts, says Miss Strong, who has been in Russia for nearly thirteen years, and whose "We Soviet Wives" appeared in the August issue, are altogether different. Russia, she says, is really the most democratically run government in the world, and to back up her statement she presents a mass of evidence which she has encountered in all her years in the Soviet Union.

THIEVERIES OF THE REPUBLIC

The third article in this series, "The Star Route Swindles," by Stanley E. Kalish, will deal with a major fraud in the Federal Post Office Department. It is seldom mentioned in the school histories, yet for a while it rocked the nation. The fourth article in the series, "The Whiskey Ring Fraud," by Grayson L. Kirk, will appear in a future issue.

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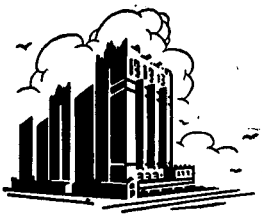

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXXIII September 1934 NUMBER 129

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
Charles Angoff, *Editor*
Lawrence E. Spivak, *Business Manager*

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

PSYCHOLOGY

DEVELOPMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY.
By Florence L. Goodenough. *The D. Appleton-Century Company*
$3 5¼ x 8; 619 pp. *New York*

So many books on psychology are written for the poor layman that he will be delighted to get hold of a simple work written for students. And this book, though it is intended to be a college text-book, will prove to be of greater value to that poor layman than most of the volumes written especially for him. The author is professor at the Institute of Child Welfare at the University of Minnesota and she demonstrates again that the best elementary books on scientific subjects are written by the masters of the subjects. The approach in this volume, as the title indicates, is to trace the growth of the various psychological characteristics of man from his prenatal state through old age. The author manages to present a great deal of factual data without becoming involved in the internecine wars of psychology.

SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT IN YOUNG CHILDREN.
By Susan Isaacs. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$4 5⅜ x 8½; 480 pp. *New York*

Dr. Isaacs is in charge of the Malting House School for young children at Cambridge, England, and in 1930 she published a study of her pupils' mental processes under the title of "Intellectual Growth in Young Children". The present volume is a continuation of that study, and is to be followed by a third. It is divided into two parts, the first being devoted to a report of Dr. Isaacs' observations, and the second to a discussion of them in their bearing on educational problems. The basic psychology of the work is that of Freud, but the author does not follow it slavishly, and her own comments are shrewd and valuable.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE TWO AMERICAS.
By Stephen Duggan. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$1.75 5¾ x 8; 277 pp. *New York*

Professor Duggan, who is director of the Institute of International Education, is well known for his past work in the field of political science. In this volume he considers the relations between the United States and the countries of Latin America, and endeavors to show that most of the misunderstandings which exist between the peoples of the two continents can be remedied by education and personal contact. Geographically and historically the United States enjoys a distinct advantage—which accounts for her social and political advancement. But "despite differences in race and civilization the people of the United States have much in common with those of the Latin American countries," and once the proper cultural relationship has been effected there is every reason to believe that a mutual friendship can be established. Unfortunately, the average American knows, at present, very little concerning the nations immediately to the south of him, and frequently such knowledge of them as he may happen to have is founded on flagrant misconceptions. It is the purpose of this book to correct the opinions of the misinformed, and at the same time to offer reliable information to the ignorant. There is an index.

ROMANTIC COPPER: ITS LURE AND LORE.
By Ira B. Joralemon. *The D. Appleton-Century Co.*
$3 5½ x 8¼; 294 pp. *New York-London*

Clark and Daly, developers of the Montana copper fields; Dr. Douglas and Tom Cole, who worked the Calumet mines; John R. Boddie, Greenway and Shotwell, who found and exploited the Ajo Bonanza—these men are all colorfully portrayed in this volume. Woven through the stories of their lives, which changed the history of the copper industry, is the story of the development of copper-mining technique, together with some criticism of the economic influences of the great discoveries. There are a glossary and an index.

LITERATURE

BLOODY MARY'S.
By Geoffrey Dennis. *Simon & Schuster*
$2.50 5 x 7½; 366 pp. *New York*

This autobiographical study of life in a small Yorkshire school of thirty years ago is a vivid re-creation of the schoolboy world, its intensity, brutality and pathos. Avoiding the usual pitfall of writers who retrospect into childhood—the tendency to sentimentalize their material—Geoffrey Dennis manages to identify himself with the boy he writes about, and at the same time to evaluate his experiences with the objective judgment of the grown man.

Continued on page vi

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

LETTERS FROM T. E. SHAW TO BRUCE ROGERS.

Privately printed
William Edwin Rudge
5⅝ x 8¼; 82 pp.

"It was in 1927, while reading Lawrence's 'Seven Pillars of Wisdom' for the first time," writes Bruce Rogers in a prefatory note, "that it occurred to me that its author was the very man to translate the Odyssey anew." This happy suggestion met with Lawrence's—or Shaw's—consent; the translation required, altogether, three years or more; and Mr. Rogers here privately prints the letters received by him from Lawrence during its course. The letters explain some of the mystery that attended the publication of the translation itself: Lawrence at first wished it to be published anonymously, but the news leaked out while he was working on it. When the task was first begun he was frightened by it; "Homer," he wrote, "is very very great: and so far away." As he got into his task he became more critical, and began to separate the "Odyssey Homer" from the other Homer. In the preface to the actual translation, it will be remembered, he makes the Odyssey Homer a "house-bred man," living in a tamer age than the Iliad Homer and writing a tale in which "every big situation is burked and the writing is soft." These letters show not only how much care and toil Lawrence lavished on his translation, but how genuinely modest he is, for his continual assertions that the book will attract more attention for Rogers's printing than for his own translation seem more than merely polite. The letters contain some excellent criticism of the Odyssey.

SOCIOLOGY

ELEMENTS OF RURAL SOCIOLOGY.
By Newell L. Sims.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$3.75 5½ x 8; 718 pp. *New York*

This is the revised edition of a successful textbook. It contains numerous detailed charts and maps. It considers the routine subjects of farm sanitation, homes, schools, population statistics, etc., but also takes up such problems as tenant farming and the farmer's standard of living with unequivocal expressions of opinion, which may keep the book out of some State universities. Although the author's preface is dated January, 1934, there is no comment on the effects on the life of the American farmer of the changes instituted by the Roosevelt administration.

A SOCIAL BASIS OF EDUCATION.
By Harold S. Tuttle.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$3.00 5⅞ x 8⅜; 590 pp. *New York*

Mr. Tuttle, associate professor of education at Oregon University, discusses here the approach, the aim, and the procedure of mass education. He applies many of the old and some of the new ideas of individual psychology to four main themes: "The Goal of Education," "Psychological Processes," "Society as an Educative Agency," and "The School as a Social Agency." There is much quotation from modern writers in the field, but a sparsity of original thought. Long bibliographies are at the ends of the chapters, and the book closes with proposed subjects for debates and discussions. There is an index.

RELIGION

THE UNKNOWN GOD.
By Alfred Noyes. *Sheed & Ward*
$2.50 5¼ x 7¾; 383 pp. *New York*

Mr. Noyes says that he grew up under the influence of Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel, Spencer and other such godless men, but that in the course of his studies of their works he found that all of them posited a First Cause in the universe, above and beyond ordinary natural law. Pondering this First Cause, he came gradually to the conclusion that it could be best described as the Judeo-Christian Yahweh, and so he abandoned his atheism. At present he believes in the Incarnation and is otherwise quite orthodox, though whether he is a Roman Catholic or only a High Church Episcopalian does not appear. Some of the steps in his argument will baffle skeptics, but no doubt they will seem sufficient to his fellow believers. His book shows a great earnestness, and his argument is sometimes pointed by excerpts from his own poems.

A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH:
An Introductory Study.
By Philip Hughes. *Sheed & Ward*
$3.50 5¼ x 8⅜; 395 pp. *New York*

This is the first volume of what is to be a trilogy. It covers the religious and political background of the early Christian Church, and comes down to the Third Council of Constantinople, 680-1. The second volume will bring the narrative to the Reformation, and the third will deal with the subsequent history of the Roman branch. Mr. Hughes writes as a Catholic, but his treatment of controversy is generally fair, and he has much that is illuminating to say on difficult points—for example, the influence of the conversion of Constantine. At the end of his volume he prints

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a brief but well chosen bibliography, a series of historical tables, a map of the Roman Empire, and an index. There is little that is new in it, but it shows an intelligent reading of the sources, and a considerable familiarity with the standard literature.

FICTION

THE ROAD LEADS ON.
By Knut Hamsun. *Coward-McCann*
$3 5¾ x 8½; 536 pp. *New York*

Knut Hamsun has once again produced what may safely be called a distinguished novel. The scene is the Norwegian town of Segelfoss which, despite the ambitious efforts of its leading citizen, Herr Gordon Tidemand, remains for long "utterly dead, a centre of sheer stupidity." To this town, however, comes the lovable old vagabond August—hero of one of Hamsun's earlier books—who becomes Tideman's righthand man, and who generously distributes among the inhabitants the bulk of a fortune which he has acquired through the purchase of a lucky lottery ticket. August is one of the great creations of modern fiction, and Hamsun has in this book surrounded him with an impressive group of villagers whose joys and sorrows are the joys and sorrows of all people of all ages. The story is objectively written and has very little to offer in the way of plot. It is essentially a realistic presentation of human nature in a state of constant flux—moving forever onward toward some vague and ever-retreating goal.

THIS BEST POSSIBLE WORLD.
By Frederick L. Hackenburg. *Robert O. Ballou*
$2.00 5⅛ x 7⅞; 310 pp. *New York*

Political graft and hypocrisy form the theme of this novel. Three men and a woman, each starting from a lowly position in life, rise to importance in the New York State government. One of the men is an idealist, another a hedonistic philosopher, and the

Continued in back advertising section, page x

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SEX HABITS

A VITAL FACTOR IN WELL-BEING

By A. Buschke, M.D. and F. Jacobsohn, M.D.
Specializing Physicians to the Great Continental Rudolf-Virchow Hospital

Foreword by Gerard L. Moench, M.D.
Associate Professor of Gynecology, New York Post-graduate Hospital, Columbia University

SUBJECTS EMBRACED

THE SEX ORGANS (Male, Female)
SEX INTERCOURSE (Analysis, Nature, Methods, Frequency)
SEX DIFFICULTIES (Adjustment, Technique)
MARRIAGE (Sex Aspects, Instruction)
VALUE OF REGULAR SEX INTERCOURSE
SEX HYGIENE (Precautions, Directions)
THE SEX IMPULSE (Contrasted: In Men, In Women)
SEX VARIATION (Physical, Psychological)
VARYING SEX PRACTICES
SEXUAL SHORTCOMINGS (Impotence, Frigidity, Sterility, etc.)
SEX DANGERS (Coitus Interruptus, Reservatus; etc.)
SEX ABNORMALITIES (Perversion, Sadism, Masochism, Fetichism, Exhibitionism, Homosexuality, Hermaphrodism, etc.)
REPRODUCTION, FERTILIZATION, HEREDITY, EUGENICS

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THE SEX ORGANS OF MEN (4 plates,* 15 illustrations)
THE SEX ORGANS OF WOMEN (3 plates,* 6 illustrations)
THE PROCESS OF REPRODUCTION (1 plate,* 3 illustrations)
FERTILIZATION AND DEVELOPMENT (1 plate,* 2 illustrations)
DEVELOPMENT BEFORE BIRTH (2 plates,* 4 illustrations)
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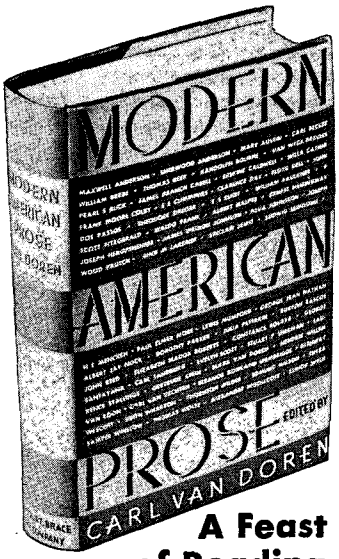

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DON'T BLAME THE MUNITIONS MAKERS

BY F. C. HANIGHEN & H. C. ENGELBRECHT

It has been a season of Robber Barons, Money Changers, and Merchants of Death. The former have had the obliging pages of the newspapers to report their defences, and highly-paid press agents and lawyers have not been backward in doing their work. The armament interests, however, seem to be thoroughly cowed. Large firms that deal in this traffic point out lamely that only a small part of their output goes into this channel, and even the DuPont company has sent a circular to its stockholders affirming that it was all in favor of world peace and disarmament. None so far have sought to present their case—and a case there is, in spite of the undeniable evils for which these Merchants of Death are responsible.

The world knows now, after the publication of several books and magazine articles and after the forming of a Senatorial Investigating Committee, that the armament interests are guilty of selling their wares to enemy and potentially enemy states, that they have created war scares, influenced the press, resorted to lobbying, bribery, and various other reprehensible practices. The presence of a gun in Bedford Park, England, manufactured in Britain before the war and sold to the Germans, only to be captured by the Tommies, stands as a grim trophy of the secret war for munitions profits. French manufacturers sold 75's to Bulgaria, which were used against General Sarrail's troops in Macedonia. The authors of "Merchants of Death" possess a photograph of Schneider, the French gun-maker, showing Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria through his works shortly before the outbreak of the World War. A German general reported that one of his sons was wounded in the World War by a shrapnel made in Germany.

More recent facts have only intensified the arms makers' embarrassment. It is well known that at least five great German arms manufacturers contributed materially to Hitler's campaign funds. That may not be improper, but it is certainly significant, particularly in view of the fact that these Germans were joined by two directors of the French-owned S'koda, Czechoslovakia's great armament fief. Meanwhile, French jingo newspapers under the control or influence of the French arms industry, fulminate against the Nazi danger to *la patrie* and remain frigid toward all disarmament proposals.

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Perhaps the most sensational example of the dread extreme of this traffic is a story about Krupp, the German cannon maker. Previous to the war Krupp had invented a special fuse for hand grenades. The English company, Vickers, appropriated this invention during the war and many thousands of Germans were killed by British grenades equipped with this fuse. When the war was over, Krupp sued Vickers for violation of patent rights demanding the payment of one shilling for each fuse, or a total of 123,000,000 shillings. The case was settled out of court and Krupp received payment in stock of one of Vickers' subsidiaries in Spain. A reasonable defence of even this action could be made, but apparently Krupp felt disinclined to do so.

Reading such accounts, many people are shocked. They picture a group of unscrupulous villains who are using every device to profit from human suffering and death. They conjure up a picture of a well-organized, ruthless conspiracy to block world peace and to promote war. Theirs is an ethical reaction easily understood. For the business of placing our vaunted science and engineering in the service of Mars and marketing armaments by the most unrestricted methods of modern salesmanship is indeed a thoroughly anti-social occupation. But the arms maker is really not a villain and, in spite of his failure to state it, he has his apologia.

He might, but he probably would not for business reasons, debunk the menace of his international traffic. For in spite of Bedford Park guns and Magdeburg wire on the slopes of Fort Douamont, it is well to realize that these sensational stories have less importance than they seem to have, if not in an ethical and patriotic sense, certainly politically and financially. It is, for instance, front page news that there has been a steady sale of arms to Germany by France in the last three years and that these sales have doubled since Hitler's accession, but from the view of international peace the abnormal military budgets voted by the Chamber of Deputies and the Reichstag are far more significant. The figures of American exports to Bolivia and Paraguay (about $1,500,000 a year) have an impact on the shock-loving public which is considerable; but, to bring the moral home to the beneficiaries of the New Deal in idealism, it is far more dangerous for peace that President Roosevelt should segregate $238,000,000 from P.W.A. funds for naval building and that he should back and insist upon the Vinson bill, which together give to the United States a naval building program of approximately $1,000,000,000.

II

The home market—that is the important thing, and every arms manufacturer knows it. He may pick up a nice piece of business with Japan, the while he reads with satisfaction scare-heads which point out the Nippon menace to the American Navy. But whether he sells Japan or not, in peace time, he knows that these scare-heads and the appetite of governments for more war appropriations will be sufficient to keep his lathes turning most profitably. Nothing is more conclusive on this than the League of Nations statistics, inaccurate and unreliable as they are. They show that the international export of arms is only 3% of total production.

France is an excellent example of this. Headed by Schneider, there is a group of armament interests which have a full line of wares. Their best customer since the close of the war has been the security-conscious Quai d'Orsay. For the past fif-

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teen years it has looked anxiously at all parts of the French border. Belgium was a friend in 1914, but it also served as a back door to France. Switzerland is also suspect and Mussolini's Italy is too temperamental to be trusted; and, of course, the Germans are a menace. So over 19,000,000,000 francs have been expended fortifying the eastern frontier. But the obsession of security ever conjures up danger in her 2,700 kilometers of seaboard and Corsica and the African colonies. There is talk of billions more to be spent on these undefended lines. It is no wonder that foreign sales are only about 15% of total production. Schneider may sell tanks to Hitler, but most of his business is within the borders of France.

But the arms manufacturer would hardly mention all this in justification of his traffic, because he must feel some guilt as a result of the lobbying activities by which he seeks to get this business. The work of Mr. William Baldwin Shearer is well known and it does not seem as if Mr. Shearer actually forced his "publicity" services, as he calls them, on such firms as the Bethlehem Steel Company, the New York Shipbuilding Company, and the Newport News Shipbuilding Corporation. He did his work well at the Geneva disarmament conference—so well that he was again engaged in naval building interests to lobby for the fifteen cruiser bill in 1929. Lobbying is the inevitable product of this big home market.

But there is ample evidence that the emissaries of the arms interests are met more than half-way by the innocent governments which they seek to sell. All the great armament industries have been established and lovingly fostered by governments. Subsidies are lavishly supplied under various guises to arms companies. Every new weapon and auxiliary in warfare is nursed along financially in order to have it abundantly ready at all times. The gunpowder makers, the armor plate makers, the ship and submarine builders, the chemical and aviation combines—each in turn grew strong and lusty from government pap. Government officials become directors and stockholders in arms companies and government purchasing agents obligingly place important contracts in the hands of such companies as know how to appreciate such favors. The relationship between governments and arms companies is frequently a virtual partnership.

Even international sale of arms without let or hindrance has the support of governments. After the Geneva conference of 1925 Representative Theodore Burton introduced into the United States Congress a bill proposing an embargo in war times on all armaments. It was introduced December 5, 1927, reported out of committee on January 30, 1928, and was ready for House action after that. Suddenly, in March, 1928, the House Military Affairs Committee asked the Foreign Affairs Committee for another hearing on the bill, since it "might impair the preparedness program" and "impinge on national defence." So another hearing was held.

There appeared before the Committee a formidable array of government officials and others more or less interested in national defence, including the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, military and naval aids, a representative of the Chemical Foundation, etc. All of them opposed the bill for reasons of national defence. They said in effect: The United States depends on the private manufacturer of arms for most of its war materials. If these manufacturers are not permitted to sell freely to all nations, they will not be ready when their own government needs them most in time of war.

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Furthermore, if foreign nations know that they will not be able to buy from American arms makers in war, they will not buy in peace times. An embargo in war was represented as a very dangerous procedure, because it might lead to war. All in all, this is a most convincing demonstration that governments encourage arms makers in the very traffic which they often deplore in disarmament messages.

Moreover, the governments themselves, rather than the arms makers, are responsible for the failure of efforts to arrive at international control. A rehearsal of some of the many international disarmament conferences reveals this fact very clearly. The reasons for the assembling of representatives of the nations of the world are frequently insincere and the delegations are packed with admirals and generals and even representatives of the arms makers, so that any but a face-saving action is precluded from the very outset. The Hague conferences of 1899 and 1907 are excellent examples of this. The first gathering was called by Czar Nicholas II of Russia, because, as the official proclamation of the Russian Foreign Minister stated, "the maintenance of general peace and a possible reduction of . . . excessive armaments . . . is the ideal toward which the endeavors of all governments should be directed." The peace societies were so enthusiastic about this action of the Autocrat of all the Russias that this little tyrant's birthday, May 18, has been and still is advanced by many organizations as an international Peace Day (World Goodwill Day).

Yet the real story behind this first disarmament conference is rather less idealistic. It happened that Germany and France were equipping their armies with new and more powerful artillery. Russia did not have the money to follow suit and rather than admit her weakness, the Russian military and the canny Witte concocted the first Hague parley. The Russian Foreign Minister drew up the famous call to the nations of the world and Witte "smiled at the humanitarian wrappings which had thus been vouchsafed to Kuropatkin's simple ideas, for he knew that the whole scheme was a piece of hypocrisy and guile." No wonder a conference so conceived achieved nothing but rules for "civilized warfare" which were shortly trampled under foot by all nations.

III

The whole disastrous failure of the last decade at Geneva has a similar background. Each nation tries to eliminate or reduce that weapon which it considers a threat to its safety. Great Britain, for instance, would like to eliminate submarines, limit cruisers to a tonnage of less than 10,000 with 6 inch guns, and reduce airfleets drastically. A program of this kind would again give Britain a kind of "splendid isolation." But the French want the submarine and a huge air fleet, while the United States, with its few and scattered naval bases, has little use for cruisers of less than 10,000 tons equipped with smaller than 8 inch guns. Most proposals advanced by the various national delegations seek to establish an impregnable position for their particular country and pay no attention whatever to a workable program which might be adopted by all. Maxim Litvinov, the Soviet diplomat, watched these proceedings for a long time and finally he announced as his considered judgment that they were "purely decorative" and a deliberate evasion of the issues involved. It is hard to disagree with this analysis. To be sure, the arms makers attended some or all of these conferences,

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yet their abject failure is due primarily to governments and not to the arms lobbyists.

The smaller powers are by no means greater protagonists of disarmament than the great powers. They are vocal enough in the Assembly of the League of Nations, but when it comes to such practical proposals as the control of the international arms business they manifest quite contrary points of view. These little powers know that it is far cheaper and more efficient to buy their arms abroad than to make them at home. It requires great industrial skill and equipment and very considerable natural resources of a specialized kind to produce modern armaments. Only the leading industrial countries of the world command these qualifications. Only about ten or twelve countries in the world today manufacture armaments sufficient to sell to other countries and three of these (Great Britain, France, and Czechoslovakia) account for 75% of all arms exports. Furthermore, no nation in the world today produces all of its arms and munitions at home; every nation imports some war materials, because some other country produces some type of armament better or cheaper than it does.

The non-producing countries saw this situation clearly and nothing recurs more persistently in international conferences and treaties on disarmament than the demand of the non-producing countries that their *right to buy arms abroad* must not be restricted. The Hague Convention of 1907 declared: "A neutral power is not bound to prevent the export or transit, for the use of either belligerent, of arms, ammunition, or in general, of anything which could be of use to an army or fleet." The Covenant of the League of Nations is more explicit. After recognizing handsomely that the private manufacture of arms is "open to grave objections" it continues: "The Council shall advise how the evil effects attendant upon such manufacture can be prevented, *due regard being had to the necessities of those members of the League which are not able to manufacture the munitions and implements of war necessary for their safety.*" The League of Nations Conference for the Supervision of the International Trade in Arms was dominated by the insistence of the non-producing countries that the producing countries *must* sell. Terms like "obligation to sell," "sovereignty includes the right to buy," etc. were flung about daily.

This certainly looks as if the international traffic in arms has far deeper roots than the "conscienceless greed" of the arms makers. The more one examines the efforts at international control, the more one realizes who the worst culprits are. Take the Brussels Convention of 1890, one of the first of these gestures. It prohibited the export of arms to all of Africa. On the face of it it appeared to be a highly humanitarian step toward keeping the poor aborigines from enjoying one of the worst "blessings" of modern civilization. In reality it was simply a cold-blooded step on the part of the great imperialist powers to keep these vassals in subjection, with no chance of revolt. Similarly sordid was the Convention of St. Germain en Laye in 1919 which grew out of the apprehension of the powers that the surplus stocks of World War arms would find their way into the hands of revolting colonials and the Near Eastern protectorates. The United States refused to ratify this convention, because it did not wish to refuse arms to revolutionary governments in South and Central America, a chief lever in the Monroe Doctrine racket.

Undeterred by these failures, the League

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of Nations went ahead with its Sisyphean labors. It called for a conference "for the supervision of the international trade in arms and ammunition and in implements of war." It was agreed that all arms-producing states would have to ratify before the treaty to be arranged would go into force. Even this innocuous treaty which added little to the Brussels and St. Germain accords save a statistical bureau for the more adequate reporting of international arms sales, was not accepted by the great powers. A subsequent effort in 1933 to control the traffic foundered at the time of the intransigent German attitude toward disarmament in general, and in 1934 it was considered futile to pretend any further.

In other words, these conferences resulted in nothing except interminable speeches and the usual thick and unreadable book containing the minutes of the proceedings. But one thing was revealed by all these turgid, polyglot debates—the attitude of the various governments toward this Frankenstein which they professed to be willing to destroy. From all the polite speeches of the delegates one thing stood out. The non-producing countries were panic-stricken when they considered the possibility that any restrictions might be placed on their "right to buy," and they insisted that no such action be taken.

So much for international control. Embargoes are another method suggested for curbing the arms makers. These, too, are so thoroughly involved in politics that they again reflect the attitude of governments over and against the international traffic in arms which they so piously condemn. Some of the complexities resultant from embargoes were evident in the Far Eastern imbroglio two years ago. Great Britain sponsored an embargo through the League, but it feared the effects of this action for its relations with Japan. Accordingly, it declared a double embargo, against both Japan and China. The Japanese who had their own factories for making munitions were little concerned, particularly since no other nation followed Britain's lead. The Chinese, on the other hand, had few facilities for manufacturing arms and although at the time they could buy from other countries than England, they were apprehensive. They saw that the embargo, if it became general, would be effective against them alone. Here was a case in which an embargo would prevent an oppressed and weak nation from righting its wrongs against one stronger and better equipped. Also, while the British embargo lasted but a month, it was evident that British firms did not suffer. Their branch factories — Vickers has branches in all parts of the Empire as well as in Italy, Spain, and other countries—were able to continue work. This particular embargo was a fiasco.

In May of this year a world-wide embargo against Bolivia and Paraguay engaged in the Chaco war was asked by England. Here again, according to the anguished protests of Bolivia, the embargo would not be strictly impartial, for Paraguay has a munitions factory, to say nothing of river connections with the sea by means of which arms could easily be smuggled, while Bolivia is land-locked and at the mercy of its contiguous neighbors. Also, some of the lustre of England's idealism in proposing this move is dulled by the knowledge that it has heavy interests in Paraguay, and "democratic" Paraguay can easily win over "feudal" Bolivia if munitions shipments are stopped. As it turned out, Japan and Germany would have none of this embargo, and another farce resulted.

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It is difficult to see how this perplexing situation would be bettered by another proposed remedy for the arms evil—nationalization. There are strong arguments in its favor which might well damage the armorers' case. It would end forever their control of the press, their influence with war departments, embassies and consulates, and with officials holding armament shares; it would end bribery which armorers no more than other business men have avoided; and it would end a certain number of war scares which they know so well to manipulate. Besides, it would seem, the problem of embargoes would be made easier, if not more impartial. No great war has been fought in recent years without a lively traffic in arms. How long, for instance, would the World War have lasted without international sale of war materials? Or the Japanese expedition into Manchuria? If the nationalization of the arms industry included the complete and absolute prohibition to export arms of all kinds in times of peace, and especially in times of war, it would be a decided gain for world peace.

IV

This seems easy, yet there are arguments to be advanced against it. Obviously, the result of nationalization depends on the character and temper of the government and country in which it is accomplished. There is a great difference in nationalization as seen in Japan and in Soviet Russia. Japan, the most militaristic nation of today, until 1910 had its arms industries entirely nationalized and even today it is mostly a country of government arsenals. Yet the arms business of Japan is today on a more aggressive basis than most others; international sale to China, its potential enemy, continues year after year, and only recently the Japanese offered to outfit all the Balkan countries with munitions at a cost 25% lower than any other country. Soviet Russia, on the other hand, has taken the lead in various moves for disarmament, however selfish its motive in this may have been.

Furthermore, the nationalization of arms production in one country or in the principal industrial countries, would compel all the smaller countries to build arms plants and arsenals; it would spread the armament business over the entire globe; that is certain from the manner in which smaller countries have insisted on their right to buy arms. Also, what guarantee is there that public opinion would back arms embargoes and international arms control? Nationalization would create a large body of voters with a vested interest in war. And many workers have not yet forgotten that the World War for a time put silk shirts on their backs and automobiles in their garages. At the time when Japan and China were moving towards war, a German labor leader in the Ruhr declared: "We would rejoice if war broke out in the Far East. Then our workers would again fill their pocketbooks."

Even peace advocates are not wholly convinced of the practicability of nationalization. The history of international peace congresses shows that government monopoly of armament manufacture has repeatedly been rejected as a significant peace measure. Further, at a discussion of this subject in Geneva a most curious and interesting speech was made by the Hon. Theodore Burton, Congressman from Ohio, for years president of the American Peace Society, and United States delegate to various peace conferences. From the lips of this man of peace came the following eloquent defence of the private manufacturers of arms: "What of the pri-

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vate manufacturers, many of whom have the most pacific intentions? What have they done that there should be this discrimination against them? What hope have the lovers of peace in prohibiting private manufacture if government manufacture may still go on to an unlimited extent?"

While Burton's plea as a peace advocate is significant, it is more pertinent to the case of the Merchants of Death in that it represents the policy of the United States government, the real courtier of the private manufacturers of arms. The United States still depends largely on the private manufacture of arms for its weapons. As such it epitomizes the basic problem of the international control of arms makers, which is that *few if any governments really want international supervision of the traffic in war materials.* Most governments believe that the unhindered international sale of arms will insure their military preparedness, especially since most of them are entirely dependent upon imports for their war materials. The great arms-producing countries, on the other hand, are averse to harming one of their industries on which they themselves so largely rely for their "national defence." It may, in fact, be laid down as a policy of the Great Powers that they encourage the export of arms "in order to keep their arms factories in training."

Sir Herbert Lawrence put into words some of the fear felt by governments about experiments with nationalization and international control, when he said: "Vickers-Armstrong depends very largely on armament orders for its existence, while the capacity of its works for armament production is an important factor in the defence of the country. If, therefore, orders are not forthcoming in sufficient quantity to retain the thousands of skilled men employed, the position in case of national emergency arising which demanded an immediate increase in the output of munitions would be a serious one."

Finally, the Merchants of Death might deliver a wholesome and apparently necessary lecture on the basic causes of modern war, especially on nationalism and capitalism. Nationalism is a curious disease of modern societies. If the same inflated ego were exhibited by individuals in their ordinary social life, it would shortly be diagnosed as a disagreeable nuisance and atrociously bad manners. Yet among nations the completely serious and humorless exaltation of self and the depreciation of others is a normal and everyday phenomenon.

"We [Germans] are the salt of the earth . . . God has created us to civilize the world," said the last German Kaiser. "We English," countered a British savant, "are the mightiest agency for the cause of civilization, humanity, and progress which the world has ever seen." "God has yet made nothing or nobody equal to the American people; I don't think he ever will or can," opined the illustrious Walter Hines Page. "France is the living representative of Right and Liberty," declared the great Poincaré. "In the string of recorded events," a Bulgarian academician orates, "the largest beads standing out most conspicuously are the literature and culture created in Bulgaria, known as Slavic, and the idea of democracy and reformation to which Bulgaria gave birth."

To this pathologic self-esteem a corresponding contempt for others is readily added. "The Slav is a born slave," said the eminent von Treitschke. "The Russians cannot be trusted," said a Japanese. "They will violate any compact. . . . They are the spoilers of the world." "Japan a thou-

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sand years ago was a thousand times more cultured than it is today," said an American, and the Japanese repaid the compliment with: "Americans are crafty, underhanded, selfishly inhuman, and seek the hegemony of East and West."

This pompous self-praise and depreciation for others grows dangerous when it is associated with doctrines of national rights, national sovereignty, and national honor. Let an oil magnate be molested in Mexico by the application of Mexican laws or a colonial trader be interfered with in Africa, and immediately somebody's national rights have been violated—a shame which only gun-boats can avenge. Or let some American States default on their foreign loans or some Italians be killed in anti-foreign riots, immediately it becomes a matter of protecting national sovereignty. Or finally, should some German missionary be killed in China, or a Japanese consul be spirited away by Chinese bandits, or a Mexican commander refuse to salute the American flag at the command of an American admiral, national honor is at once involved and sacrificial blood must flow to expiate the insult.

This touchy and belligerent nationalism is wedded to capitalism. It is difficult to say whether capitalist business dominates governments or whether governments have identified themselves with national capitalism. The result, at any rate, is the same. Capitalism is expansive and in this it has the support of the diplomacy and the military machine of its governments. The flag follows the trader and the flag is borne by soldiers, sailors, and marines. Trade wars are the preliminary to "famous victories." And trade wars are normal phenomena under capitalism. Sharp notes are exchanged over the "Open Door" in China and the Monroe Doctrine. What is meant is the right of certain national business groups to exploit China and South America, if possible, to the exclusion of others. Thus modern war is largely "economic."

The ignoring of these basic causes of modern war is also the reason why the work of the organized peace movement has been so largely futile. Intelligent peace efforts would seem to include the adoption of a social and economic program attacking the foundations of the war system, especially opposition to capitalist nationalism. Yet most peace advocates are bound up closely with both capitalism and nationalism and they deeply resent any aspersions on their "patriotism." It is well known that the peace movement has led half the wars of the United States. Certain glaring evils are magnified by skillful propaganda and their removal becomes the object of the war. In the Civil War it was slavery and in the World War it was German *Schrecklichkeit*. At once the war was a holy crusade, a "war to end all war," and many leaders of the peace forces were found in the vanguard of the Big Parade. Many pacifists would today welcome a war against Hitler and would support it with wild enthusiasm. And when the war is over the same old forces of capitalism and nationalism would drive once again to conflict, spurred on by the grievances, largely capitalist and nationalist, of the defeated. The maddening acceleration of this cycle was never more evident than in the rabid nationalism and *Autarkie* drive of 1934, coupled with frantic preparations for the next war, less than two decades after the World War had caused 37,000,000 casualties.

V

So might run the brief of the arms makers, insisting that "business is business," and that the causes of war go far deeper than

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their traffic. For the arms merchant cannot see himself as a villain. According to his lights he is simply a business man who sells his wares under prevailing business practices. The use to which his products are put and the results of his traffic are apparently no concern of his, no more than they are, for instance, of an automobile salesman. Thus there are many naïve statements of arms makers which show their complete indifference about anything related to their industry save its financial success. One British arms manufacturer, for instance, compared his enterprise to that of a house-furnishing company which went so far as to encourage matrimony to stimulate more purchases of house furnishings. The arms maker felt that he, too, was justified in promoting his own particular brand of business.

When Krupp collected on patent fuses for grenades which killed countless numbers of his compatriots, he was simply protecting his legitimate patent rights, his just reward as a capitalist producer. The case is shocking, ethically and politically, but no more so than many cited during the Pure Food muckraking of the 1900's, when private enterprise had the right to run its own affairs regardless of public health. So the arms maker's case rests fundamentally on the rugged individualism doctrine of capitalism and its disregard or lack of social ethics. Granted this doctrine, his traffic is proper.

But this is the era of governmental control, of the tonsuring of industrial Samsons, of the socialization of private enterprise and the rise of social ethics. Envisioning a state of affairs in which all modern states are more or less socialized, we may see the armament business converted into a government monopoly. Then there would be no more bribery, no more control of the press. It seems like an idyllic answer to the peace advocates' dream. The problem of the Merchants of Death would be solved. Would war then be a thing of the past?

This conceivable triumph of the reformers of the armament interests would, in all unfortunate probability, be a signal example of the shortcomings of muckraking. Lincoln Steffens defined muckraking as a state of mind in which an acknowledged evil is so magnified as to give the impression that once it is removed all attendant evils will disappear. The muckrakers would find that war was as much a spectre as before, that all the other tides which swirl our civilization into another cataract would be just as formidable as before. They would discover that there survived the same old struggle for world markets, the identical combat between peoples of varying standards of living for trade, the age-old problems of *irredenta*, and the unquenchable spirit of nationalism. *Plus ça change . . .*

To sum up the case of the armament makers, it would be necessary for their paid spokesmen to close their brief cases and leave the court. They might, in departing, say with some conviction that the arms industry did not create the war system; that, on the contrary, the war system created the arms industry. But they would hardly advance the opinion that the Zaharoffs and Vickers and Schneiders are but part of the fabric of a civilization which is conditioned to foster and perpetuate wars; and that this civilization has as its two supporting pillars nationalism and capitalism. Under such a system government ownership of the arms industry and international control would help toward ending war precisely in that degree as it furthered the breakdown of the capitalist system and aided in the establishment of a real internationalism.

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HERBERT LEHMAN: "SILENT DYNAMITE"

BY SAUL LEVITT & ALLAN CHASE

MR. HERBERT H. LEHMAN'S candidacy for Governor of New York State in 1932 received the support of hitherto antagonistic groups. The *Nation* paid him fulsome praise. Mr. Lehman, it appeared, had answered the appealing strains of the call to public service, and had given up a career in the third largest banking house in the country. Wall Street's favorite evening paper, the New York *Sun*, liked his background, but deplored, mildly, his past receptivity to State aid of welfare projects. However, it amended this slight objection with the observation that the Colonel had appeared to have reached sounder conclusions. The *Sun* believed it discerned in the candidate the outlines of a worthy Scrooge.

These two commentaries, from journals whose aims are nominally in violent antagonism, were included among others which approved his candidacy. There has rarely been in the Empire State such unanimity of editorial support for one gubernatorial candidate. The *Times*, the Hearst and the Scripps-Howard papers, in addition to the organs already mentioned, backed him to the limit.

It was a case of lions, lambs and other beasts lying down together. Mr. Lehman became that rarest of political blooms, the rich-man's poor-man's beggar-man's kind when New York's tabloids swung into line. The tabloids said essentially the same thing about the Democratic candidate that the *Nation* was saying, but their eulogies had a resounding ring. It was a situation in which the popular gazetteers for the Man in the Blue Shirt had got together with those who do this job for the Man in the White Collar (now slightly frayed), the two of them working alongside of the press which speaks for the Man in the Boiled Shirt.

Smith made the nomination speech at Syracuse; he paid his respects to the heart and soul of Herbert H. Lehman. It was an Irishman talking for a Jew; it sounded pure. It was a Smith speech. Tammany was somewhat sullen, remembering Roosevelt and the Seabury investigation, and that Mr. Lehman was a very good friend of Mr. Roosevelt's, and it would have been pleasant to stick a long knife deep, deep into the prestige of the Presidential candidate. But with so many other good people behind Mr. Lehman (not excluding possibilities of Federal patronage), Tammany joined the parade.

A smart fellow on a New York tabloid had called the philanthropic banker "Silent Dynamite," and the Democratic committee publicity man took this modest characterization and placed it in boldface type on the cover of a campaign pamphlet. In this pamphlet Franklin D. Roosevelt said some nice things about Herbert H. Lehman, and Alfred E. Smith said other nice things. The man called "Silent Dynamite" could do little else in such a true-blue atmosphere but win handily, which he did. A fellow by the name of Colonel "Wild Bill" Donovan ran on the

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Republican ticket. He is barely remembered today.

There are bankers and business men who would be afraid to bear the burden of so formidable a myth as has sprung up about the current Governor of the Empire State. It is a sense of realism which makes Mr. Morgan stick exclusively to the art of money-making; Mr. Lehman, however, has found it necessary in the course of twenty-five years to make occasional little ventures into other fields, and these little ventures permitted the growth of a legend of versatility.

II

There is no earthly reason for the belief that Mr. Lehman is anything but a banker. He always was a banker, and he will remain one all his life. His father was a cotton merchant in Montgomery, Alabama, who knew and was a friend of Jefferson Davis. After the Civil War he traveled northward, became one of the founders of the New York Cotton Exchange, and since that time the private banking house of Lehman Brothers has grown steadily in prestige and power.

There is no need to explore fully the psychology which contributes to the success of such enterprises and which enterprises in turn demand and create conservative virtues. From Williams College, Herbert H. Lehman went into the banking business and has been in it ever since, at least until January 3, 1933, when he resigned as a partner from the firm of Lehman Brothers, and became Governor of New York State.

What did he accomplish in all the years before 1933? Nothing, save make money and platitudes about honesty, patience, kindliness, and hard work. He seemed to be seeking an integral relationship between the community and the business man; he felt that there was an obligation on the part of the business man toward society, and this obligation consisted of charitable works. In short, he was a Financier-Boy-Scout.

Herbert H. Lehman's impulsion toward Service had manifested itself in association with Lillian Wald in the early days of the Henry Street Settlement, contributions to a good many charities and welfare organizations, and a willing ear to tales of suffering or starvation or disaster of some kind or other, both here and abroad.

These deeds, together with the congratulations and esteem they returned to him from social welfare groups, must have strengthened in his mind a devotion to American institutions, to America's tried political and social *mores*. Herbert H. Lehman is in his own way a 100% American, somewhat less dramatic in his presentation of that creed than Hamilton Fish or Ralph Easley, but none the less rock-ribbed. He calls for more business men in government; he says that national prosperity is dependent to a large extent on world prosperity; he does not think that government should interfere with private enterprise; he ventures boldly into *Welt-Politik*. "I sincerely believe," he says, "that the prosperity of the world, to a considerable extent, during the next few decades will depend on the speed and completeness with which older manufacturing countries can secure markets in non-industrial territory of the Near East, Far East, India, and certain parts of South America. New markets can be secured only through intelligent coöperation between our business leaders and our government officials."

Herbert H. Lehman is evidently alert to the future of American industry and finance abroad, which is a more pleasant way of stating that he is an imperialist.

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But even in his imperialism, the banker-who-became-Governor is no Cecil Rhodes; he is a quiet and soft-spoken gentleman. There is none of that high-binding, shrieking patriotism about him which distinguishes the genus, jingo. He did his part during the war and did it quietly, that is, he was content to follow the slogans which made the War one for Democracy and which called the Germans Huns—he was content to do these things in a meek and self-effacing way. He sought service at the front and his letters to the big men in Washington had a pleading note; it was a case of wanting badly to Belong. Through all his career, Mr. Lehman has wanted very badly to Belong, to be right in the approved American sense; and this is the theme of his testament; it has been the theme of his life, this very pleasant fusion of Service and Big Business.

This, perhaps, is his most peculiar characteristic, a very dogged and unillumined and deliberate following of tried roads.

Whatever he has said and done has had this flat and gray quality, whether it has been about Taxation or Economy or Patriotism or Education; you have heard it all before and yet it astonishes you in this respect—that it has been *consciously* worked out in Herbert H. Lehman, whereas, these clichés of Americanism from the lips of Hamilton Fish or Mr. Hearst have a spontaneous sparkle to them.

And so, too, when he speaks of other Americans, there is this desire to emulate the noblest of the Romans. "All thinking men," he wrote in 1931, "now agree there is such a close interrelation between business and diplomacy, that, in the handling of many international questions, business training may well be joined advantageously with diplomatic skill. The fact that the solution of almost all of these very important international politico-economic questions has been in recent years entrusted to business leaders, such as Owen D. Young, Charles G. Dawes, Parker Gilbert, and Albert H. Wiggin, is evidence that there is already a widespread recognition of the fact that, to an outstanding degree, they can best be solved in coöperation with intelligent, sympathetic and far-sighted business leadership."

Time has dumped Mr. Lehman's Four Horseman of American Finance on the chute to oblivion. It has dumped, as well, a good many other horsemen, together with a good many fallacies. Amidst the wreckage we are not surprised to discern the figure of Herbert H. Lehman and the liberalism which sponsored him.

Mr. Owen D. Young, characterized by the wish-fulfillment mind in this country as a "benevolent capitalist," has since become identified with the débâcle of that wanderer through Asia Minor, lately returned to Chicago. Mr. Dawes lost caste on a certain day in Chicago when the unpaid school-teachers of that city stormed the corridors of his bank and demanded their back wages; they were demanding them out of those $90,000,000 his bank had received from the RFC. Mr. Dawes, one of that group holding the financial whip over Chicago, told them to go to hell. Young Mr. Gilbert's high-financing in Europe has not lessened the tension of the Continent, as the foreign events section of your newspaper tomorrow will show. Mr. Albert H. Wiggin, one-time Hoover lieutenant in that valiant campaign which was to wipe out the depression with a smile, has likewise suffered a sea-change.

Not poetic, but very grim justice indeed has been at work, lowering the flag of Mr. Lehman's prestige at Albany as it has lowered the flags of those whom Mr. Lehman asked us to follow.

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When he assumed office, the new Governor was not, as is generally believed, altogether foreign to the machinery of practical politics. He had known Alfred E. Smith for upwards of twenty years, and had managed the Smith gubernatorial campaigns since 1918. By 1928, he had evidently garnered sufficient political lore to be entrusted with the post of finance director of the Democratic National Committee. To a large extent, this dissipates that portion of the Lehman legend which insisted on proclaiming that here was a Cincinnatus plucked fresh from the innocent pastures of banking and business.

III

The new Governor, within a period of five months, established a record which smashes utterly the myth of the humanitarian banker who was going to be a humanitarian Governor.

In his first month he unleashed a devastating program of economy, which, in its effects, was designed to tap the pockets and impair the welfare of the small business man, the petty middle class, the farmers, the workers, the schools. Before the first session of the legislature ended, Governor Lehman's initial economy proposals were written into the law.

Exemption levels for the levying of the State personal income taxes were lowered from $4000 to $2500 for the married, and from $2500 to $1000 for single men and women.

A sales tax was levied which covered most manufactured articles, and this was not a luxury tax, since it covered such items as gasoline, clothing, furniture, tools, and other every-day items.

Pay reductions were sweeping; salaries were reduced for all State Civil Service employés earning $2000 and more; mandatory increases in the State Civil Service were suspended for the second successive year.

A moratorium on the State's customary $25,000,000 yearly contribution to the common schools was declared. (In another session of the Legislature a permanent $13,000,000 cut for education was put on the books.)

The executive budget, it is true, was the lowest any Governor had prepared for the State in the last decade, but at the same time the tax program reached deeper into small incomes than at any time in the last decade.

The legislature balked for four months before underwriting this program. Savings to the State were implied, but budgets have their very human connotations, and these connotations are sometimes registered at the ballot-box. These four months were a period of denunciation, counter-denunciation, jockeying and log-rolling.

During this period the Governor and the Legislature were brought face to face with methods which might have made unnecessary one or more of the economy measures. It was indicated that the utilities had earned, in these times, some $35,000,000 above the 6% allowed by regulation. Had the tax of one half of 1% of the gross earnings of public utilities been raised to 4%, the $35,000,000 would have flowed into the State treasury.

This "economy" program should have been forecast by the private economy programs of those corporations on whose board of directors Herbert H. Lehman was serving at the time of his nomination and during the time he was Lieutenant-Governor of the State. The Studebaker Corporation, the Kelsey-Hayes Wheel Company, the Franklin, Simon Company, the Abraham & Straus Company, the Van Raalte Corporation, the Interstate Depart-

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ment Stores Corporation, and the Murray Body Company, to name a few, had enforced many wage-cuts since 1929.

Governor Lehman is a mild-mannered Tory, but a Tory just the same. His labor legislation is another proof of his Toryism. Here he was a bit subtle. No politician at Albany can afford to leave the State Federation of Labor alone. The Federation is in politics up to its neck. It is an effective stop-gap on genuine labor legislation, and as conservative as any reactionary would desire.

Its endorsement of the Governor had been carefully angled for during Mr. Lehman's period as Lieutenant Governor. He reciprocated this endorsement in 1933 by sponsoring the Byrne bill for unemployment insurance, which was "not to become effective . . . any earlier than July next year, and not then unless there has been a marked upward trend in industrial activity and earnings."

The Governor here was calling for unemployment insurance when there would be no unemployment. In 1934 the Federation drafted a superior but still mediocre bill. This he did not endorse. He was at this time veering away from the idea of a State-wide pooled reserve system; more conservative influences were at work toward the adoption of a separate reserve system which is at once company union in odor and hardly enforceable in actuality, and toward this method of insurance the Governor is inclined today.

Neither system would thoroughly protect working men; they made no provision for those unemployed at present; they promised a miserable pittance and that only for a limited time; they required a long previous service on the part of the worker before he would be permitted eligibility in the system; they did not call for State contribution.

In effect, they constituted a system of *compulsory saving* rather than unemployment insurance, and savings are not part of the budget of today's wage-scales. However, weak as the 1934 bill was, it implied the establishment of a precedent, and the dangers of this precedent—what with the growing nation-wide movement toward unemployment and social insurance at the expense of government and employer—have driven the Governor into the camp of the Tory enemies of social legislation.

Nothing meritorious has emanated from the Executive Mansion in the year and a half of Mr. Lehman's incumbency in respect to labor. As Lieutenant-Governor, he had earned the plaudits of the liberals for his "successful arbitration" of a large Needle Trades strike in 1930. Thirty thousand workers were out for increased wages, the abolition of the speed-up system, the elimination of the non-union sweat-shops, and for a restoration of the forty-hour week. None of their demands was granted. He had also "successfully arbitrated" other strikes.

Even in regards to the minimum wage the Governor has been unduly cautious. There is a story which illustrates his vacillation very well. The ladies of the Consumer's League had journeyed up to Albany and had sat themselves down with the Governor at the Executive Mansion. The Governor had asked them just what they wanted of him. "Why, Mr. Governor," the ladies fluttered boldly, "we want the best we can get." This request the Governor heeded by supporting neither of the two bills then before the legislature. The legislature passed both bills and left the choice to the Governor. The jolly buck-passing was concluded with Mr. Lehman affixing his signature to the Wald Bill, making mandatory a minimum wage for women and minors. It was obviously

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superior to the miserable non-mandatory legislation which was also before him, and though he signed it, he did so when it was impossible to escape with good face by following any other course.

A similar course of vacillation and downright opposition has attended his activity on such questions as old age security and mortgage relief. Out of the Governor's numerous philanthropic affiliations have grown up many touching tales, and not the least of these is the story of the old woman whose bundle the Governor carried to the elevator in an Albany hotel. They told this one at campaign time.

Old age security was supposed to be a passion with him, but he showed his passion with these figures: he cut the old age pension budget by $600,000, and the legislature followed him and cut further into the reserves, making a total reduction of $1,100,000, and consequently reducing the per capita pension of some 52,000 ancients from $24 to $20 per month. Further, he refused to consider any improvements in the Old Age Security Act.

This account of his actions on the old age pensions must be juxtaposed with his record with respect to mortgage relief, in order to bring out his sound political acumen. In the one case he was dealing with infirm ancients whose voting strength is about nil; in the other he was facing an embittered mass of small home-owners who were swinging back at the grim process of foreclosure. The banker instinct which wanted a solvent budget above an humanitarian one was now torn between the necessity for relieving bankrupt home-owners and protecting those sacred profit-producing processes which Mr. Lehman has revered for twenty-five years. The banker instinct was satisfied by executive initiation of a moratorium on foreclosures, which was not a moratorium at all.

The Lehman moratorium applied only in those cases where the obligations of tax and mortgage interest had been met. But the people who could meet these obligations were precisely those who were least anxious about his help. Most home-owners cannot pay interest. The hollowness of the Governor's gesture was immediately exposed, bringing down on his head a torrent of denunciation from small home-owners associations.

IV

But the most acid test of liberalism which is afforded in these modern times—the strike—was thrust upon the humanitarian in the Executive Mansion during the hot summer of 1933. The farmers, having failed to force a cost-of-production price for their milk through the Lehman appointed State Milk Control Board, took matters into their own hands and went out on strike to the number of approximately 45,000. The man called "Silent Dynamite" exploded with a detonation which still echoes in the ears of every dairy farmer in the State.

A liberal course of action would have paralleled that taken by Altgeld of Illinois in the Pullman Strike. This course is the negative one of withholding the police power of the State from entering into the dispute. The invoking of Constitutional chestnuts to break strikes is the time-honored method of American reaction.

Governor Lehman's attitude at the very outset of the farm revolt implied that the authority of the State was the single issue at stake. During the unfolding of the strike he climbed to that point of agitation which led him to repeat the old hokum that the uprising was "not the usual conflict between worker and employer. It is a strike to nullify and defy the authority

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of the State itself." The clubs of the State police took the Governor's cue. The mayor of Boonville protested to him the brutality of the State Troopers, but the Governor replied pompously: "If in the performance of their duties, persons are injured, the fault will be theirs."

Escorts of armed State police were given to those who had decided to run milk through the picketed zones. There was a big profit in scab milk. The strikers proposed a one week truce; this was turned down by Governor Lehman with more strong language on the Authority of the State. The embattled farmers muttered profanely that the Governor was "an errand boy of the Milk trusts."

The New York milk strike was but one part of that spontaneous national farm revolt against middlemen (in New York, National Dairy and Borden), which swept the country last year. None of the farm State Governors emerged with enhanced prestige. Of all these chief executives it may be said that Governor Lehman was the most heatedly outspoken against revolting farmers.

Several groups stood to gain on a lower-than-cost production price for the farmer's milk. It is interesting to note that the Lehman Corporation as of June 30, 1933, owned 28,000 shares of the common stock of National Dairy, and that H. M. Lehman was on the board of directors of the same corporation; that American International Corporation, an investment trust, whose portfolio contains 4,000 shares of Borden, 4,000 shares of National Dairy, and 4,000 shares of Lehman Corporation, and of which Arthur Lehman is on the board of directors, was also, perhaps, concerned with the price that the farmer might get for his milk.

The farmers, of course, went home. Taxes on the average run several hundred percent higher on farm property than they did a decade ago. The Lehman economy program had cut into the miserable appropriations for rural schools. Sales taxes were now hitting at their already scant urban purchases. Many of them feed their milk to young pigs. In New York City slums consumption of milk has dropped because the retail price of thirteen cents a quart is too high.

V

Still, if the Governor did not emerge a hero from this situation, there are people who admire the clean thrust of the economy sword through the knot of New York City's finances. They like to say that the business-man-Governor forced the La Guardia Bill through a recalcitrant legislature, just as they like to find leadership and courage in his handling of labor and social legislation at Albany.

But one deflating fact emerges out of this so-called triumph. It need not be shouted from the house-tops at the top of one's lungs that the LaGuardia bill, as finally passed, brought the largest city in the world under the thumb of the banking fraternity.

Economy proposals for the city, pushed by the Governor in the Fall of 1933, hatched finally into a most remarkable banker's egg. It bore close resemblance to the State Economy program passed earlier in the year. Its solution for the future solvency of the city did not touch those vast resources which have so skilfully evaded Federal, State and city taxation. On the other hand, it carved good slices from the appropriations for social services. Savings banks, public utilities, insurance companies and commercial banks escaped unscathed. In other words, the price for solvency was a hands-off pol-

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icy in respect to taxes upon the wealthiest of the taxpayers.

When LaGuardia was inaugurated as Mayor last January, he sought a free hand in the dictation of New York City's fiscal policy. The little-man-in-the-black-hat demanded of Albany and the world recognition of his good intentions. The Governor turned him down; it was a question of Democracy *vs.* Dictatorship. This country, as everybody knew, was not Russia. This little duel between Democracy (as played by H. H. Lehman) and Dictatorship (as played by F. H. LaGuardia) culminated in a situation which clearly showed the hand of Democracy (Mr. Lehman's hand) triumphant over the hand of Dictatorship (Mr. LaGuardia's).

It was good politics; now the politician became banker again and assumed the burden of cramming a revised LaGuardia bill down the throat of the legislature. His distress soon alarmed Washington. Four months later it was still to be crammed. In this situation, with the prestige of Roosevelt's one-time "right hand" and a good Administration Democrat at a very low ebb, "Gentleman Jim" Farley, the Administration's walking delegate, showed up at Albany. About the statesman-like brow of "Gentleman Jim" there floats the magic halo of patronage. The hapless legislature, under the kindly eye of the New Deal's walking delegate, succumbed finally to the blandishments of the Economy Bill. The bankers will get all their money on time, and the city educational and charitable organizations will suffer.

What of the Governor's public utility program? The liberals shouted that here was "Socialism in Our Own Time." They forgot these things: the ever stalwart American Constitution and its many loud defenders, the Supreme Court, the holding companies and the power lobby. They forgot as well the tremendous deficits of today's municipal treasuries, the banker whip-hand over many of these municipalities.

The significant aspects of the Governor's program allowed towns to operate power plants; it authorized the Public Service Commission to establish a temporary rate of 5% on the valuation of a power company during a rate hearing; and it provided for a weak measure aimed at the control of holding companies.

When passed, this program brought upon the Governor's head accusations of Bolshevism from Wall Street, which watched utility stocks tumbling. The future of the utility business indeed looked bad, and the national and State power lobbies put on a fine public display of sackcloth and ashes. Privately, however, the inner councils of the lobbies had other ideas. In Wall Street there were groups who anticipated the immediate effect that the program would have on the speculative market, if the bill were enacted. A thousand-fold army of small utility stock holders were slated to dump their holdings the day the bills became law. The army was stampeded in proper fashion in the Spring of 1934; a minor slump ensued on the popular utility market. Wise utility holders had sold out months ahead. Appended below is the record of one investment trust with respect to certain common stock holdings between January, 1933, and January, 1934. The investment trust was none other than the Lehman Corporation.

January, 1933.		*January, 1934.*
17,780	American Gas & Electric	5,400
20,000	Columbia Gas & Electric	2,000
2,000	Commonwealth Edison	None
9,800	Consolidated Gas & Elec. of N. Y.	None
10,000	National Power & Light	None
11,125	North American	None
7,600	Pacific Lighting	4,000

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2,100	People's Light, Gas & Coke	None
27,100	United Gas Improvement	1,000

Apart, however, from the effect of the program on Wall Street, what of Socialism in Our Own Time?

Municipalities have the right to operate and distribute power. Very good, but there is still a million-branched power lobby working for a twenty-billion dollar business. This means subsidized and hired opinion *within* and without local councils. It means the snarling of local referendums on the issue—possibly for years.

Where lobbies fail, courts sometimes succeed, particularly the Supreme Court. It has smashed efforts at control of holding companies. Legally, it has created a condition which leads, ultimately, to such situations as the Insull mess. It has halted a thousand honest efforts at firm control. Astute constitutional lawyers such as, say, John W. Davis, have demonstrated in practical terms that just about anything can be proved by the Constitution, including the damnation of public ownership.

Where the courts fail finally, there are bankers and there is a depression. Bond issues must be floated for the establishing of public power. How many cities are prepared, legally and financially, to float issues, in the face of present-day deficits? Very well, then, bond issues are floated, but financial groups can sabotage them, damage city credit, dictate fiscal policies (as they are doing in half the cities of the country), and one of the terms of that dictation can well be—no public ownership.

Any one or more of these things is most certain to sidetrack public ownership. What worked out in Ontario may not work out in this country, for the simple reason that private ownership was never as concentrated, never as wealthy as it is today in the United States.

New York State has not committed itself to a comprehensive and really sound program designed to bring about an ultimate public ownership of public utilities; there is nowhere indicated a financial and legal partnership between town and State which might be able to bridge the deep moat between public and private ownership of public utilities. Objectively, the Lehman program must be regarded as a political concession to the recently awakened public awareness of its valuable power resources. In due fairness to the Governor, it must be said that public ownership is well-nigh impossible in a State program, even assuming that he sought this end. In any case, however, he is not the "Bolshevik Governor of New York."

The vaunted liberalism of Herbert H. Lehman has not materialized for the simple reason that it never existed. What did exist was a set of hackneyed shibboleths which have been revealed as altogether inadequate in these troubled times. Mr. Lehman is almost as perfect an example of the failure of the Public Service-Business Man idea as was Mr. Hoover. The Governor's philanthropic ventures prove nothing; if pressed, one can merely make the regrettable observation that American capitalism has made for itself the necessary tradition of petty tribute to the disinherited.

Liberals have accepted Herbert H. Lehman's philanthropic and other ventures outside of his actual business for twenty-five years as tokens of a disposition towards enlightened social action. Their easy logic does not contemplate possible hostility between sound banking and sound humanitarianism. How far can liberalism travel in the company of high finance? What have bankers to do with the débâcle of Cuba? Of China? Does liberalism sanction wage-cuts? Economy in these days calls for wage-cuts; bankers sponsor economy.

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Liberalism might not condone the financial support of Adolf Hitler. Does financial support of a German key industry mean support of Adolf Hitler? It happens that supposedly liberal American bankers own stock in German industry. The Lehman Corporation owns large blocks of stock in the Dutch and American subsidiaries of Glanzstoff; it is represented on the board of directors of the wholly German-owned, German-controlled American subsidiary.

Going a little further into the possible hostility between humanitarianism and banking, it develops that Vereinigte Glanzstoff Fabriken, A. G., is the largest rayon concern in modern Germany. Rayon factories are convertible, on a day's notice, into factories for the manufacture of nearly all known propellants and explosives. Nitro-glycerine, picked at random from an imposing list of such explosives, has various uses, one of which is the blasting of oil wells; it is also used in war.

At this point one leaves the liberals to determine further implications, such as the relationship of this last-mentioned use of nitro-glycerine and the Nazi philosophy.

All this is said calmly, in no attitude of profundity, and with no intention of frightening you off bankers if you enjoy their company. But we believe it illustrates some degree of conflict between liberalism and successful financing.

We are finally brought to a brief consideration of that very significant change which has affected American psychology since 1929. The old attitude existed in the midst of a relative plenty whose origins were largely unquestioned. It permitted those pleasing but impotent gestures of which Mr. Lehman's past was not free, and which are summed up in the word, reformism. The bankruptcy of reformism has been expounded often.

The new psychology, however, begins to probe deeper into those categorical alternatives preliminary to wholesale social change. Clarence Darrow's duel with the N. R. A. and General Johnson grows out of this mounting awareness that modern issues, political and social, demand the categorical answer. Those who still champion reform, philanthropy, the back-to-the-farm movement are flailing about in a historical Dead Sea.

Mr. Lehman flails about in a Dead Sea at Albany. He had the misfortune to ride into office on the last wash of old America. He was burdened with a philosophy which is being rapidly propelled toward the scrap-heap. The problems of legislation confronting the Empire State are similar to those confronting the nation. Mr. Lehman could not furnish a categorical answer; he played compromise politics which ended inevitably in sound American Bourbonism.

For modern legislators, middle roads such as are indicated by the brand of politics Mr. Lehman has played at Albany, grow steadily narrower.

Problems are posed in the stringent depression framework of America in such a way as to make answers to them clearly indicative of partisan political and economic motivation. In this clearly indicated modern situation which has illuminated, as never before, the binding relationship of state and industry, through the tense medium of 2000 and more strikes in the last year, the Governor of New York is to be marked down as reactionary. His program for the State, it is claimed, rests on the principles of the national program promulgated by his close friend and political mentor, Franklin D. Roosevelt. If this is true, seek the causes for the President's popularity in his greater political sagacity and personality.

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FIRST ENCOUNTER[1]

BY SIGRID UNDSET

I CAN'T remember what my age was that birthday when I got my doll Gerda. But it was before I began to go to school, and after my mother had tried to teach me my ABC and backstitch in spite of my streaming tears. So I suppose I was seven.

But I remember that morning. I must have been kept in a few days for some reason. For I have it in my mind that the birches seemed to have burst into leaf in a single night.

We were living in Lyder Sagens Street at that time, and there were houses only on one side, villas standing in gardens. On the other side was a field. It was a rather remarkable field. In the upper part of it the big children of the street used to play ball—and there were some little outcrops of rock and heaps of stones which we made into play-rooms, and a stream of dirty stinking water where we could get our feet wet, and a nettle-bed down at the bottom by the fence of the Commodore's garden; within the nettle-bed there were a few miserable little raspberry bushes, and from midsummer on we got our arms and legs stung all over searching for unripe raspberries. And then we could stand there and look into the Commodore's garden. They had no children, the Commodore and his wife, and none of us had ever been in there. But there were apple trees and pear trees and cherry trees and beds of rhubarb and carrots and quantities of radishes. What a big garden it was, and what a lot of fruit there was in it—we used to tell one another the most fantastic stories about it.

Then one day there might be a horse tethered in the field. Or we might even find two or three cows grazing there. And then we stood at a safe distance from these strange animals and sang:

Moo-cow, moo-cow, moo,
They're coming to catch you!
Oh no, oh no, oh no,
Mamma won't let me go!

The bigger children actually told us that one autumn a whole flock of sheep had been in the field for several days. But we didn't quite believe that; at any rate we didn't expect such a remarkable thing to happen again. For there were many of us who had never seen a live sheep—we were little town children, all of us; the smallest of us had never been in the country. But we hung on the fence and called to the cows and sniffed in the warm, milky smell of cattle, and thought of the wonderful world which began on the other side of Church Road, a long way off, where we were not allowed to walk by ourselves—where there were barns and byres and stables and quantities of horses and cows and sheep, and perhaps there were actually billy-goats!

Well then, it was a fine bright morning in May, and I had been given a doll's pram and the doll Gerda. I had on a white frock which I hadn't yet managed to get messed.

[1] The translation from the Norwegian is by A. G. Chater.

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And I pushed the doll's pram along the street, which was in the usual state of a Christiania street that is only half built. The pram jolted over stones big and small, making lovely tracks in the mud, and the puddles reflected a pale blue spring sky in which bright little clouds were drifting. Above my head the birches of the villa gardens hung with their fresh leaves, so young and delicate that they were still a waxy yellow. But the end of the street was closed by the Commodore's garden with a thick green wall, dense as a forest. And the sun struck sparks everywhere, from the puddles in the road and the dandelions along the fence, and a thousand white flashes from the young sappy leaves.

II

Then I met two little friends. And they told me there was a horse in the field, and it had had a foal the night before. I meant to have shown them the doll and the pram, but we forgot that, all three of us. We dashed off to the field. And it was positively true. All the children of the street were there hanging on the fence and chattering about the miracle. We were astonished at its long thin legs, which it could walk on already, and its little curly stump of a tail—and we couldn't make out why it was so light, when its mother was black. And when it stuck its head under her and sucked, we got quite hot and uncomfortable at being so close to great, strange Nature.

But when my nurse came and called us in to have chocolate—the doll's pram was empty. Gerda was gone. Search was made everywhere. All the children were examined and inquiries were made at all the houses. Milli and Maya, who were two big and enterprising girls, wanted to fetch the policeman. They were not allowed. But they acted as police themselves, backed by our nurse. And Nina, whose reputation was none too good, was subjected to a painful examination, till she howled aloud and her mamma came out into the street and threatened to go and tell Milli's and Maya's parents and mine too. But it was all no use. Gerda had vanished without a trace.

Well, I cried a little, but I wasn't so terribly upset about it. I had only had her a few hours, so I hadn't had time to get really fond of her. Besides, she did not have proper hair, it was only painted on her china head, and her frock was only calico, made at home by my mother—it was flowered all the same, and had a lot of lace and ribbons. But I still had the pram, and in that I planted my most precious doll, who always had to be kept in bed because her scalp and arms and legs were missing and the others laughed at her. And probably I should have forgotten the doll Gerda many years ago, but for the incident I am now going to relate.

A few months afterwards my nurse took me one day over to Balkeby. I don't know whether she had anything special to do there, or whether she just went to see some friends. We came to a little wooden house of two stories, squeezed in between new brick houses, which were already shabby and dilapidated and had a very poverty-stricken look. The place must be pulled down by now—I have tried to find it without success, and I am certain I should have known it again. It was painted a dull brown and the paint was peeling off—I remember there were blisters in it and I amused myself by bursting them while my nurse was in a dairy buying something. There were two shops on the ground floor, this dairy and a little shoemaker's. Presently we went into the shoemaker's shop.

On a low stool sat the shoemaker, wearing a blue apron. His face was the color of

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dough and he looked cross. He and the nurse exchanged a few words and we went into a side room. There I sat for some time with my nurse on a sofa which was covered with American cloth—that made it very interesting, because I could let myself slide off it and crawl up again, until nurse said I must please sit still and be good. So I sat still, and looked round the little room meanwhile.

The air was foul and stuffy, and the room was altogether strange and unfamiliar. There were two beds, the like of which I had never seen—they were painted red and stuffed full of bedclothes to such a height that I couldn't understand how the people could possibly climb up when they wanted to go to bed. And there were sheets spread over them instead of counterpanes. And there was pink tulle round the looking-glass—and on the chest of drawers were two vases which looked like silver, but must have been glass.

After a while a woman came in. She had an infant at the breast. I remember her quite clearly. She had hardly any teeth and her face was yellow, but her sleeves were turned up and her arms and breasts were very white—a gleaming, corpse-like white with blue veins, which looked like thick dark strings under the skin.

Helene, my nurse, talked to her and asked presently: "And how's Solveig getting on now?"

I don't remember what the woman said, but Helene told me that the shoemaker and his wife had a little daughter who was just the same age as myself. And she asked if I would like to go in and talk to her. I got up obediently and went in to see Solveig.

She was lying in the kitchen. The atmosphere in there was indescribable. It gave me a sickening, faint-hearted feeling. In one corner there was a big bed, and in it lay a pale little girl with yellow hair. She was wearing a pink bed-jacket.

III

I asked her what her name was and how old she was—though of course I knew she was Solveig and just the same age as myself. She didn't ask me my name, and I thought that was odd.

"Are you very ill?" I asked.

"Oh yes. I've got tubertles in the hip-joint, I have," said Solveig, brightening up a little and quite proud. "I've had two ob-berations for it at the orspital."

"O my!" I said. "Wasn't that awful?"

Solveig made no answer. And I couldn't think of anything to say. I twisted my feet round the legs of the chair and sucked at the elastic of my straw hat. And the foul air settled stiflingly about my heart—it smelt of leather and cobbler's wax, for the door to the workshop stood open, and of coffee, which the woman was making as she went to and fro, with the child hanging all the time on her loose, blue-veined breast. And you could tell that the room they slept in was never aired. But I thought the air was like this because Solveig had "tubertles" in her hip-joint and had had two operations at the hospital. And I felt the tears rising and a catch at my throat—from grief at something I did not know and could only feel as a vague foreboding.

At last I thought I must say something. And I asked: "Don't you get tired of lying in bed all the time?"

Solveig did not answer at once. Then she pulled something out from under the bedclothes: "I got this from papa," she said. It was a little green botanizing case with a strap. "And mama gave me this."

It was a doll. It had a china head with yellow hair painted on it, and although it was very dirty I recognized the white calico

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frock with the light-blue flowers and ribbons. It was Gerda.

I turned red as fire and my throat was choking. I had a feeling that it was I who had done something terribly wrong; I dared not look up and couldn't say a word.

The woman came in at that moment. And she looked at my crimson face. She hurriedly picked up the doll.

"That's not a thing to show to such a fine little girl," she said with an attempt at a laugh. "You must have plenty of nice dolls at home, haven't you?"

I looked at her for a second. Her eyes were shifty and she tightened her lips so queerly over her toothless mouth. Then she said in quite a different voice—a sugary, cringing voice which made me shudder with vague disgust and terror: "Oh yes, I'm sure your dolls are much better than that. But Solveig, poor little thing, she thinks it's fine—well, I gave two crowns for it at Vollmann's, anyhow ——"

The woman kept on telling me how she had bought the doll. And I could feel her shifty eyes on my drooping head.

I remember she took me back to the other room to have coffee. And it was no use my protesting and saying my mother didn't let me drink coffee. I had to empty a whole cup and eat two of the nasty cakes Helene had bought at the dairy. The woman kept pressing them on me.

On the way home I burst into floods of tears. I wouldn't say why. But Helene said I ought to be thankful I was so well off —fancy if I had to lie in bed like Solveig. Yes, it would do me good to see what some little girls had to put up with. I cried more and more. Then she got frightened and promised me sweets and forbade me to tell mamma she had taken me to Balkeby.

I consoled myself by making plans as we walked home. I was going to visit Solveig, and there was no end to the things I would take her. By imagining myself a Lady Bountiful I grew calmer and calmer and at last I was fairly cheerful.

Nothing came of it, however. In the first place my whole fortune at the moment was only a penny. In the second place mamma got to know of it, for I had another violent fit of crying when I had gone to bed and she came in to hear me say my prayers. And Helene was well scolded, and after that I was never allowed to go and see Solveig of Balkeby, who had "tubertles."

But even if I had not been hindered in this way, it is extremely probable that I should never have realized my pretty plans.

IV

This was my first encounter with poverty. And a year or two after, when my mother told me one day that we ourselves were poor—I remember my paralysing sense of horror, and I remember the burning blush that came into my childish cheeks—did it mean that we were condemned to live in foul air and cringe to other people, and look at them with frightened, shifty eyes and speak in a humble, syrupy voice?

And in due course I was a big girl, and then I was grown up. And I got to know more and more about life. About poverty, too.

But the worst of it I had seen, with the visionary instinct of little children—the humiliation that dogs the poor in this world—on the day I felt like a little criminal, as the shoemaker's wife at Balkeby snatched up the doll Gerda and hid it away.

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MUSSOLINI IS TOTTERING

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

POLITICAL conversation in Fascist Italy divides itself into two main branches: the ostentatious public panegyric, and the whispered private jeremiad. The first, of course, is always concerned with the glory of Il Duce, his dynamic personality, his pontifical infallibility, his success in commanding the respect of other nations toward his country, and his extraordinary feat of making the trains run according to schedule.

During a recent personal visit to the land of the Corporative State, I did not escape the loud panegyric; but it was also very interesting to overhear the monotone of lamentation and rebellion that prevails in every part of the peninsula. That my former compatriots were unusually communicative with me, is explained by the facts that I was a relative of some of them; that others still remembered me as a child, or knew my family; and that I spoke my native language perfectly, and evinced a genuine human interest in the daily lives of my erstwhile co-nationals. Furthermore, my curiosity was mild, because the writing of this article did not occur to me until some time after my return to America.

My first Italian acquaintance was a young corporal of the regular army, who traveled with me from Naples to Paola. There were no other passengers in our second-class compartment, and we were at liberty to speak freely. When I told him that I was visiting my birthplace for the first time in twenty-eight years, he became very loquacious about the changes that time and Fascism had wrought in his country. After telling me, approvingly, of Italy as a great world power, he began to suggest that some things were not quite so good. When our train was passing near a village in the hilltops of the Southern Apennines, I said something about the beauty of Italian towns, those picturesque clusters of white masonry in a dark green background.

"Yes," he answered, "but you must have noticed that the clear white of your early memories is, in fact, a stained gray. The people refuse to whitewash or restucco their walls, because there is some sort of luxury tax that makes the business expensive."

After a pause, he asked me to tell him what the Americans thought of Balbo and his air squadron. When I described the admiration aroused by that spectacular performance, he beamed with patriotic satisfaction.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that Il Duce has done a great deal to increase Italy's international prestige." He lowered his voice to a barely audible tone and continued:

"But in our internal affairs, we have sacrificed personal liberty for the sake of military grandeur. You Americans admire Balbo, but you also respect *Il maestro* Toscanini. *Ebben,* when he was slapped here, in his native country, for refusing to play

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a noisy patriotic anthem, you must have put us down as a tribe of barbarians. *Non è vero?*"

Then for fear that he had been too frank with a stranger, he raised his voice and said: "Of course, I am altogether a Fascist," and proceeded to give his reasons. I learned later that this statement is the saving clause, a sort of *amen* that the wary Italian will attach to everything he says, as a sop for some political spy who might be lurking within hearing distance.

When I offered my companion an American cigarette, he asked me to explain its retail price in relation to current wages.

"You are very fortunate," he said. "You can smoke without counting your puffs."

He informed me that his government maintains an absolute monopoly on cigarettes and tobacco, and imposes such heavy taxes that smoking has become the privilege of the upper classes. An assistant stone mason in the Southern provinces earns one lira and a quarter an hour. Other workers receive even less. The cheapest domestic cigarettes cost four lire for a package of twenty. A simple calculation shows that it takes an unskilled worker from three hours to half a day to earn cigarette money.

As the hour grew late, my friend made himself comfortable by stretching his legs on the seat. But before putting his feet on the cushion, he covered it with a newspaper.

"It's one of the laws," he explained. "The railroads belong to the state. The passenger who carelessly soils the cushions may be fined a couple of hundred lire. But by making us buy newspapers, the requirement helps to diffuse the pre-digested ideas of the official press."

From time to time, a train guard, uniformed and armed, stuck his head into our compartment, doubtless to make sure that our conversation was respectful to the régime, and that our shoes did not directly contaminate state property.

II

One evening, soon after my arrival in my native town in the Southern province of Calabria, I was surrounded by a small group of people who had come to pay their respects to *l'Americano.*

"We have electric lights now," said an old *contadino* who had previously amused the company by recounting my half-forgotten childhood pranks. "We also have a new railroad, a modern olive press and a flour mill. But *il Fascismo* is good only for *i pesci grossi* [the big fish] of the Kingdom. The common people have a worse lot than before. Our knees were badly patched when you first knew us, and we still wear the same uniforms of poverty." I observed that some of his colleagues had patched their patches.

Another peasant began to explain the intricate network of Fascist taxation.

"Everybody pays taxes on salt and tobacco. They are monopolies of the government. Then if a farmer has a few metres of ground, he must pay a heavy tax on the land and also on the livestock and implements. We escape the last one because in tilling these steep, terraced hills, we must plow everything by hand. A man may avoid the bachelor tax by marrying; but he is then required to pay a family tax of twenty-five lire a head. There are so many other assessments that the officials themselves can't keep track of of them: 100 lire or more for the possession of a horse and cart; another tax for the ownership of a watch dog; a third for keeping a hog, and a fourth for slaughtering it. Some of us have been forced to

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borrow money to keep all our taxes paid. If we cannot pay, we lose our lands to the usurers."

Mussolini himself has recently admitted that any additional levies would "drive the taxpayers to death." A schoolmate of mine explained that the old régime established *Casse Rurali*, land banks that were required to loan money to farmers at 3% interest. But the patriotic gentlemen in charge of the institutions, invariably eminent in the high councils of the Fascist Party, manage to collect as much as 12% a year on each loan. Through an epidemic of foreclosures the loan sharks have elevated themselves into feudal barons, while hundreds of families have been evicted from the homes and lands that had been theirs for centuries. These conditions have been consistently ignored by Il Duce, although he is seeking, in his "Battle of Grain," to make Italy self-supporting in the production of wheat.

"You can judge for yourself how times have changed," a village sexton told me. "When you were here as a child, we had a *parroco* and six priests. Now the *parroco* and I are running the whole thing. He himself repainted the frescoes in the ceiling, and I learned to play the organ to save expenses. The peasants are just as devout as ever, but when they get through counting their pennies, they have none left for the collection box."

A carpenter informed me that the government had attempted to fix wages in the industrial sections of the Kingdom, but that there was no way to enforce a minimum schedule in the rural communities.

"There are five of us in the family, all masters of the craft," he said. "But none of us has worked for the past three years. Everybody is penniless. When we get a chance at an odd job, we never argue about wages, but willingly accept just enough to buy bread and macaroni."

Similar complaints are made in the more industrialized provinces of the north. Unemployment in Italy has increased from 122,000 in 1925, to more than 1,000,000 in 1934, with another round million to account for the chronic idleness of the agricultural sections. In Bologna, I spent some time with a distant relative who was a telephone lineman. As an old trade-unionist, he had not managed to digest the industrial feudalism of recent years.

"Labor has lost, under Fascism, everything it had gained in all its previous struggles," he said. "Our wages have been falling steadily since 1929, with no corresponding decrease in the price of bread. If we threaten to strike, we are treated as traitors to the state. With our standard of living lower than ever, we naturally laugh at the propaganda for large families and fearsome armies."

He explained that the government was providing some sort of unemployment insurance; and that there were relief agencies where scant rations of food and clothing could be had. The allowance for an unemployed man was 3.70 lire a day, less than the price of twenty cigarettes. By abstaining from such vices, he could manage to keep alive during the four-month limit of the allowance. If he was not reëmployed by that time, he must rely on charity, or yield to the official propaganda about going home to the quarter-acre farm that is already over-tenanted by his relatives.

When I said something about the American depression, his reply was a succession of incredulous interjections to the effect that "America is always America," in spite of her depressions. Almost every Italian I met bewailed the legal restric-

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tions on immigration. But most of them were so badly informed about New World conditions that I finally ceased to give their opinions any concrete meaning. Their desire to be in America was almost purely a psychology of escape, a wish to reach a Cloud-Cuckoo land, far away from the horrors of Fascism. My favorite Venetian gondolier, for instance, was dreaming of forsaking the Grand Canal, by finding a philanthropic *Americano* who would arrange passage for him to Venice, California!

A minor indisposition, while I was in Ancona, brought me in conversation with an Italian physician. Like most professional men, he had small praise for the prevailing régime. He pointed out that the majority of his colleagues are country practitioners, simply because the nation is still mainly agricultural. Each *Comune* (county) has a *medico condotto*, who receives his salary from the public treasury, and serves his patients without charge.

"In the old days," he explained, "it was possible for a private *medico* to make a living, by serving a few middle-class families. But now almost everybody demands free medical service. As we can't all be official doctors, the job goes to the man of political influence, and the rest of us starve."

On my next visit, he introduced me to an old man, a member of my own profession, who had offices in the same building. When I asked him about the condition of legal practice in Italy, he answered with one word so frequently heard in all parts of the peninsula, accompanied with a gesture of the right hand, denoting a lack of cash.

"Miseria," he said. "It takes money to litigate, and the people are too busy getting enough for the bare necessities. Success in law is dependent on political standing in the councils of the party. A few men have cornered the practice by loudly flattering Il Duce and his lieutenants. But for the great majority of us—*miseria.*"

III

Similar criticism is frequently heard from other members of the middle class. I was told by a prominent merchant in a city near Fiume, that although his income was above the average, he could not afford to buy meat any more than twice a week. But perhaps the saddest plight is that of writers, journalists, and intellectuals. As a contributor to American periodicals, I was able to meet several of them on very friendly terms. To save them from Fascist reprisals, I must suppress their names, as I have done elsewhere in this article.

They pointed out that no newspaper or magazine may legally be published without the formal authorization of specially designated Fascist authorities. The diffusion of news and opinions is deemed a function of the state; and every newspaper is officially told exactly what to print and what to suppress on every social question.

"Artistic reviews," a poet said to me, "are allowed to carry on only under strict surveillance. But even these are sometimes requested to print Fascist propaganda, and if they refuse, the party will either revoke their licences, or find other methods to bring about their ruin."

Another writer informed me that he had been employed for several years, by an important newspaper, as a special collaborator on artistic and musical subjects. One day, his editor, doubtless obeying orders, demanded a written statement of his political attitude.

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"I pleaded," said my friend, "that my interests in life were purely literary, and that I preferred to retain my neutrality. It was a mistake. A week later I was discharged."

When I asked him what he had been doing since, he answered that he had managed to eke out an existence by writing for foreign publications in French and English, and that he hoped eventually to establish himself in America.

"The atmosphere itself is so depressing," a Milanese critic said, "that no outstanding writer has arisen here since the advent of the Dark Age of Fascism. Even the novelist is inevitably cramped and self-conscious, for fear that he picture contemporary life in a manner unsuitable to the Fascist idea. The consequence might be imprisonment or exile, as happened to Vinciguerra, De Bosis, Malaparte, and hundreds of the smaller fry. Furthermore, the psychological emphasis has been so completely switched to patriotic stupidities, that there is no longer a reading public in the older sense. There is only the state and its trembling subjects."

The same despotic control prevails as to free speech and the right of peaceful assembly. An Italian professor told me that he had written to a few friends, inviting them to hear his lecture on a purely academic subject. Doubtless through censorship of the mails, the police learned of the meeting and promptly suppressed it. The speaker had neglected his legal duty of announcing what he was going to say, securing permission in advance, and having an officer present at the meeting.

"You may well smile," he added. "But the truth is that the people cannot, without a police permit, have ordinary social gatherings in their homes."

He later discussed the educational system of Italy, and pointed out that all students, even the youngest, are taught to revere imperialism and war, and to learn by rote the various exploits of Il Duce. Fully three-fourths of all Italian children and adolescents are enrolled in militaristic organizations, such as the Young Italians, the Small Italians, the *Balilla*, and the *Avanguardisti*. I had previously visited an elementary public school in a Southern village. No sooner had I entered the classroom of the first grade than fifty little hands went up to greet me in Fascism.

"Every instructor and college professor," I was told, "must subscribe to an oath, a blood and thunder creed of Fascism, before he is allowed to teach. Those who refuse to take the oath are replaced by others more obedient. Some of the non-conformists, including two men of immense erudition, are now teaching in American colleges."

IV

The Fascist answer to all signs of economic and spiritual distress is a formidable army of militiamen, *carabinieri*, guards, spies, *metropolitani*, and other "agents of public security." An exiled Italian author estimates that the cost of maintaining order in Italy is three times what it is in France. Surely no other nation has a more imposing police force. In Rome especially one gets the impression that at least 60% of the population is in uniform.

Naturally, the average Italian cannot reconcile this depressing state of martial law with the official ballyhoo concerning the great popularity of Fascism. His private conversation contains a rich répertoire of picturesque epithets to fit every corps. Some of the most expressive ones, such

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as *infame*, and *canaglia* (infamous, low brow) are directed at the supernumerary militia of Fascism, whose special assignment is the preservation of the state against subversive uprisings. It is the general opinion that these indolent *militi* are recruited from among the early partisans of Il Duce, and that he is now "providing for them" at public expense. But perhaps the greatest hatred is expressed against the OVRA and the hordes of other officers in plain clothes, who trace the movements of every citizen, in the street cars, trains, cafés and other public places, in the hope of overhearing some unguarded phrase of criticism against the prevailing régime. Their espionage penetrates into the most intimate affairs of civilians, including their telephone conversations. Many citizens informed me that their letters had been opened by postal spies. My own experience with my mail, as an American with an Italian name, warrants the belief that if the police could read English, they learned the legal intricacies of a libel case of which my secretary in Reno, Nevada, was periodically writing me.

Every Italian is required to carry an identification card, with his photograph attached, which he must display to detectives on demand. It is the duty of every hotel-keeper to examine the documents of all his guests and to fill out a daily report for the police department. The foreign tourist, whose annual contributions augment the national budget, is seldom disturbed beyond the requirement of showing his passport before registering. These formalities, however, did not prove sufficient in my case. My Mediterranean complexion, my knowledge of the language, and the fact that I was traveling alone, marked me as a mysterious character. I was stopped twice by Roman blackshirts, who treated me with the utmost courtesy, but insisted on seeing my papers. I later recounted my experience to an Italian friend, informing him of my whereabouts on both occasions.

"I should have warned you," he said, laughing. "You did not know it, but you were in each instance, almost within a bomb's throw of Mussolini. *Probabilmente,* he is a great man, and very popular, but he suffers from a peculiar affliction of the knees. They shake so frightfully that his protectors have succumbed to his symptoms, and consider every stranger a potential assassin."

An Italian professional man told me that he was accosted by detectives three times in one day, and that on the third occasion, he refused to exhibit his papers until the officer had shown him his.

"I know the detective was merely doing his duty," he explained. "He was undoubtedly being watched himself by other spies, but I was angry enough to pick a quarrel with him right there. My ancestors wore red shirts in the Republican armies of Garibaldi. But I knew he'd arrest me if I worded my irritations according to liberal standards. So I stood on my Italian patriotism, and told him that his soiled documents constituted an insult to the King's seal. Then I called him *un animale* and a few other names."

A Genoese bookkeeper told me that several detectives once mistook his identity and followed him through Naples and other cities for a week, sitting near him in theatres, restaurants and trains; lurking about when he entered a shop. He finally shook them by exhibiting proof of his membership in the Fascist Party.

This omnipresence of the Fascist state in the daily lives of the people manifests itself in many other ways. Once while tramping the Roman sidewalks with an Italian engineer, we happened to pass be-

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tween an armed guard and a lamp post. For some obscure reason of state, the officer demanded that we retrace our steps and pass the post on the other side! In all churches was the familiar order that women must be *modestamente vestite*, which meant that they should refrain from exhibiting their necks and arms, despite the scant attire of the holy saints and icons. A sign in a coffee house warned me that I must salute in Roman fashion. More placards, in taverns and other public places, enjoin the citizen not to discuss politics or to take the name of the Lord in vain; the average Italian finds it difficult to violate the first without disobeying the second.

V

One evening I was walking with two friends in the vicinity of Porta Pia, in Rome. Our ears were assailed by a cacophony of drums and bugles that reminded me of the Salvation Army in the States. It was a *fanfarretta* (small military band) of young Fascists. When it caught up with us, my companions stopped, faced the marchers, and gave the Fascist salute. Remembering that I was in Rome, I imitated their gesture, with a few mental reservations.

"You are very wise," one of my friends said. "You must always salute properly when the *fanfarretta* passes. Your failure to do so could have been interpreted as a lack of sympathy with the party. People have been beaten for less than that."

Elsewhere in Italy, I was informed that peaceful citizens had sometimes received blows when their red cravats were taken as symbolical affronts to the color scheme of the prevailing régime. A shopkeeper told me that he had incurred suspicion for having omitted from the date line of his letters and receipts the Roman numeral XII. A special investigator was sent to inquire if the man had deliberately forgotten the fact that Il Duce had come to power twelve years previous.

The result of this complete regimentation of civil life is a general attitude of self-consciousness and fear that causes every citizen to distrust his neighbor. One afternoon I was strolling in a Roman park with a schoolmate of my childhood. Inquisitive guards passed us from time to time, and policemen in civilian attire stared at us suspiciously. Whenever our conversation touched public questions, my companion paused, lowered his voice, and looked nervously over his shoulders. I learned later that this furtive gesture is so universally employed everywhere in the peninsula that it can be put down as a sort of counter-sign of distress to the Fascist salute.

"We dare not speak freely," he cautioned me. "There are spies everywhere. People have been reported, given summary trials, and transported to Lipari Island. The man who does not agree with official opinion must be silent, or suffer as a traitor. The inmates of the political prisons are neither regicides nor Communists, but ordinary citizens whose ideas are current street-corner talk in democratic countries. Nitti, Rosselli, and Lussu were ordinary liberals, but they would still be in prison if they had not escaped."

It is the general belief of most citizens that the Italian national "election" of March 25, 1934, was merely a method of counting the friends and enemies of Fascism, for the purpose of apportioning rewards and punishments. Such was the opinion of a young Roman student who exercised the high prerogative of an elector, under Mussolinian limitations, while I waited for him outside the polls.

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The farce of the elections had been previously explained to me by other Italians. The voter was given two ballots, a tricolored one whereby he was to denote his assent to the candidates previously chosen by the Fascist Party, and a white one whereby he could summarily reject them, if he was reckless enough of his personal welfare. The actual deposit of the vote in the box was secret, but it was the duty of the elector to return the unused ballot to a Fascist officer!

"If I had not voted at all," my friend said after his ordeal, "the fact would have singled me out as a probable opponent of the party. If I had returned the "yes" ballot unused, I would have been listed forever as an avowed enemy of the régime. But since I want tranquility, and have no taste for martyrdom, it was better to submit."

While we were still within view of the polling place, a company of armed militiamen marched orderly into it. As there had not been the smallest disturbance, I concluded that the military visitation was designed to have a certain effect on the number of "yes" ballots. Indeed, it is surprising that any opposition votes were recorded. It was suggested to me by many Italians that there were none cast, and that the 3% accounted for were officially added for the sake of appearance.

It is well known that Fascism has small respect for democratic institutions. Several years ago it dispensed with municipal elections, by appointing an autocratic *podestà* for every city and town. The present House of Deputies, known as "the suicide chamber," has been ordered to eliminate itself in favor of a despotic Council of Corporations.

In every walk of life, in all parts of the Peninsula, one hears the muffled but emphatic voice of unrest. The casual foreign visitor seldom penetrates the protective armor of outward approval. But when the average Italian is speaking privately, safely away from eavesdroppers and *agents provocateurs*, the burden of his language is sarcasm, anger, hatred and ridicule toward the "adventurers and *condottieri* who have enslaved the free Italy of Cavour, Garibaldi and Mazzini." I was repeatedly told by natives that Il Duce's popularity is a fiction compounded of propaganda and fear. Others insisted that at least one-half of the crowds that cheer him when he appears in public are policemen in plain clothes, while the other half are largely his political dependents.

VI

Indeed, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the Italian blackshirt is nothing more than an ornamental political dickey, a sort of detachable cuff and bosom set that serves a purely forensic purpose; while the majority of citizens continue to wear, closer to their skins, the older white broadcloth of common sense. This universal duplicity that Fascist terrorism has forced upon the population is a frequent subject of apology and justification on the part of intelligent Italians.

"We have been reduced to a tribe of hypocrites in chains," a Neapolitan lawyer was lamenting. "But what can we do? There have been hundreds of martyrs to the cause of freedom in the last twelve years. But you can't expect the whole peninsula to submit to martyrdom. Yet the moral degradation of the individual Italian is a pitiful tragedy. It will be the first concern of Mussolini's successor to restore the dignity of a cowed and fear-palsied nation." When I asked him whether he believed there existed any underground movement for the overthrow of the Fascist régime, he shrugged his shoulders.

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"Chi sa?" he said. "No one knows what goes on underground except the moles who dwell there. I must keep away from such things, because my family would starve if I were taken to prison."

But he was convinced, like most Italians, that political changes are imminent. He pointed to Vesuvius to illustrate his meaning. "That mushroom-shaped smoke-cloud gives no warning of serious internal commotion. It looks almost peaceful. But by tomorrow the volcano's eruption may threaten the nearby cities. Italy is historically just like that, and Fascism is, also historically, of mushroom growth, without legitimate roots in our liberty-loving traditions. If this despotism had the general favor of Italians, there would be no need of putting half of the nation in policemen's uniforms, to make sure that the other half does not rebel. Neither would it be necessary to suppress all criticism, muzzle the press, or create bigger political prisons. The likelihood of an uprising may well be measured by the extraordinary official preparations to prevent it, or meet it."

It is the prevailing opinion of Italians that Fascism carries within itself the seeds of its own early destruction. One of its main tenets is an insanely fanatic patriotism that causes its leader to fancy himself an avatar of Julius Caesar, and to say that the expansion of his country "is a problem of life and death."

Sober Italians have no illusions about any possible territorial gains under modern European conditions. But they are sure that when some nation calls Mussolini's next bluff, Fascism will survive neither a defeat nor a victory.

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A PLEA FOR SOCIALIZED MEDICINE

BY GEORGE W. ASPINWALL

THE practice of medicine is antiquated. The science of medicine has made and is constantly making progress. The general practitioner is rapidly disappearing. The know-it-all and do-it-all doctor is a person of the past. Efficient medical practice can only be obtained through groups of doctors. These groups contain specialists in the various branches of medicine. With proper integration and coöperation in such groups the patient receives the best medical attention.

It has been shown often enough that the public does not receive proper medical care. The poor receive little attention for minor ailments. When the sickness is severe, the poor receive through charitable agencies the best treatment that medical science can supply. The middle class, which constitutes the majority of the population, does not receive adequate medical care. When severe illness occurs, they cannot afford to buy medical attention themselves. Hence they either neglect themselves or they seek charitable or semi-charitable help. The rich pay for medical care and obtain the best that is available. It has been suggested that the cost of medical care be spread throughout the population. By this means the expenditure of large sums of money for a severe illness will not fall upon an individual or a family group during a short period.

The income of doctors from the practice of medicine is rapidly decreasing. It is worse in 1934 than it was in 1933. There are still some doctors whose incomes are from $50,000 to $150,000 yearly, but the earnings of many physicians have shrunk below the subsistence level. The reason for the constant shrinking of the income of doctors is that more and more people are receiving medical charity each year. Unless some change is made in the method by which medical service is dispensed, chaos among doctors will occur. Symptoms of this are already in evidence.

Singly and in groups, doctors are clamoring for the correction of abuses which have curtailed their income. They desire that doctors be paid for services to the poor, that people who are not entitled to charity should be excluded from clinics, and that the activities of pay clinics should be curtailed or abolished and public health agencies be compelled to stop practising medicine. But the consensus of expert opinion is that such changes will not really help the doctor or the public.

The Committee for the Study of the Cost of Medical Care recommended that a drastic change in medical practice be made, but the American Medical Association has stated many times since that it looks with disfavor upon all changes. Last year the delegates to the American Medical Association instructed the trustees to use every effort to stop any movement for a change by the profession itself. Among the delegates there were many doctors whose incomes are quite large. Some of them have been accused of ob-

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structing the trend toward socialized medicine because of the fear that if an alteration occurs, their incomes will be leveled with that of all physicians. That many members of the American Medical Association are not in accord with its policies is seen from the fact that the American College of Surgeons has endorsed some form of health insurance.

The agencies that supply medical services are doctors, dentists, nurses, druggists, hospitals and other factors too numerous to mention. They have a large stake in the matter because a change in practice will alter their economic status. The public pays the bill; it therefore must be thoroughly informed about all of its phases.

II

Health insurance has been suggested by some and state medicine by others. Health insurance is generally a system of medical practice which includes only a part of the population and some of the doctors. It is usually related to unemployment insurance, though plans have been formulated in which employment security is not a feature. State medicine is a system that includes the entire population and all of the agencies which render medical service. Some of the advantages and disadvantages of each system will now be considered.

Health insurance organizations exist in many countries, particularly in Europe. They are applicable mainly to the working class with incomes of $1200 a year or less. The employer, employé and government each contribute one-third of the cost. In some countries the government pays less. However, pressure is always being used by health insurance societies to force the government to shoulder more and more of the financial burdens. This would allow politicians to dictate the policies and the personnel of the societies. Labor organizations have always objected to health insurance because they feel that the worker should receive a return for his labor sufficient to allow him to pay for his medical care.

The system, as it now exists, has lowered living standards, since the worker pays part of his salary for health insurance and continues giving, without interruption, throughout his entire life. The employer raises the price of goods so as to offset the outlay for health insurance. By so doing the burden is thrown on the purchasing public. Employers will not submit to a reduction of earning for the public benefit.

The government must levy taxes in accordance with its needs. When sickness insurance came into being, taxes were raised. Each time the government contributes more money to health insurance, a greater levy is demanded from the public. The worker, therefore, pays for most of the expense of health insurance and is impoverished thereby. In a number of health insurance schemes, the dependents of the worker receive equal benefits, but are not required to make cash payments. In others, the wage earner is compelled to pay for the medical care of those dependent upon him.

Under most health insurance systems, the people involved are farm, mill, factory, railroad and shipping workers; also coal and metal miners. It was not the intention to include in these systems the indigent, middle-class or well-to-do. Lately, there has been a tendency to allow those whose incomes and earnings are greater than $1200 to participate. This step would only help reduce the number of cases available for private practice.

After health insurance systems have been

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in operation in a locality for a sufficient length of time, the worker imposes upon the system by going to the insurance doctor at the slightest provocation. If the doctor is careful, many serious illnesses are recognized early, and proper treatment is instituted. However, the worker seeks the help of the insurance doctor for many trivial illnesses, some of which under other systems of medical practice would require and receive no attention.

The worker feels that he must get some return for the money he has contributed over a long period of time. Many cases of malingering have been reported. For this reason the doctor is compelled to assume the function of detective, so that the interest of the company may be protected. Functional nervous ailments have increased tremendously. It is conceded that they are real, having their origin in the fact that the ordinary worker is a part of the machine and thus loses his individuality. By becoming ill and receiving medical attention, which is a personal matter, his egotism is stimulated and satisfied. The whole thing springs from the fact that human beings resent the boredom, noise and confinement of constant work and unconsciously, perhaps, use sickness as a means of escape.

III

It should be of interest to know that the domestic servant in England has made exceptionally heavy demands for sickness insurance benefits. When health insurance was being put into effect, it was found that these people were unusually healthy and seldom required medical attention.

The increase in the number of cases of illness in this class has been attributed to health insurance. This situation has been found to have occurred among the workers in all of the countries in which health insurance has been established. The morbidity figures have increased constantly, and these have no relation to the economic condition of the country in which they live. The death rate, however, has not increased.

Doctors are considered by the health insurance organizations, as employés. Since they are not productive in the monetary sense, the cost of their services is necessarily put on the expense side of the ledger. The administrative and managing part of the business is deemed to be of greater importance than medical services. At first, these organizations sold the idea of health insurance by telling the public and the employer about the efficient medical services they could provide. Later, the expensive buildings, equipment and cash payments to the workers, were emphasized, and the medical care assumed secondary importance.

When health insurance was established in some of the European countries, the remuneration received by the doctor was much greater than under the old system of practice. The doctors were very well satisfied, but not many of them could get jobs. Nowadays, the return which the insurance doctor receives, is exceedingly small. At first, insurance doctors were paid for each visit. This was changed so that the doctor is paid for each case. The excuse given by the insurance societies was that under the former system, too much bookkeeping was involved.

In England the doctors are paid by the Ministry of Health. The average total income of the insurance doctor in England was, in the beginning, $2,250 a year. In 1931, because of the necessity of national economy, the doctors accepted a reduction of 10%. After deducting income tax, office maintenance, transportation, etc., it has

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been found that the net income of the British doctor under the panel system is less than $1000 a year.

In some countries, insurance societies restrict the doctor in his treatment. This applies particularly to the prescribing of advertised and expensive drugs and apparatus, whether or not they have merit. No self-respecting, scientific doctor will work for any length of time under these restrictions. Some of the insurance companies, in a number of their medical institutions, give massage, light, electrical and bath treatments to insured groups and others, for which a fee is charged. This money goes into the treasury of the insurance society, and none of it reaches the medical workers.

Many employés become dissatisfied with the medical service given to them by the insurance doctors. Usually they employ quacks. In Germany, according to one authority, there are nearly 13,000 quacks. They have an organization and publish a great many journals with disguised names. These journals are distributed to the public. The reading matter contained therein is such as to influence the people to patronize irregular practitioners.

In France, the insurance societies pay a certain basic amount for medical care. The doctor may charge whatever fee he thinks necessary above that figure. The employé must pay the difference. The French doctor is assured at all times of the basic contribution of the insurance companies. Doctors in France, therefore, are much better off than those in most other countries.

General satisfaction with the system has been expressed by the Royal Commission and the British Medical Association in 1926. In France and England the control of health insurance is in the hands of medical bodies. This accounts in a great measure for its efficiency. The control of health insurance organizations in most other countries is in a state of flux. When the control is in the hands of medical men, the other factions make efforts to wrest the management from them and vice versa. In 1928 the General Council of the International Medical Association resolved that "The Association fully approves of the principle of sickness insurance for the poorer classes of the community. This principle represents a great social advance and a powerful factor in the prosperity and welfare of nations."

In health insurance no provision is usually made for dental care or the prevention of disease. The burden for the latter is borne by public health agencies. It is obvious the general public, through taxation, pays more than its just share for the care of a favored group in the population.

Schemes for medical service have been advocated for groups earning from $1200 to $3000 yearly. Unpredictable severe illnesses may occur in families whose earnings are above this figure. Many instances are on record showing that the care for some of these illnesses consumes 100% or more of the total income, if all of the agencies necessary for the care of the sick person or persons are adequately paid. It usually happens, however, that the doctor and other medical aids are compelled to accept less than their just compensation. Even charitable agencies are finally called in to subsidize the family in its extremity. It becomes necessary, therefore, to seek methods by which the entire population may obtain medical care commensurate with its needs.

State medicine (socialized or public) would supply all of the desirable elements toward the solution of this problem. The salient features of the program of the Medical League for Socialized Medicine is as follows:

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Adequate medical care for the sick and injured is a social function, right and duty, not a private or public charity. State medicine is a socialized system of medical care in health, illness and injury, free of fees, under the auspices of the state and financed by taxation. It should be operated and regulated by organized medical and allied professions, the medical and dental colleges, and the officials of public health agencies. It should include all dental, pharmaceutical, nursing and allied services.

IV

All buildings, supplies and apparatus are to be publicly owned. The hospitals and clinics should be organized as medical centers properly coördinated and geographically distributed. Calls for attendants upon the sick at home are to be received at these centers, such calls to be assigned to physicians designated to cover specific local territories. All equipment, supplies, laboratory and other facilities of medical, surgical, dental, pharmaceutical, nursing or other nature are to be furnished free. The education of the medical, dental, pharmaceutical, nursing and allied personnel is to be supplied free by the state.

All duly licensed or registered dentists, pharmacists and nurses are to be legally entitled to practice under this system on a full time basis, subject to established rules and regulations of admission and practice. Their rights and privileges are to be safeguarded and they should have representation and a voice in the operation of the system. The compensation should be adequate and graded according to time of graduation, length of service, rank and the type of work. Salary increases and promotions to higher positions are to be based upon similar considerations and automatically enforced. Pensions and sickness, old age and other disability insurance are to be included. The hours of work should be assigned, regulated and scheduled, so that provisions be made for competent medical care for the sick and injured at all times. Adequate time and opportunity for all professional workers should be allotted for rest, recreation, vacations and post-graduate study with pay.

Group methods of practice are to be employed wherever possible and special provisions made for rural and other territories inaccessible to regularly organized medical centers. Private practice is permissible under the same conditions and regulations as in public education.

It is unlikely that this program, if adopted, will be put into effect in its entirety. Changes of this kind can occur only gradually; otherwise failure in its establishment may be safely predicted. The history of public education is a case in point. Its beginning was small, yet gradually it has expanded to the position it now holds and its cost is far beyond the dreams of those who originally proposed it.

It should be known that in this country, partial state medicine already exists. In 1931, 66% of all hospital beds in the United States were under government control. Fifty percent of all ward cases in New York City are now subsidized by the municipality and 40% of the ambulatory cases are treated in city hospitals.

State medicine is not a system of medical education; it is a medical coöperative service for the benefit of the public, and all those desirous of working in the medical field should come thoroughly prepared to render efficient service. Medical, dental and pharmaceutical schools should coöperate with the system so that the number of graduates can be curtailed or augmented as required. It will be necessary for these

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professional schools to alter their curricula from time to time so that the graduates will fit into new and expanding departments. It may be confidently expected that disease prevention, mental hygiene and psychiatry will derive a great impetus from such an organization.

Under state medicine, industrial accidents will automatically be divorced from employment insurance. This will result in substantial saving both to the employer and the state. The other benefits of the system, if it is efficiently conducted, cannot be estimated. By proper measures the morbidity and mortality in infants' and infectious diseases will certainly be reduced. The same applies to the hazards of maternity. The prevention and treatment of chronic diseases is a field that has hardly been scratched and considerable progress here may be expected when conducted under proper direction and management. The saving to the state and citizens may in the end be so great as to justify the system.

The cost of state medicine will not be as great as the present system. In 1929 the people of the United States paid for all kinds of medical service, nearly three and three quarter billion dollars. This included fees to doctors, dentists and nurses; hospital care, drugs, irregular practitioners, faith healers and patent medicines. The amount paid for irregular practitioners, faith healers and patent medicines alone was approximately $500,000,000. Because many of the services and equipment overlapped, a great deal more than necessary was expended. It has been estimated that every man, woman and child on the average paid for all kinds of medical services nearly $30 a year. A liberal estimate as to the legitimate amount that should have been paid may be placed at $25 a year. If every person in the United States on the average were to pay this amount in addition to the regular taxes, it is felt that it would be sufficient to defray the expenses incident to state medicine. No provision is made, however, in this figure for the purchase of existing hospitals, equipment and the erection of new buildings.

The Endicott-Johnson Company, at its plant in New York State, provides 15,000 workers and their families with a well-rounded medical service including medicine, dentistry, nursing, hospitalization and drugs. In 1928 the cost was $25 per capita.

Out of the total amount expended for medical services by the people of the United States in 1929, doctors received on an average of $9,000 a year each. About 40% of this was allotted to overhead. With the inauguration of state medicine, this overhead will be eliminated, for doctors will not need private offices. All of their work would be done more efficiently in the medical centers of the system. It is felt in some quarters, therefore, that physicians working under the new system would receive on the average of $7000 annually *net*.

V

In medical practice as it is constituted today, doctors use both their professional and business talents for the purpose of making as much money as possible. It is a sad commentary on the present system that those who are rendering medical service should be compelled to exact fees, either large or small, from those who through no fault of their own are stricken with illness.

Many men in medicine have capitalized this to such an extent that they have become enriched. The talents of men in medicine under the proposed system will not be used for the purpose of making

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more than a comfortable living. The additional benefits which they will derive, however, will be respect of the community, enhanced professional standing and the pleasure and satisfaction of rendering service to the suffering.

Except for those desirous of paying the doctor directly, free choice of doctor will be lost. This, however, will not be a novelty. In accepting medical charity, over 70% of the sick people have lost their privilege of selecting a doctor for the treatment of their ills. The physician has also relinquished, in part at least, his right of treating patients of his own choosing. In the wards and clinics of hospitals that right has been abrogated.

It has been said that under state medicine the urge for research and accomplishment in medical sciences will be stultified. Most of the discoveries and advancement in medicine have been made by men working on salaries in the laboratories or by clinicians employed on a full-time basis. It is likely that when the necessity of struggle for a livelihood has been eliminated, the urge for creative work will be lessened. But there is another side to the question.

Under state medicine, doctors will not become careless because their incomes and positions are guaranteed. The practice of medicine is no longer a one-man job. Except in self-limiting and minor ailments, laboratory work and consultations are necessary for the proper management of a case. In this way, a certain amount of supervisory control is exercised even today. Under state medicine, the doctor could not afford to become careless, for his advancement in the system would thereby be put into jeopardy.

Politics will no doubt play a considerable rôle in the organization of state medicine. It is impossible to avoid it because of the many elements that serve to initiate and perpetuate the system. We are dependent upon legislators to vote for the proposal before it can have a beginning. It is common knowledge that our law-makers will not encourage the enactment of a project for which large sums of money will be expended unless they can control the disbursements. But when the force of public opinion is sufficiently great these gentlemen will do its bidding irrespective of their personal interests. Politics exerts its influence in state education, but neither the public nor the teachers are desirous of a return of private education for the majority of the people.

From now on the people of the United States must be on its guard that legislation be not enacted for changes in medical practice that will be inimical to its interests. In many States this year bills for this purpose will be presented for adoption by the legislative bodies. Many of them will be of a character that when made into law will act as mere palliatives and in the end will do harm rather than good. The public pays the bill and should get that which is for the good of a majority and not for a favored minority.

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PEARY DID NOT REACH THE POLE

BY HENSHAW WARD

PEARY'S claim of reaching the North Pole in 1909 is so highly improbable that our acceptance of it is absurd. Our unwillingness to listen to the evidence against his claim is a scandal. If the evidence had not been published, or if it seemed possible that Peary's reputation could be kept clean, there might be some excuse for easy-going people to say: "Don't speak ill of the dead hero. What's the use of opening a nasty controversy?" But the evidence has been published; it is well known among geographers; it is certain to be generally known some time; and the longer it is concealed, the greater is the evil of an unfounded pride.

If Peary imposed a lie upon the world, the damage he wrought is relatively slight. But if we continue to make ourselves a party to the untruth, enshrining it as a sacred faith which must not be questioned, we maintain a poison which will cause a distrust of every noble exploit that honest men chronicle and appeal to. In the Century Dictionary of Names Peary occupies more space than Abraham Lincoln and almost as much as George Washington; yet it is likely that a true biography of the man would deserve no mention in such a work of reference. The crowning exploit of his life is almost surely a falsehood, and the record of it is therefore a disgrace to the United States. The more we postpone an examination of this unseemly myth, the more damage will its increasing virulence do.

Robert Edwin Peary was born in 1854 and became a civil engineer in the United States Navy. In 1886 he made his first Arctic expedition, exploring a hundred miles of the Greenland ice-sheet. Three years later he made a second sally into Greenland, in command of an expedition fitted out by the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. In 1893 he sailed a third time for Greenland, resolved to push as far as possible toward the North Pole. From this time on his desire to reach the Pole was the dominant ambition of his life. On his fourth attempt, in 1902, he reached latitude 84° 17′, beyond Greenland, the most northerly point attained at that time in this hemisphere. His fifth expedition, in 1906, went as far as 87° 6′.

Peary was now fifty-two years old, less able to endure the exhausting sledge-work than he had been in his younger days, and therefore conscious that unless he succeeded in his next effort he must count his life a failure. The hope of reaching the Pole drove him with desperate eagerness. His valiant efforts had made him a heroic figure to the nation. No one doubted his honesty; all admired his hardihood; all wished him well. Funds were liberally subscribed by the National Geographic Society and the New York *Times*. In July, 1908, he sailed north in the *Roosevelt*, animated by all the accumulated yearning of seventeen years of failure. Success now would crown all those struggling years with fame and would

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bring glory to his country. Failure now would darken his life. The idea of failure was intolerable. In his book, "The North Pole," he tells us of the exultant, almost religious, confidence that he felt as he prepared for his last sledging trip: "I realized that the project was something too big to die; that it never, in the great scheme of things, would be allowed to fall through."

The outline of his story of "dashing" to the Pole in the spring of 1909 is as follows:

On March 1 he left Cape Columbia, the northernmost point of land in Grant Land, which lies to the west of the northern tip of Greenland. Cape Columbia is in latitude 83° 7′—that is, 6 degrees and 53 minutes south of the Pole. A minute of latitude is called a nautical mile. The distance to the Pole in an air line from Cape Columbia was therefore 413 nautical miles, or 475 of the statute miles with which we are more familiar. The "miles" of the story are long nautical miles. Peary laid his course due north along the seventieth meridian—the longitude of Cape Cod.

Ahead of him went four advance parties to make a trail and prepare camps, thus saving the strength of Peary's small party for its final and most hazardous effort. The four trains of dog-sledges had to detour around the largest ice hummocks, cutting a way through rough ice in places, building igloos of snow-chunks when a march was completed.

During the first two weeks an average speed of six miles a day was maintained —which was a fair rate, for there were delays caused by the parting of ice-floes, forming open "leads" of water. On March 15, the work of the first of the advance parties was completed, and it turned back, under the command of Dr. Goodsell, to retrace the course to Cape Columbia.

During the next five days much better speed was made—about eleven miles a day, to latitude 85° 23′. Here Borup's party turned back. During the next four days the average speed was almost nineteen miles a day, to the point where Marvin's party began its return to the Cape. In the following six days the average was nearly twelve miles a day. On April 2 the last of the four supporting parties, under Bartlett, said good-bye to Peary and followed the other three parties southward. The rate of travel for these 32 days, while advance parties helped to hasten progress, was under nine miles a day.

Peary records that he had now come 280 miles due north along the seventieth meridian. He makes no reference to any added distance that was necessary because of detours. Before him lay the 133 miles to the Pole. On this last "dash" he was accompanied only by a negro named Henson and four Eskimos.

II

The speed made by this unaided party of six now increased marvelously. They did not encounter much rough ice; they were not held up by leads of open water. No observations for longitude were taken—in fact, it is not probable that a reliable observation could have been taken, since Peary makes no reference to using a chronometer, but only to his watch. Yet he affirms that the sledges speeded due north along the seventieth meridian, making daily runs of astonishing length: April 2, 25 miles; April 3, 20 miles; April 4, 25 miles; April 5, 63 miles; April 7—reaching the Pole, circling about it, and beginning the homeward trip—63 miles. Indeed this last day's record was really much higher, for Peary seems to say that during the 24 hours of April 7 he covered 102 miles. He

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seems to say that he was walking most of the time. We have to say "seems," because his account is very sketchy and in some places self-contradictory. Even if his claim of going a hundred miles in one day is an inadvertence, his average speed for the 21 days while he was alone with Henson and the Eskimos far surpasses any known achievement of Arctic travel: 28 nautical miles per day!

It sounds innocent, even easy, to say "28 miles per day." We think of husky dogs and hardened men and sledge-runners gliding over ice—and 28 miles seems nothing to be skeptical about. But as soon as we compare the claim with any rate of travel that any other men ever made over Arctic ice for even a short series of days, we see why the claim must be false. Compare Peary's alleged average with the best that Nansen could achieve on *any single day* during fifteen months of sledging in the same region: he never could exceed 20 miles per day except once, when he "thought" he covered 25 miles. Compare Peary's claim with Shackleton's best going. Shackleton was sledging *on land*; during one period of five consecutive days on his return from near the South Pole he was going down hill 900 feet a day; there was a high wind at his back; he kept a sail spread most of the time. Yet on his best day he made only 25 miles; his average for the five days of extraordinarily favorable conditions was only 20 miles.

But any comparison of rates of travel —even this contrast with Shackleton's five days—is misleading, because it emphasizes one item in Peary's record. The mere difference in speed is not the most significant part of the contrast. If we are to realize the full enormity of Peary's claim, we must have clearly in mind the other differences between his trip and Shackleton's.

Fatigue. In Peary's account of his dash to the Pole he frequently speaks of his exhaustion. He spent 37 days of the most strenuous labor in reaching the Pole; during the last five of those days, he says, he was averaging 30 miles per day; there was not much time for sleep. When he was within three miles of the Pole he felt, as he puts it, "the accumulated weariness of all the days and nights of forced marches and insufficient sleep." But after only a few hours of rest he was up again and covered 41 miles to and around and away from the Pole. Then followed "a few hours of sleep" after 89 miles without any sleep. On two consecutive days of the return trip—after he had repeatedly strained himself to the limit of his power—he averaged 65 miles. This is not a story of any conceivable human endurance. It must be myth.

Storms. On the last two days before Bartlett's party turned back there was a strong north wind which, Peary estimated, drove them south twelve miles. During March there were sixteen days of storm or wind that impeded progress. But on those glorious twenty-two days in April, when Peary was not accompanied by any white man, he was not hindered by storms.

Pressure-ridges. The North Pole is in the midst of deep ocean, 400 miles from the nearest land. Over this expanse of water the wind continually drives big ice-floes. When these crash together, their edges are forced up in jagged pressure-ridges, which Peary's biographer, Fitzhugh Green, thus describes in order that readers may understand what his hero had to contend with:

> This 490 miles from Cape Hecla to the Pole is the most frightful going that it is possible to imagine. Pressures of wind and tide are continually driving the main 40-foot-thick pack against the land and shoals that surround that sea. . . . In this way

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> mountainous ice-ridges are formed. The surface of the sea is a vast, tumbled plain of ice fragments, some of which are the size of small houses.

The lowest ridges that Peary mentions are "25 to 50 feet high." The constant task in sledging over the polar sea is to surmount or go around pressure-ridges, and Peary gives no indication that they were lower or less numerous on his dash than they had been previously. Commander Byrd testifies that near the Pole "the ice is slightly rougher than farther south, and is everywhere criss-crossed with pressure-ridges." Yet they did not prevent Peary from making quite unexampled speed.

Leads. As the ice-pack drifts, it frequently parts, leaving stretches of water that are impassable. A sledge-train must either find a way around one end or wait for the lead to close. There is no evidence —and Peary asserts none—that leads are less frequent near the Pole. All descriptions of the leads show that they regularly have an east-and-west direction, thus opposing the progress of a north-bound traveler. Peary always so described them in his early books. But when he was alone with Henson, *and then only,* he says the leads opened from north to south. Henson's statement about these same leads is that they opened from east to west.

Drift. In the polar sea north of Cape Columbia there is an almost constant drift of the ice, which may be in any direction, but which Peary always reported as being prevailingly from west to east. Peary had often described this drift—for example, he gave an account of it north of Cape Columbia in March, 1906:

> The floes upon which my advanced loads were placed yesterday drifted a mile or more to the south-east. . . . We were drifting steadily eastward. . . . The ice in every instance had shifted eastward.

On April 12, 1906, he estimated that in less than a week he had been drifted eastward 70 miles. In 1900 he had been afraid of the route north from Greenland because of the danger of being swept eastward into the East Greenland Current. And in 1909 he counted on a strong easterly drift, which might amount to more than 150 miles while he was going 413 miles north. He had even planned at one time to lay his 1909 course to the west of north, in order to keep a northerly direction.

But he had no trouble with this drift which had loomed so large in his fears: "This time we met with no such misfortune. For the most part we found the trail renewed by our supporting parties easily recognizable, and in most places in good condition."

The crooked course. No one who tries to go north over Arctic ice can hope to keep a straight course. So long as the Peary expedition of 1909 was proceeding in accordance with human possibilities, there were constant deflections from the north-and-south line. Henson's description is: "The course from the land to the Pole was not direct and due north, for we followed the lines of least resistance, and frequently found ourselves going due east or west, in order to detour around pressure-ridges, floe-bergs, and leads." Borup says: "We guessed and groped, with many a twist and turn." And there was no way of knowing accurately how much of a day's march was east or west. There was no way of recording how much the pack was drifting, or even in what direction. Peary did not take, and was not equipped to take, any observations of longitude which would have shown how far he was deviating from a northerly direction. The compass in this high latitude, on the meridian of Cape Columbia, points nearly south; its variations there are not well known, and Amundsen says that

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it is "very sluggish." Furthermore, the meridians are only six miles apart at Cape Columbia and converge all the way to the Pole; hence there was no possibility of Peary's knowing, after he had been out on the ice two weeks, on what meridian he was.

But in those miraculous months of March and April, 1909, Peary felt confident that he hugged the seventieth meridian closely all the 413 miles to the Pole and all the 413 miles of the return trip. In his book he made no reference to any loss of distance because of detours or drift that carried him east or west. No flesh-and-blood man could conceivably cover those 826 miles of air line by walking only 826 miles. An actual man would be lucky if the jagged line of his march was less than a thousand miles long. The actual miles of an accurately charted course are called "route miles." Peary makes no mention of route miles. If he really reached the Pole, his daily marches were far longer than even the incredible distances that he records.

III

The book that revealed to me the mythical nature of Peary's marches was "Has the North Pole Been Discovered?", by Captain Thomas F. Hall, a Cape Cod navigator who was on his first trip round the world, before the mast, when Peary was born. He became interested in the Cook-Peary controversy, studied the subject for eight years, and in 1917 completed a 539-page book on the subject. Since no publisher would bring it out, he was obliged to pay for having it printed. I have never seen a review of it, nor even any reference to it in an American periodical. It seems to have been considered a slanderous attack upon the established fame of a hero. Yet it is a book that deserves wide attention, for it is made with great thoroughness and analyzes Peary's account with minute care. How it can be refuted is beyond my comprehension. Until it is refuted, the reputation of Admiral Peary is worthless. Captain Hall's chief emphasis is on the record of miraculous speed, but he goes at length into other matters that make the case against Peary seem conclusive.

Peary's photographs, he finds, cannot be the actual work of a camera at the North Pole:

> All the shadows cast on that day at that place were consequently 7-degree shadows. Artists may examine these pictures of Peary's, and locate the directions of the light and the position of the sun. They will find that not a single picture shows a 7-degree shadow. All the photographs indicate shadows ranging around 30 degrees.

Captain Hall also subjects Peary's observations to a severe analysis, and concludes:

> When Peary attempts a little closer accuracy for the demands of science, for proof of his achievement, and consumes over a year's time for revision, he cannot get his separate computations to check within 100 degrees of longitude. . . . One is justified in the belief that no person in his senses would have dared to present such a barefaced conglomeration of impossibilities unless he well knew beforehand that it made no difference what he submitted.

Captain Hall gives a description of the committee of the National Geographic Society that passed on Peary's data, of their slipshod examination of his log and his instruments, of the evasive and vague replies that Peary made when questioned by the committee of Congress. These facts reveal a heedlessness and ignorance that are utterly different from the rigor which people assume was exercised in handling the case.

The very name of the National Geographic Society sounds like a guarantee of

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strict dealing with an explorer's record, but the real nature of the Society may be judged by opening any number of the *National Geographic Magazine*. It contains a half-page blank of "Recommendations for Membership"; the annual dues are $3.00; and the membership fee pays for a year's subscription to the attractive magazine. The editor of this for the past thirty years has been Gilbert Hovey Grosvenor, who has also been during that time a director of the National Geographic Society, and has been its president since 1920. His four-inch biography in "Who's Who" tells us that the membership in the Society (which means the subscription list of the magazine) has increased during his administration from 900 to 1,250,000. Every issue of the magazine carries a publisher's card setting forth the seven most notable achievements of the Society. The third item in the list is as follows:

> The Society also had the honor of subscribing a substantial sum to the expedition of Admiral Peary, who discovered the North Pole.

The Society had a big stake in Peary's claim, was eager to substantiate it, and continues to uphold it.

The ludicrous reality of the Society is made clear by the Rev. J. Gordon Hayes, of Malvern, England, whose "Robert Edwin Peary" was published in 1929. Mr. Hayes belongs to the Manchester Geographical Society, which is a real association of students of geography. Twenty years ago it assumed that the verdict of the "National Society" of the United States meant something, and it incautiously gave Peary an honorary membership, which he displayed in his list of honors in "The North Pole." But the Manchester society has learned of its error. Mr. Hayes says that in its sessions during the last ten years "there has never been a single voice raised in support of Peary's claim." He is the author of a large volume, "Antarctica," a history of south-polar exploration, of which the *Spectator* says: "The book is written with extreme care and in a scholarly, scientific spirit."

The London *Times Literary Supplement* has made a similar estimate of Mr. Hayes's book about Peary. It is scrupulous, thorough, dispassionate. In order to convey to English readers the difference between the "National Geographic Society" and any real organization of geographers, Mr. Hayes quotes from the *Congressional Record* House Resolution 709, introduced in January, 1915, by Representative F. O. Smith of Maryland: "Whereas the National Geographic Society is not national (in the sense that it is not a bureau of nor connected with the National Government in any capacity whatsoever), is not geographic, is not scientific, and is not a society, *but is solely a private publishing house,* no special privileges should be granted to it."

This Society has been able to enlist good men to serve on its committees and maintain its prestige. For the purpose of reviewing Peary's evidence it appointed Henry Gannett chairman of a committee of three; he was a geographer who had been at odd times in the employ of the Geological Survey. The second member of the committee was Rear-Admiral C. M. Chester, and the third member was O. H. Tittmann, superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. The testimony that was elicited from these gentlemen by the sub-committee of the Naval Affairs Committee of Congress passes belief, but it can be read by any skeptic in the *Congressional Record*. It there appears that the committee of the National Geographic Society merely went through the motions of examining data. It met with Peary late

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one afternoon in the baggage-room of the Pennsylvania Station in Washington. Congressman Roberts, chairman of the Congressional Committee, asked Peary: "Were your instruments ever in the possession of the committee other than the inspection at the station?" And Peary replied, "Not to my knowledge." Mr. Roberts was unable to make sure that the instruments had even been removed from Peary's trunk or had been tested in any way.

Mr. Roberts (who was not unfriendly to Peary) was also unable to learn how the committee of the National Geographic Society could put any reliance in the Peary record that they saw. For they never inspected the original note-book. What Peary submitted to the committee was a few loose leaves that he said were torn from the note-book. That book, of course, had been written by a hand that was often greasy with pemmican. But the sheets which Peary showed *were clean*. The note-book never has been exhibited.

A quaint touch that illuminates the forces acting in the committee of the Society is seen in their report: "Mr. Gannett did not know how many days it took Captain Peary from the time he left Bartlett to reach the Pole and return to the *Roosevelt*, that information being supplied *by a Mr. Grosvenor*."

If you ask the next friend you talk with why he believes that Peary reached the North Pole, he will probably reply in this fashion: "Because Peary's records were carefully examined and checked by the best experts in Washington." That is what almost all educated Americans take for granted. But the fact is that there was no real examination, no care, and no action taken by any expert in his official and responsible capacity. The committee of three experts acted as friendly members of a Mr. Grosvenor's National Geographic Society and as friends of Peary; they quite perfunctorily carried out their mission of registering a foregone conclusion.

Another belief of Americans about Peary is that he had made before 1909 a long record of competence and trustworthiness in polar exploration. There is no such record. Any man who reads Mr. Hayes's exposure of Peary's mistakes in his early accounts of his expeditions will be prepared to believe that Peary was worse than mistaken about his dash to the Pole. Nansen showed that Peary could not have known at what longitude he turned back in his first expedition on to the Greenland ice: his chronometer had stopped; the theodolite observations were "notoriously uncertain"; and the accuracy of his watch had not been determined. Peary never followed the common custom of publishing his daily log. He once charged Sverdrup with planning an expedition that would compete with Peary's, though the fact was that Sverdrup's plan was made first. In 1907 Erichsen's party was lost in Greenland, "misled," as Sir Clements Markham charges, "by Peary's erroneous map." In June, 1906, he stood on the western edge of Grant's Land; his description of the view that he saw is turned about ninety degrees; so that if he had been setting out for the Pole, he would have started west. MacMillan proved that the "Crocker Land" which Peary claimed to have seen was non-existent.

In "The North Pole" Peary mentions pressure-ridges as "25 to 50 feet high," and describes one of them as "without exaggeration the size of the dome of the Capitol"; Nansen says that he never saw a ridge higher than 23 feet. In 1906, when Peary was desperately trying to reach the Pole and was in a hopeless situation, his difficulties "vanished as if cut off with a knife," says Hayes, and his speed marvel-

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ously increased as soon as he was alone with Henson and some Eskimos. Though he had previously been pleased with twelve miles a day, he now easily made over thirty. So there is no warrant for the common feeling that any claim made by Peary in 1909 must be true.

IV

On February 16, 1911, Congressman R. B. Macon delivered in the House a speech against promoting Captain Peary to the rank of admiral as a reward for the discovery of the North Pole. He began by speaking of the powers that he was opposing: "The influence of the administration, a paid lobby of the Peary Arctic Club, and the National Geographic Society." He disclosed to the House that the Naval Affairs Committee had insisted on seeing Peary's full report and was informed that Peary had forbidden it to be shown. He thus described the action of the National Geographic Society: "Anyone can see that the Society considered the observations worthless and took the unsupported word of Peary." He described Peary with a very plain phrase: "Thus it will be seen, Mr. Speaker, that it will not do to put bogus heroes upon pinnacles of fame." He referred to a most extraordinary piece of testimony given by Messrs. Gannett and Tittmann: "They said there was no evidence before them of Peary's ever having told anyone that he had discovered the Pole until he flashed his wire to New York to that effect." And Mr. Macon concluded thus:

> I have given more time and thought to this alleged discovery than I have to any other public question that I remember to have undertaken to investigate in my whole life, and the more I have investigated and studied the story the more thoroughly convinced have I become that it is a fake pure and simple.

The vote of the House in favor of promoting Peary was 153 to 34.

Mr. Macon's conclusion is very likely to be the verdict of history, though the verdict may be long delayed. The American public is strangely apathetic to the national shame of honoring so highly a man whose achievement is not authenticated. Mr. Hayes gives a list of eight men, qualified to judge the case, who have recorded their belief that Peary did not reach the Pole —among them the Prince of Monaco and General A. W. Greely. He adds: "I do not think that anyone, who was competent to examine this problem, has ever arrived at any other conclusion."

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THEY BROKE OUR STRIKE

BY JOHN MULLEN

JOHN's wife opened the door and let me in. Even the clear light of the mid-day sun cannot drive the damp gloom out of these clapboard shacks that are the homes of the steel workers here in Carbon, Pennsylvania. And John's house is no exception. As I stepped in out of the light, John's wife smiled at me, but it was plain that she was worried.

"He's pretty poorly," she said. "We keep him downstairs so's we c'n watch him the better." She inclined her head toward the next room. I walked in quietly. John Hatfield, our strike chairman, was lying on an old horse-hair sofa, covered to his unshaven and stubbled chin with a threadbare quilt, sleeping. In the semi-dark of the room I could make out the various objects that had become so familiar to me these last six weeks. Many long meetings in this very room, discussing our strike and the knotty problems that arose daily, with John and the strike committee had left a lasting impression on my mind. The surrounding poverty was typical of any worker's home in the coal and iron regions of Western Pennsylvania. I had been born and raised in one, and John's house somehow reminded me of my own.

I selected the rocking chair that John always sat in during our meetings in his house and seated myself quietly. I didn't want to wake him. For three days he had been stricken with some strange illness and the fever had worn him out. Sleep had only come that morning. I sat very still, watching his parchment-colored face, seamed from the years of grubbing in the pits and facing the blast of the steel mill furnaces. The last six weeks of the strike had driven the lines deeper in his face.

Each day of the strike, the one longer than the last, John had been on his feet, encouraging the pickets, quieting the panicky, and assuring the militant in the ranks. These weeks had been replete with worry and ever new and harder jobs to be done to keep the strike going in the face of tremendous odds. Such is the job of any good local strike leader. And John had been a good one. It had come to a pass with John about a week before the strike ended, that the strike committee had felt it necessary to pass a special decision regarding John Hatfield. The decision read:

"Whereas, our chairman, John Hatfield has been working very hard for the success of our strike, and

Whereas, he has in the course of the last month worn the only pair of shoes he owns to tatters on the cinder paths on the picket lines:

Therefor be it resolved, that the strike committee hereby instructs the treasurer of our local to immediately appropriate the sum of $2.50 for the purchase of a new pair of shoes."

The treasury itself was in tatters but the motion was carried.

And then, only a week after John started wearing his new shoes up and down the

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picket lines and tramping from one place to another trying to gather enough food for the soup kitchen, the strike gave its last militant gasp. Human endurance had reached the breaking point, the pain of hunger accompanied by the State Police had suddenly ridden into our midst and finished it. The strike was broken. From the top of the mill the blue eagle on the white flag continued to flutter as it had done throughout the strike. Elsewhere throughout the country, the newspapers kept right on informing everybody that all workers "have the right to join any union of their own choosing." But after all, who's to know what had been going on up in this little town of Greensburg in the mining country of Westmoreland County?

When the strike broke and there was nothing more that John could do, he walked away from the last mass meeting we held near the mills and trudged up the long thin dirt road to his shack in Carbon. I got to his house later that night, feeling sort of empty inside. I expected to find John sitting in the rocking chair he always claimed he could think better in; but he was upstairs in bed instead. His wife, a quiet-voiced, thin woman from the mountain country down in West Virginia, told me what had happened.

"No sooner did he walk in the house and I knowed the strike was lost," she said.

"He looked queer-like, th' same's he did back in 1921 when the army came in and bloodied up in Mingo County."

John had been a Hatfield faction miner in the Mingo County coal war right back in those epic days.

"I was fixin' to get us some supper when he came home," she continued, "and I thought p'rhaps it'd take his mind off things, but he just wouldn't eat. Then, the next thing I know of, he's laying on the couch jist a shiverin' and shakin' like a leaf. His head was burnin' and for a time I thought it was th' ague. I guess he was out of his head a bit, and we got the doctor—I sent Sissy on down to town for him. He comes and looks John over, but he don't tell us anythin's the matter with him —just says to keep him warm and quiet."

II

So his wife had been doing just that for the last few days. I had told her to keep everybody away from him until he showed signs of improving; and in the meanwhile, I had been stopping in twice a day, when not busy fighting the company's attempt to blacklist us.

So, as I sat there, three days later, thinking of the bitter things we had gone through these recent weeks and of how John had fought until there wasn't a shred of energy in him, he murmured a little and woke up. I became alarmed and thought I had disturbed him, but his smile of recognition and the fresh light in his eyes assured me he was much better.

"How be ya, Red? Come t'see us old women?" He grinned sort of apologetically at me, as though he had done something wrong.

"How do you feel now, John?" I asked him.

"Fair to middlin'," he answered. But his voice lacked that rich timbre that used to ring out at our meetings, laughing our fears away, encouraging us on. His voice sounded hollow now. He was still sick with whatever this strange illness was. The doctor had mumbled something that sounded like "complete exhaustion" when I last saw him.

I had made up my mind not to bring up the matter of our lost strike, but John brought it up himself. He shifted around

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painfully on his sofa and looked steadily at me for a moment. Then, glancing away at nothing in particular, he said slowly, "Well Red, looks as though they beat us . . . we fought hard . . . but," and his voice trailed off.

"Don't talk about it now, John. Plenty of time when you're up and around again," I said. He grinned once more at me.

"Oh, I don't feel so bad . . . I'll be up soon."

"Not until the doctor tells us you can," I answered. He looked at me surprised. "Great day!" he says, "Was there a doc here?"

"Twice," I said.

"Must a bin sick at that."

"Yes, you had a hundred and four fever."

There was a knock at the door and I heard John's wife talking to someone an instant later. Then she came in to where we were talking and said, "Donati wants to see John." She wasn't sure that John should have any more visitors. But John quickly assured her that it was all right for Donati to come in.

I hadn't seen much of Donati either since that last meeting following the break of the strike. He had worked as hard as John, especially among the strikers of his own nationality, the several hundred Italian workers who had stuck with us to a man. He was the leader of these workers and I knew he was just about as hard hit as we were. He came in and shook hands with us. I noticed he was dressed in his Sunday best, although it wasn't Sunday. He looked a little funny in that high celluloid collar and bright brown box-toed shoes. Donati was anything but a handsome man like John, but his ugly features were somehow pleasant.

He took a chair and sat with his elbow on the window at the head of John's sofa.

I was secretly hoping that Donati would not start talking about our defeat, and he didn't. We just sat and talked about how John was looking better and how he should stay in bed for a while until he was better.

Then I got up and went out to talk to John's wife for a while and left them alone. John's wife is a swell woman. Not much to look at as women go, maybe. She's too tall and thin—her hands are always raw-looking from the toil of a steel worker's wife, but I've never seen a woman with kinder or more understanding eyes. And all through the strike, when the kids were often hungry, she stood by with us, making black coffee when our meetings ran to the small hours of the morning, and never complaining. When the strike broke, she never changed; she just got busy taking care of John, nursing him like she would one of her kids.

After talking with her for a few moments, I walked back to the next room. I got to the door leading into John's room and halted, taken back by the unexpected sight that greeted my eyes. John had thrown the covers off his chest and was reaching out, softly patting Donati's knee. Donati was half-way around in his chair, leaning on the window sill, crying like a baby. Not loud, but sort of shaking, with great rending sobs. He was clumsily trying to hide his face and the tears by holding his derby between him and John. John was saying nothing, just patting Donati on the knee. He saw me standing there surprised and signalled with his eyes to get out of the room. I nodded and walked back into the kitchen. John's wife started to talk to me again, but I didn't hear her.

Nodding mechanically to her words, I tried to fathom the sudden change in Donati. We had seen him in action through-

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out the strike. No softness in this man, that was evident. He was a hard task-master; we often thought he was too strict on discipline. Tireless, enthusiastic, always on the go. That was Donati. Hard-boiled in the face of the company thugs, unmovable against company maneuvres, always demanding the same from everybody else. No wonder I was amazed at this sudden change in Donati. It's pretty awful to see a man cry, especially a man like our Donati.

A moment later I heard the front door close, and I knew he had gone. I went back into the room with John. He was lying there, with his covers up to his chin again and I thought he looked a little grim. I sat down in the rocking chair again and looked askance at John.

"He's pretty bad broken up about us losin'," he said.

"He was crying, wasn't he?" I asked.

"Yeah, a bit. He takes it hard. Says he'll never go back to the mill again. Says he'll stay on strike the rest of his life."

"That's wrong," I countered. "As many of us back as possible, that's what we need right now."

"I know," answered John. "I got to feelin' like him m'self, but one man can't do any good, strikin' forever b'hisself."

"Right," I said.

We sat quiet for a while, both of us feeling pretty bad. There's no use kidding ourselves. When you lose a strike you feel rotten for a while.

Then John grins to himself a bit, turns to me and says, "How about callin' a meetin' of the boys night after next?"

"So soon? What for?" I asked him.

"To get things movin' again. We got to reorganize the local and get ready for the next one. We'll win next time!"

"Right," I said.

And then I left John and went back to town.

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COWS AND HORSES ARE HUNGRY

BY MERIDEL LE SUEUR

When you drive through the Middle West droughty country you try not to look at the thrusting out ribs of the horses and cows, but you get so you can't see anything else but ribs, like hundreds of thousands of little beached hulks. It looks like the bones are rising right up out of the skin. Pretty soon, quite gradually, you begin to know that the farmer, under his rags, shows his ribs, too, and the farmer's wife is as lean as his cows, and his children look tiny and hungry.

Drive through Elbow Lake, Otter Tail County, Elk River and Kandiyohi County, Big Stone County, Yellow Medicine County and Mille Lacs, and you'll see the same thing. These are only the counties that are officially designated as in the droughty area by the Federal government. This is only in Minnesota. In the Dakotas they say cattle are leaning up against the fences. There is a shortage of water as well as of pasturage.

If you are officially in the droughty areas you will come in on the government purchasing of starving cattle. On May 31, the day after the last hot wind and the temperature at 112° in some areas, the papers announced the working plan of the machinery set up by the Federal government to aid farmers in the drought stricken areas of the Northwest. The animals will be bought and those that are not too far gone will be fattened and given to the F. E. R. A. for the relief departments. If you're on the breadlines you'll be getting some starved meat for your own starved bones. They could feed you some choice farmer's ribs, too. But you can't buy up farmers and their wives and shoot them. Not directly.

The government has been pushing straw into these communities all winter to keep the cattle from starving for lack of grain until the pasturage came in. Well, now there is no pasture. The grass is brown and burnt as if it might be mid-August instead of May and June. The farmer is milked at one end and given relief at another. Well, the farmer says, they wanted a scarcity, and by God, now they have it. They shot off the pigs and cows, they tried to keep what was left alive because they couldn't feed them, now they're trying to keep them from dying off and rotting on the ground and making too big a stench.

The farmer can't sell his cattle to the stockyards. They're too far gone, too thin. The cattle thus turned over to the government will be left temporarily on the farms, fed by the administration and then moved to the packing houses or redistributed to other farmers or turned directly over to relief channels.

The administration of this plan seems similar to the other plans, with a regional director for seven Northwest States, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana, Wisconsin, Iowa and Nebraska; with State directors from the farm-schools working through county agents. The county director will have an advisory committee made up of the members of the corn-hog allotment

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committee that functioned in the county. This organization will appoint township committees that will visit the farms, check the stock, classify, appraise the value and fix the purchase price, secure necessary farmer and creditor signatures to sales contracts, and arrange for final check to see that the animals have been disposed of as agreed. They will also approve vouchers for payment. The same old rubbish. Committees and committees and committees. But the farmer will keep on starving. He has been rooked by nature and now he will be rooked by the Federal government.

II

The farmer has been depressed a long time. For the last three years he has been going over into the abyss of pauperism by the thousands. This spring after a terrible winter there was no rain. The village where I live has not exchanged money for two years. They have bartered and exchanged their produce. Last year some had nothing to exchange. We cut down trees in the front yard for fuel and tried to live off the miserable crop of potatoes of last year.

Since April there has been hope of rain and even up until the day after Decoration day, until that bitter afternoon when the hot winds came and made any hope after that impossible. During April the farmers said that the winter wheat would be all right if it would rain even next week. The peas went in. They raise a lot of peas for the canneries both in Wisconsin and Minnesota. The peas came up a little ways and then fell down as if they had been mowed down. We waited to put in the corn day after day.

Then came a terrifying wind from the Dakotas, blew tens of thousands of dollars worth of onion seed away and half of North Dakota blew into Ohio with the spring sowing. That wind was a terror and blew dust and seed so high you couldn't drive through it in mid-day.

A kind of terror grew in the folk. It was too much, added up with the low prices they got, the drought, heat and high wind. A peculiar thing happened. Very much like what happened in the flu terror after the war. No one went outdoors. They all shut themselves up as if some terrific crisis, some horrible massacre, were about to occur. The last day of the wind, the radio announced every half hour that there was no menace in the dust, it would hurt no one actually. The wind died down, but it didn't rain. Well, they said, it *will* rain. It has to rain sometime. The winter wheat and rye began to whiten. A thin stand. You could sit in your house and look about and see the fields whiten and the wheat seemed to go back into the ground. You could see it stand still and then creep back into the ground.

But the farmers kept on ploughing in case it would rain. First you had to plough with two horses and then with four. You couldn't rip the earth open and when you did, a fume of dust went up like smoke, and a wind from hell whipped the seed out. Some planted their corn, though, in corn-planting time, some waited for rain. They waited until the day after Decoration day.

Every day the pastures became worse. The grass became as dry as straw in May and the cattle lost their flesh quickly. They weren't too well padded because of scarce food all winter. You had to look for a green spot every morning. Children were kept out of school to herd the cattle around near streams and creeks. Some farmers cut down trees so the cattle could eat the leaves even if they were poor picking. The leaves on the trees are poor, falling off

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already in some places due to the searing, driving wind and the lack of moisture at their roots. The man up the road has turned his cows into his winter wheat which is thin as a young man's first beard anyway.

On Decoration day the wind started again, blowing hot as a blast from hell and the young corn withered as if under machine gun fire, the trees in two hours looked as if they had been beaten. The day after Decoration day it was so hot you couldn't sit around looking at the panting cattle and counting their ribs and listening to that low cry that is an awful asking. We got in the car and drove slowly through the sizzling countryside.

Not a soul was in sight. It was like a funeral. The houses were closed up tight, the blinds drawn, the windows and doors closed. There seemed to be a menace in the air made visible. It was frightening. You could hear the fields crack and dry, and the only movement in the down-driving heat was the dead writhing of the dry blighted leaves on the twigs. The young corn about four spears up was falling down like a fountain being slowly turned off.

There was something terrifying about this visible sign of disaster. It went into your nostrils so you couldn't breathe: the smell of hunger. It made you count your own ribs with terror. You don't starve in America. Everything looks good. There is something around the corner. Everyone has a chance. That's all over now. The whole country cracks and rumbles and cries out in its terrible leanness, stripped with exploitation and terror—and as sign and symbol, bones—bones showing naked and spiritless, showing decay and crisis and a terrific warning, bare and lean in Mid-America.

We kept driving very slowly, about as slowly as you go to a funeral, with no one behind us, meeting no one on the road. The corpse was the very earth. We kept looking at the body of the earth, at the bare and mortgaged and unpainted houses like hollow pupas when the life has gone. They looked stripped as if after a raid. As if a terrible army had just gone through. It used to be hard to look at the fat rich-seeming farms and realize that they were mortgaged to the hilt and losing ground every year, but not now. Now it stands a visible sign. You can see the marks of the ravagers. The mark of that fearful exploitation stands on the landscape visible, known, to be reckoned with.

The cows were the only thin flesh visible. They stood in the poor shade of the stripped and dying trees, breathing heavily, their great ribs showing like the ribs of decaying boats beached and deserted. But you knew that from behind all those drawn blinds hundreds of eyes were watching that afternoon, that no man, woman or child could sit down and read a book or lie down to any dreams. Through all these windows eyes were watching—watching the wheat go, the rye go, the corn, peas, potatoes go. Everywhere in those barricaded houses were eyes drawn back to the burning windows looking out at next winter's food slowly burning in the fields. You look out and see the very food of your next winter's sustenance visibly, physically dying beneath your eyes, projecting into you your future hungers.

The whole countryside that afternoon became terrifying, not only with its present famine but with the foreshadowing of its coming hunger. No vegetables now, and worst of all, no milk. The countryside became monstrous with this double doom. Every house is alike in suffering as in a flood, every cow, every field mounting into hundreds, into thousands, from State to

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State. You try not to look at the ribs, but pretty soon you are looking only at ribs.

Then an awful thing happened. The sun went down behind the ridge, dropped low, and men and women began to pour out of the houses, the children lean and fleet as rats, the tired lean farm women looking to see what had happened. The men ran into their fields, ran back for water and they began to water their lands with buckets and cups, running, pouring the puny drops of water on the baked earth as if every minute might count now. The children ran behind the cows urging them to eat the harsh dry grass. It looked like an evacuated countryside, with the people running out after the enemy had passed. Not a word was spoken. In intense silence they hurried down the rows with buckets and cups, watering the wilted corn plants, a gargantuan and terrible and hopeless labor. Some came out with horses and ploughs and began stirring up the deadly dust. If the field was a slope, barrels were filled, and a primitive irrigation started. Even the children ran with cups of water, all dogged silent, mad, without a word. A certain madness in it all, like things that are done after unimaginable violence.

We stop and talk to a farmer. His eyes are bloodshot. I can hardly see from the heat and the terrible emotion. . . . How do you think my cows look? he asks. I think they are a little fatter today. I try not to look at his cows at all. Pretty thin, though, he says, pretty thin. I can see the fine jersey pelt beginning to sag and the bones rise out like sticks out of the sea at low tide.

We both know that a farmer across the river shot twenty-two of his cattle yesterday, and then shot himself. I look at him and I can see his clavicle and I know that his ribs are rising out of his skin, too. It is visible now, starvation and famine. So they are going to buy the starving cattle and shoot them and feed the rest to the bread lines. A man isn't worth anything—but a cow . . .

We drive on. When I shut my eyes the flesh burns the balls, and all I can see is ribs—the bones showing through.

The banks protest the Federal government's price for starving cattle. From six to twenty dollars, with your pedigreed bull thrown in. No difference. Hunger levels all flesh. When the skeleton shows through, all meat is worthless. The banks don't like this. Most of the cattle are mortgaged and they won't get much. The banks are protesting. All this sounds different in the language of the banks . . .

They say in their bulletin . . . We report further deterioration of crops since the May 1 report. In addition, weather conditions in a large part of the Ninth District, which embraces the States of Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana and part of Wisconsin, are bad. . . . And abandonment of 16% in Montana and 60% in South Dakota of winter wheat acreage. . . . Reports from grain, trade and railroads serving the grain-raising areas show condition poor of both winter wheat and rye.

In addition, weather conditions in the Ninth District have been more than usually favorable for the hatching of grasshopper eggs and tend to increase the seriousness of this menace. . . .

In human terms, of life and not credit and interest, this means—winter wheat and rye gone, pasturage gone, cattle gone; wholesale prices low, retail prices soaring; the government piles in feed, straw, and now buys up the lean cattle, but they milk the farmer faster than they resuscitate him.

Starvation stands up in the blazing sun naked at last; and bare and lean ribs for all the coming winter.

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MENTAL CRUELTY

BY SALLY BENSON

"Well," Mrs. Farnum said. "I don't see how she stands it." She leaned back on the couch and stared at the ceiling, assembling her thoughts. "I don't know how to explain it, the way he acted yesterday, for instance. It's hard to explain. But if you'd been there! God!"

"Myra Harding?" Mrs. Parsons asked.

"Myra Harding," Mrs. Farnum repeated. "I don't see how she stands it."

"Poor Myra," Mrs. Parsons said. She looked around her living room contentedly, at the log fire sputtering in the wood-burning fireplace, at the tea things daintily messed about on a silver tray, at the vases of arbutus and jonquils. She loved little things, little things that expressed her individuality and yet weren't expensive enough to give her any uncomfortable qualms about throwing them away when her individuality changed, as it so often did. She had taken this particular apartment for the three little steps that led down from the foyer to the living room. Last year, she had had a balcony.

Mrs. Parsons, like Mrs. Farnum, was divorced. And it had pepped her up considerably. She had the newest books on her book shelves and her hair, which showed faint streaks of gray, was beautifully kept. The seams of her stockings were always straight and she had no use for women who powdered and then left specks of powder in their eyelashes. She felt that it showed a lack of something.

Her thoughts wandered back to Myra Harding and she sighed. "What's he done now?" she asked.

Mrs. Farnum lit a cigarette. "Well, in the first place," she said, "he calls her 'mother.'"

"No!" Mrs. Parsons exclaimed, shocked.

"Yes! Actually, 'mother'! And every time he does it, I give you my word, Julie, it's as though he struck her a blow in the face."

"Well," Mrs. Parsons said indignantly, "I should think even he could see that Myra isn't the sort of person you could ever call 'mother.'"

"Oh, he sees, all right," Mrs. Farnum told her. "I tell you, my dear, he's malicious. Just plain malicious. Yesterday, it was awful. I could have died for her."

"What happened?" Mrs. Parsons asked.

Mrs. Farnum reached for a slice of lemon on the tea tray and nibbled it. "I'll try to begin at the beginning," she said. "Just to give you an idea. In the first place, the house looked lovely. No lights, except those big, thick, wax candles and, of course, no color anywhere. Just loads of white flowers and those pale gray walls. Everybody was there. That new Norwegian and Eva Scott and, well, just everybody."

"Was that what's-his-name there?" Mrs. Parsons wanted to know. "That Ronnie Knowles?"

"Oh, of course," Mrs. Farnum answered. "Of course, he was there. He adores Myra. And Myra, well, I don't know what she'd do without Ronnie now that she's had

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to give up her house and move to that apartment and everything. Ronnie's about the only real comfort she has besides her music. He's sweet."

She looked sharply at Mrs. Parsons. But Mrs. Parsons's face remained blandly set.

"Myra looked beautiful," she went on. "Like a nun or something. And the Norwegian played some heavenly things, folk songs, mostly. And Eva Scott did the Verlaine things, recited them. But with the piano accompaniment, it's really more like singing. And then Myra sang. Last, of course. She sang some Russian songs and then some Norwegian things with the Norwegian playing for her. They were marvelous together and too funny. We couldn't understand the words, but Myra explained the songs before she sang them, so it was all right. There was one perfect one about this peasant boy who asks this peasant girl to dance and she slaps him and dances away with the village idiot. She just made you see it when she sang."

She paused expressively. "And then," she said, "he had to come home."

"Oh, Lord," Mrs. Parsons moaned. "I thought he was working or something. What did Myra do?"

"Well, for one minute, there was this horrible silence when he came in and looked around. And then, as God is my judge, his face fell. It just fell, that's all."

"I've seen him do that, letting his face fall," Mrs. Parsons said. "I think he does it deliberately."

"Of course he does," Mrs. Farnum told her. "And letting his face fall is bad enough, but when he kind of pulls himself together and begins to be agreeable in his false way, is what gets me."

"I know," Mrs. Parsons agreed. "It doesn't mean a thing. But what did Myra do?"

"Well, you could see she was just sick. She said something to him, I don't remember what exactly, just hello, or something about getting home early. And he just stood there."

II

"How maddening!" Mrs. Parsons exclaimed.

"Wasn't it? Then Eva Scott, she's really sweet, you know, said, 'Maybe we can do some of the things over for Mr. Harding.' But he kind of backed away toward the door and said something about not bothering, making no effort at all and his face still with that expression. I wish you could see the way Ronnie was looking at Myra. He was just bleeding for her."

"I'm glad I wasn't there," Mrs. Parsons said. "I couldn't have stood it."

"When you think of the men she might have married! Because, if you ask me, I don't think he even cares for Myra's singing. Anyway, he stood there looking dumb and Myra asked him if he wouldn't have some tea and he said, no, he wouldn't. He said it was too late for tea, it might spoil his appetite. And then he gave that silly laugh of his and said, 'How about a cocktail? Wouldn't anybody like a cocktail?' You could see Myra getting more and more uneasy."

"Why? Does he . . . ?" Mrs. Parsons asked.

"Oh, not really. At least, I don't think, really. But, you know. It just wasn't the time nor the place."

"Of course not," Mrs. Parsons said.

"So then he kind of edged out of the room toward the kitchen and, after a few minutes, we could hear the sound of ice being chopped and everything. We could hear him laughing and talking with that maid of theirs, too. Naturally, nobody wanted to get up and go. It would have been

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too obvious. So we all simply sat there."

"Goodness," Mrs. Parsons said.

"Well, after about fifteen minutes or so, he came back looking much more cheerful. Too cheerful, if you ask me. And he had this big cocktail shaker in his hand, one of those shakers that plays tunes. And he went around asking Eva Scott and everybody if they wouldn't have a dash of something. A dash of something! 'Good for what ails you,' he kept saying. And 'Takes away that tired feeling.' Disgusting things, you know."

"And did anyone?"

"No. Just the Norwegian. Then he poured himself another drink and sat down!"

"You'd think he'd have more sense," Mrs. Parsons said.

"I'm telling you, my dear, that, although he may look stupid, he does things maliciously," Mrs. Farnum told her. "And then he said, 'Are we going to have a little more music?' So Myra asked him what he'd like and he said, 'The Ladies.' "

" 'The Ladies'?" Mrs. Parsons repeated, bewilderedly. "What did he mean, 'The Ladies'?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Farnum said. "Nobody knew. Nobody had ever heard of it. We all just looked blank. Then he said that if none of us knew 'The Ladies,' maybe some of us knew 'My Wild Irish Rose.' "

"I don't see how she stands it," Mrs. Parsons said. "She must have been crushed."

"Well, she just gave him one look that even he couldn't brazen out. So he just let his face fall again and kind of scuttled out of the room without saying goodbye to anyone. After a while, we got our things. But it wasn't at all the way it usually is, gay and nice. We all felt this awful, clutching feeling. I was almost the last one to go. And just as we were in the hall and the door was open and everything, he called from the bed-room. And you'll never guess what he said."

"What?" Mrs. Parsons asked, eagerly.

"He wanted to know if his laundry had got back."

"That," Mrs. Parsons said, "was cruel."

III

They looked at each other with understanding.

"He's not a bad looking man, though," Mrs. Parsons said, finally. She leaned over and straightened the disordered tea things. A few crumbs had fallen on the couch and she picked them up thoughtfully. "In fact, a lot of people might think he was a very handsome man. In a sort of animal way."

Mrs. Farnum sat up abruptly. "Julie!" she exclaimed. "What are you getting at?"

"I was simply wondering, my dear, why she stays with him," Mrs. Parsons answered, mildly.

"I'm sure I don't know," Mrs. Farnum said, sharply. "But it's not because of that. Whatever it is, it's not that. Not with Myra Harding."

"No, I don't suppose it could be," Mrs. Parsons said. And she sighed gently. There was a soft and reminiscent look in her eyes. "Not with Myra."

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THE AMERICAN KARL MARX

BY GEORGE SIMPSON

No single individual in the American labor and Socialist movement has been the object of such universal hatred and vituperation as Daniel DeLeon. Samuel Gompers called him "that monumental libeler, that assassin of men's characters." Morris Hillquit, although forced to admit that DeLeon was "a person of great erudition, rare ability, and indomitable energy," labeled him a "fanatic," "the perfect American prototype of Russian Bolshevism." Debs appreciated DeLeon's intellect, but his extreme Marxism he never could stomach. Bill Haywood called DeLeon "the theorizing professor."

DeLeon's critics never saw even the dawn of Socialism in America; yet his ideas have borne fruit in the Russian Revolution. In a despatch from Moscow to the New York *World*, dated January 31, 1918, Arno Dosch-Fleurot said, "Daniel DeLeon, late head of the Socialist Labor Party in America, is playing, through his writings, an important part in the construction of a Socialist state in Russia. The Bolshevik leaders are finding his ideas of an industrial state in advance of Karl Marx's theories." On May 11, 1918, John Reed wrote in the *Weekly People*: "Premier Lenin is a great admirer of Daniel DeLeon, considering him the greatest of modern Socialists—the only one who has added anything to Socialist thought since Marx. Reinstein managed to take with him to Russia a few of the pamphlets written by DeLeon, but Lenin wants more. He asked me to try hard to send several copies of all of DeLeon's published works, and also a copy of 'With DeLeon Since '89,' a biography by Rudolph Katz, which is now in process of publication by the Socialist Labor Party. Lenin intends to translate this into Russian and write an introduction to it. It is Lenin's opinion that the Industrial State as conceived by DeLeon will ultimately have to be the form of government in Russia."

When DeLeon entered the labor movement in 1886 as a follower of Henry George in New York City, Socialism was a new-born infant in America that was having great difficulty breathing. The Socialistic Labor Party (later the Socialist Labor Party) was made up of German expatriates and immigrants who had brought with them from the old country a smattering of Marx and a feeling for humanity, but little else. The New York *Volkszeitung*, with which DeLeon was later to have continual battle, was the official organ of the party, and had convinced its cohorts that the Socialistic Labor Party was a "party of propaganda," that it was not to enter into politics, and that it was to attempt no economic organization of workers. The paper, in short, was playing ball with capitalism and claiming allegiance to Socialism. The Socialistic Labor Party thus became known principally for its pretzel-eating

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and beer-drinking parties, for its outings and picnics, for its hammer-throwing contests and frankfurter-roasts, but not for its Socialism.

In the realm of unions and labor organization at this time, 1886, the Knights of Labor were still existent, but suffering from that anemia which was soon to kill it. The American Federation of Labor was then only five years old, and as reactionary as it was young. In 1886, in New York, DeLeon joined the party of Henry George, the United Labor Party. George that year was running for Mayor on his famous single-tax program. To the surprise of everybody, but especially of George himself, he polled 68,000 votes in the election. It was a great testimonial of growing power. The result went to George's head, and in 1887 he ran for Secretary of State in New York. After the surprising results of the '86 election, the Tammany and Republican papers in New York denounced George as an anarchist and a Socialist. Desiring to be elected at any cost, George decided he would be better off without the Socialists than with them. Consequently, in the '87 convention of the United Labor Party, in Syracuse, he asked that the Socialists be read out of the party. "The tail must not wag the dog," declared the eminent Single-Taxer. So he and his party collapsed. In discussing the result later, DeLeon remarked, "The operation had been too successful, Henry George having cut off the tail right back of the ears."

II

DeLeon was now thirty-five years of age. Born in 1852 on the island of Curaçao in the Dutch West Indies, where he spent his early years, he had studied at the gymnasium in Hildesheim, Germany, and was graduated from the University of Leyden, Holland. In New York he studied at and was graduated from the Columbia Law School with honors in international law and diplomacy, carrying off prizes in each. One of his classmates was Samuel Untermeyer. He was made a lecturer in his honor-subject, but his activities in the labor movement forced him out of the university at a time when he was about to be made a full professor in the School of Political Science at Columbia. It was in 1890 that he joined the Socialist Labor Party. That organization had just been split into two camps, with the ultimate triumph of the faction led by the New York *Volkszeitung*.

It was into this hodge-podge that DeLeon entered with his "proletarian" ideas and revolutionary tactics. His active work begins with his participation as a speaker in the mayorality campaign of 1890. The campaign resulted in the founding of a daily paper, the *People*, edited by Lucien Sanial, with DeLeon as associate editor. The next year DeLeon was made editor and continued to hold that office until his death in 1914. In 1892, when hoodwinked labor was led to believe that Grover Cleveland was to bring the country to prosperity, the Socialist Labor Party entered its first national campaign. The party was growing. DeLeon's editorship of the paper was making him famous and his ardent campaigning marked him as the leader of American Socialism. There was no other "proletarian" party on the American scene, and the S.L.P. was not proletarian until DeLeon metamorphosed it.

The cardinal tenet of DeLeon's Socialism was the necessity for direct political action and economic organization of workers to back that action. To us this hardly sounds revolutionary; but at the

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time it was anathema to the A. F. of L., which had already begun its long series of compromises with capital and industry. To further Socialism DeLeon at first exhorted the members of the S.L.P. to "bore from within." DeLeon himself was boring from within District 49, Knights of Labor; others were boring in the A. F. of L.

In 1894 the boring seemed to be having effect. An independent labor party was sanctioned by a referendum vote of the members of the A. F. of L. but the "labor leaders" buried it in the convention of the federation at Denver. At this convention DeLeon succeeded for the first and last time in having Gompers defeated for the presidency. Gompers continually pleaded for what he termed "trade unionism pure and simple" with no political affiliations. This, DeLeon early saw, was the sheerest folly if the proletarian movement was to make any headway. His experiences with Gompers at this time were to mold and set his ideas on two important topics: the tactics and strategy of the labor movement, and the importance of the character of the labor leaders. Later that year Gompers admitted to one of DeLeon's friends that he had read "Das Kapital" and "had found nothing in it."

DeLeon by this time had had enough. He saw the shoddy "selling-out" tactics of Gompers; he saw the innocuousness of the Knights of Labor. In short, he had learned what he was never to forget: that a proletarian commonwealth could not be brought about by compromise, but by revolution; and that only Socialistic unionism could bring forth Socialism. There was consequently but one thing to do and DeLeon did it: he organized a new trade union movement in 1895, directly affiliated with the Socialist Labor Party.

In 1895 DeLeon gave up trying to bore from within the Knights of Labor, and in conjunction with the general executive board of the Central Labor Federation of New York, founded the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance. Until the time that the Communist Party formed its own labor federation, the S. T. & L. A. was the only labor organization in America that had been instituted and actively allied with a political party. The idea of political action by and through labor was abhorrent to Gompers and the A. F. of L. leaders, as it still is. They have consistently claimed to be non-partisan. Indeed, the S. T. & L. A., coming as it did in 1895, was really the first attempt anywhere in the world to organize labor around political principles. It was true revolutionary Socialism and unashamed Marxism. But 1895 was a dangerous time for such a step. Indeed, the Communists have learned that even 1934, under the enlightened despotism of the New Deal, seems premature in America. But DeLeon knew what he wanted and was out to achieve it.

At the 1896 convention of the Socialist Labor Party, the following resolution introduced by DeLeon was passed over the protests of the A. F. of L. delegates and in defiance of labor-compromisers:

> Whereas, Both the A. F. of L. and the K. of L., or what is left of them, have fallen hopelessly into the hands of dishonest and ignorant leaders;
>
> Whereas, These bodies have taken shape as the buffers for capitalism, against whom every intelligent effort of the working class for emancipation has hitherto gone to pieces;
>
> Whereas, The policy of "propitiating" the leaders of these organizations has been tried long enough by the progressive movement, and is to a great extent responsible for the power which these leaders have wielded in the protection of capitalism and the selling out of the workers;
>
> Whereas, No organization of labor can

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accomplish anything for the workers that does not proceed from the principle that an irrepressible conflict rages between the capitalist and the working class, a conflict that can be settled only by the total overthrow of the former and the establishment of the Socialist Commonwealth; and

Whereas, This conflict is essentially a political one, needing the combined political and economic efforts of the working class; therefore be it

Resolved, That we hail with unqualified joy the formation of the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance as a giant stride toward throwing off the yoke of wage slavery and of the robber class of capitalists. We call upon the Socialists of the land to carry forth the revolutionary spirit of the S. T. & L. A. into all the organizations of the workers, and thus consolidate and concentrate the proletariat of America in one irresistible class-conscious army, equipped with the shield of the economic organization and the sword of the Socialist Labor Party ballot.

Such a clear-cut statement of political action through economic organization of workers, as DeLeon well knew, courted the opposition, not only of the A. F. of L., through Gompers, and of the dying Knights of Labor, but also of the timid "humanitarian" Socialists who were so soon to disrupt the Socialist movement in America. Such a resolution was not made for timid souls. And the timid souls refused to go on.

III

In 1894 Eugene Debs, the most over-rated figure in the American radical movement, became the martyr-hero of American labor by his activities in the Pullman strike in Illinois. That strike is now part of every text-book on American history. But Debs was not a member of the S. L. P. He voted for Bryan in 1896, and was an A. F. of L. sympathizer and abettor. Under his leadership, those who could not view without misgiving the prospect of barricaded streets which the S. T. & L. A. obviously conjured up, formed the "Social Democracy of America." In 1898, the Social Democracy of America become the Social Democratic Party of America. It attempted to win over the S. L. P. but lost. With Debs, Berger, and Hillquit in the van, the present Socialist Party was born in 1900. It was established to fight revolutionary Socialism, proletarian unionism, and Daniel DeLeon. Democracy had now succeeded in circumventing the proletariat, and Socialism had come to terms with American capitalism.

But not Daniel DeLeon and the S. L. P. The break with the Social Democrats nearly killed the S. L. P., and it can truthfully be said that without DeLeon whatever there was revolutionary in American Socialism would have died then, and have had to await the coming of the Communists in 1920 for its renascence. DeLeon did not give an inch. Steeped in Marx's writings, knowing full well the history of the 1871 Paris Commune, and the results of its compromise, DeLeon remained fixed in his ideas.

But he had to battle on a wider front than America. He had to battle the whole international Socialist movement. In August, 1904, at the International Congress in Amsterdam, DeLeon offered the following resolution:

Whereas, The struggle between the working class and the capitalist class is a continuous and irrepressible conflict, a conflict that tends every day rather to be intensified than to be softened;

Whereas, The existing governments are committees of the ruling class, intended to safeguard the yoke of capitalist exploitation upon the neck of the working class;

Whereas, At the last International Congress, held in Paris, in 1900, a resolution

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generally known as the Kautsky Resolution was adopted, the closing clauses of which contemplate the emergency of the working class accepting office at the hands of such capitalist governments, and also and especially *presuppose the possibility of impartiality on the part of the ruling class governments in the conflicts* between the working class and the capitalist class; . . . therefore be it

Resolved, First, That the said Kautsky Resolution be and the same is hereby repealed as a principle of general Socialist tactics;

Second, That, in fully developed capitalist countries like America, the working class cannot, without betrayal of the cause of the proletariat, fill any political office other than they conquer for and by themselves.

This forthright resolution had a sad fate. DeLeon alone cast his vote for it. In its place, the International Congress passed an innocuous Unity Resolution which meant nothing.

It was obvious to DeLeon by this time that his revolutionary tactics would have to take a new form. Consequently, when the Industrial Union Manifesto was issued by several labor groups calling for the formation of the I.W.W., the S. L. P. cast in its lot with them, and installed the S. T. & L. A. in the I.W.W. with a membership of 1400. DeLeon did not have a hand in forming the I.W.W. in 1905, but he dominated its policy and its tactics until he was thrown out in 1908 by the "Hallelujah, I'm a bum" elements. But in or out of the I.W.W., DeLeon was a hated man. He could be depended upon to offer truly revolutionary resolutions in every Socialist conference, to insist upon political action through economic organization of workers, and bluntly to denounce labor fakers. The newly formed Socialist Party waged open war on him in convention and through the press. Debs did not come to the second convention of the I.W.W. in 1906, although DeLeon had elicited his express promise to do so. The I.W.W. became factionalized, and remained so. DeLeon did all he could to indoctrinate the I.W.W. with his two principles of political action and economic organization as its base. He failed.

He gave the labor movement in America too much credit. The I.W.W. soon repudiated the political action clause which it had passed at DeLeon's instigation; the Socialist Party was very busy ekeing out concessions which would soon be taken away. The only party he could turn to was not then existent. The last six years of his life were spent as energetically as the previous fifty-six, but he was a prophet before his time. He died on May 11, 1914, without seeing the triumph of his ideas in Russia, where he might well have been one of Lenin's lieutenants and have found men who did not flinch from enforcing Socialistic principles. The only party in America today that stands by the principles of DeLeon is the Communist party; it is certainly the only American labor party he would recognize as truly Socialistic. A year after his death, the Socialist Party, assured now that DeLeon could do them no harm and satisfied that the S. L. P. no longer harbored any true Marxian Socialism, started a unity movement with it. But DeLeon's influence remained and has remained too great. The S. L. P. still exists, although it is a party without a leader and without influence, and although it foolishly continues to criticize the party that did take over DeLeon's principles, the Communist party. Had DeLeon been successful, as Lenin was, his name now would be in every history book and Socialists of all shades would gather at his shrine. Instead, his name and ideas have been shrouded in obscurity, while the men who compro-

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mised Socialistic principles, Hillquit, Debs, *et al.*, are on everyman's tongue.

Estimates of DeLeon's character, his practice, and his theory, vary, depending upon who is doing the estimating. His old enemy, the New York *Volkszeitung*, saluted his death with the statement that he lived twenty years too long. The old New York *Call*, the organ of the Socialist party that folded up for lack of funds and enthusiasm, praised him lavishly. The members of the S. L. P., his own people, speak of him in Messianic terms. "Labor fakers," as he nicknamed Gompers and his ilk, denounce him. Yet, on one point they are all agreed, friend and foe alike: that DeLeon brought Socialism to America; that, in effect, he marked the beginning of proletarianism in the United States. But what they do not realize is that his death would have marked the end of Socialism and sounded the death-knell of proletarianism if new elements and new life had not been injected into the remnants of the revolutionary movement which he started. He never lived to see the success of Socialism anywhere in the world, but he did predict, in word and in act, the inefficacy of German Social Democracy. Social Democracy infested the American labor movement when he entered it; it was he who destroyed it. In his eyes—and history has borne him out—it was German Social Democracy that Hillquit and his crowd stood for. His vision and foresight in this regard is matched only by Lenin's and Trotsky's.

IV

His personal life was one of complete denial. A lawyer, and a brilliant one, he refused lucrative positions in order to stay in the front line of the trenches. Born an aristocrat, with the blood of Spanish grandees in his veins, he chose poverty and hard work as his life. His dress was always shabby, his clothes were worn, since his chief income came from the editorship of the *People*, which first gave him the sumptuous salary of $12 a week when he started in 1891, and advanced him to the handsome sum of $30 a week several years later. On that he supported a wife and five children, and yet when he died the *People* owed him $3500, in back salary. For his lectures, agitation tours, etc., he never received a penny. His translations of Eugene Sue may have netted him an income, although the question is still unsettled. He seems to have been a loving husband and devoted father. His radical views on marriage were expressed in his lectures and in his editorials on several occasions, particularly in his debates with Roman Catholic clergymen. His views on religion were as severe as Marx's and Lenin's, and his hatred of the Roman Catholic Church was well-known.

Of his learning even his opponents speak highly. In his twenties he had already mastered Spanish, French, German, Dutch, English, and had a fluent reading knowledge of Latin and Greek. In addition, he had a smattering of Portuguese, and it is probably true that he could get along in Yiddish if he had to. He was a careful reader of Marx and Engels, and translated Marx's "The Eighteenth Brumaire" as well as works of Bebel on the woman question, of Kautsky on the class struggle, and of Lassalle. As a law student at Columbia, he showed marked ability and his graduation called forth special comments from President Barnard and Professor Thomas Dwight. But "stuffed shirt" academics were not for DeLeon. He never forgot the Columbia School of Political Science, and in a series of editorials and articles in the *Daily People*,

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later published posthumously under the title of "Marxian Science and the Colleges," he let go unmercifully at the conspiracy of silence against Marx amongst academicians, and singled out men on the Columbia economics faculty for particular abuse and criticism.

In his personal relations, DeLeon's judgments were often severe. This severity is ascribable to his rigidity of purpose. He was that remarkable and unusual phenomenon among revolutionary leaders: a man who knew where he wanted to go, and how to get there. Those who stood in his way he treated with scant respect, and looking back over his impeders, we can scarcely blame him for his actions. It is probable that it never occurred to him how advanced his ideas were for American consumption. And if it had struck him, it would probably not have made any difference. Men who see the truth as forthrightly as DeLeon saw it do not forego it on the grounds of temporality or expediency.

The really sad aspect of his life was his not having seen the Russian Revolution come into being; there he would have felt at home. There he would have seen his ideas blossom. His comments on the Russian Revolution of 1905 are uncanny in their accuracy. He did not believe Russia was ripe for Socialism yet, although he saw the 1905 revolution as a great step forward. He died in May, 1914, and therefore did not see the beginning of the war. Had he lived to see America's entrance he would have found himself behind bars for being a Red, a subverter of American ideals,—if he had not gone to Russia in March, 1917.

DeLeon's practice cannot be divorced from his theory. His theory falls into three large divisions: his ideas on revolution, his ideas on political action and economic organization, and his conception of the state based on occupational and industrial representation rather than on parliamentarianism and geographical demarcation. Not only did he preach and write on these topics, to labor leaders and to workingmen in gas-lit halls, in great cities and on the prairies, but he went among the proletariat and tried to organize them. He tried to lead their leaders. His writings were never continuous. There is not one work of any size or compass among them, unless it be his "Flashlights of the Amsterdam Congress." His "Speeches and Addresses" have been compiled in two large volumes, and cover a range of topics. And yet, despite the fact that he made no extensive investigations, he remains a great Socialist thinker. He hardly had the time for long discussions or investigations. Nevertheless, there are growth and continuity in his articles in the *Daily People*.

V

Of the revolution he often spoke and wrote. And by it he meant not solely the gaining of political power, but the complete overthrow of the capitalist system and the taking hold of production by the workers. Compromises and sops he would have nothing to do with. In his lecture entitled "The Warning of the Gracchi," he concluded with a series of paragraphs under the following headings:

1. The Proletarian Revolution Abhors Forms.
2. The Proletarian Revolution is Relentlessly Logical.
3. Palliatives are Palliations of Wrong.
4. The Proletarian Revolution Brings Along Its own Code.
5. The Proletarian Revolution is "Irreverent."
6. The Proletarian Revolution is Self-Reliant.

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7. The Proletarian Revolution Spurns Sops.
8. The Proletarian Revolution is Impelled and Held Together by Reason, not Rhetoric.
9. The Proletarian Revolution Deals Not in Double Sense.
10. The Proletarian Revolution is a Character Builder.

He condemned "reform," "relief," and all other doles wrung from recalcitrant capitalists. But his greatest contribution to Socialist theory and practice lies in his insistence upon proletarian political action in and through unionism. This principle of his has come to be known as industrial unionism as distinguished from Gompers' "pure and simple unionism" without political attachments, which is still a principle of the Socialist Party today, and also as distinguished from the Anarchists who demand the seizure of power before they have the control of industry. It was this principle of industrial unionism which Lenin found so fertile in DeLeon's thought and which he carried over into the practice of Russian Bolshevism. DeLeon stated his position most clearly in a lecture which he gave in Newark in 1904 entitled, "The Burning Question of Trades Unionism."

At the time he made this speech the A. F. of L. was organizing workers on "pure and simple" lines, and the Socialist Party was trying to gain its cohorts from the workers thus organized. This was folly in DeLeon's eyes, and the results of the policy of the A. F. of L. and the S. P. have borne out his judgment. His own organizations for the prosecution of his idea of industrial unionism, the S. T. & L. A. and later the I.W.W., fizzled for lack of support from the A. F. of L. and the S. P. The result of that fizzle is in part the cause of the present condition of American labor. It has no party, because no party is actively allied with unionism, proletarian unionism, except the Communist Party, and it has met endless difficulties, although it has made great progress since it was organized in 1920. And if Communism does succeed in America, the principle of industrial unionism enunciated by Daniel DeLeon will be at the masthead of its policy.

In 1905 in Minneapolis, shortly after the first I.W.W. convention in Chicago, DeLeon gave the best exposition of his ideas on the state, and particularly of his occupational and industrial state. He said:

> The mining, the railroad, the textile, the building industries, down or up the line, each of these, regardless of former political boundaries, will be the constituencies of that new central authority the rough scaffolding of which was raised last week in Chicago. Where the General Executive Board of the Industrial Workers of the World will sit there will be the nation's capital. Like the flimsy card-houses that children raise, the present political governments of counties, of states, aye, of the city on the Potomac herself, will tumble down, their places taken by the central and the subordinate administrative organs of the nation's industrial forces. Obviously, not the "structure" of the *political* movement, but the structure of the *economic* movement is fit for the task, to "take and hold" the industrial administration of the country's productive activity—the only thing worth "taking and holding."

It was this conception which impressed Lenin. And, in fact, the Russian system is in large part founded on just such industrial administrative bodies as DeLeon pictured. He was far ahead of the Webbs in England in seeing this; in fact, he was the first to see it clearly. And if Lenin had not taken the idea over and actualized it, DeLeon would probably still be condemned as a "visionary," a "hopeless idealist," or, as Bill Haywood claimed, a "theorizing professor."

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He was, of course, none of these. He was a great revolutionary leader without a revolution and without a proletariat to lead. That was not his fault. After all, he lived in America; and if there be tragedy in DeLeon's history it is the tragedy of America and not of DeLeon. In the light of what he faced, DeLeon's activities are shining examples of what convictions can impel a man to do with his life. He might have spent his days in soft armchairs propounding international law, being well paid for it and gaining an academic reputation. He might have been Professor Daniel DeLeon, bestowing Ph.D.'s, gaining the homage of smug graduate students, and laying aside a pile for his old age. Or he might, like Hillquit and Meyer London, have become a "labor lawyer" and gathered in the shekels for selling out the proletariat, for aiding the A. F. of L.

But no, he would be a revolutionist. Not on Riverside Drive would he spend his life, but on Avenue A, at 1487 Avenue A, New York City. It almost makes one believe in the grandeur of human nature to see this Spanish grandee sell himself to humanity, take a beating for it, and die awaiting the revolution that did not come. But if it does come, it will without a doubt follow the path DeLeon plotted for it.

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BUSINESS MEN ARE BEWILDERED

BY JOHN L. SPIVAK

CLARENCE KUESTER, secretary of the Charlotte, North Carolina, Chamber of Commerce, is the only business man of the several hundred I talked with during my survey of the country, who knew how to end the depression.

"Why, partner," he told me earnestly, "the trouble with this country is that we have lost faith. It's faith that makes things go round. The wealth of the world comes from the ground, doesn't it? Of course it does! Well, we still have the ground, haven't we? We still have our resources. The way to end the depression is simple: just put the people back to work!"

With an air of finality he spat a mouthful of tobacco juice into a shiny brass spittoon at his feet.

"Maybe you're right, but there's just one more question. How are they going to be put back to work when there are no jobs? How will you make jobs for them?"

"Ah," he said, "if I could answer that I'd be the smartest man in the country."

Mr. Kuester is an average business man, well-meaning, earnest, eager to do what he can for his business, his community and his country. The American business man sometimes knows his immediate business, but of the world at large he is generally abysmally ignorant. He has seldom troubled himself to understand the economic system under which he operates; and now that the very ground upon which he built up his business is crumbling under him, he is utterly bewildered.

I found the American business man unaware, not only of the broad economic forces at work in his business, but of general conditions in his own city, let alone the State or nation. Certainly problems of available labor, wage scales, retail sales affect every business in the community; yet I did not meet three men who could speak intelligently of these matters. The basic foundation on which all business rests—supply and demand—is a foreign subject to practically all our business people.

Occasionally, I met one who tried to think of economic problems other than his immediate affairs. At the other end of the continent, in the little lumber town of Longview, Washington, I asked J. McClelland, owner of the Longview *Daily News*, the same question I asked Mr. Kuester.

"The way out," said the newspaper proprietor, "is to recognize the law of supply and demand, and adjust ourselves to it."

"Isn't that what Roosevelt's trying to do?" I asked.

He fumbled with some papers on his desk and shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know what Roosevelt's trying to do," he said. "The best I can do is be fatalistic about it and hope that he knows. The whole country, inspired by patriotism and an earnest desire to get out of this terrible situation, is following his leadership blindly. With no one knowing what it is all about, the best we can do is hope that the man we placed at the helm knows what he is doing."

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"Roosevelt's efforts to balance supply and demand have been chiefly beneficial to business. The people—the consumers—are getting wage cuts which mean reduced buying power. There is a demand but no buying power. So where are we heading?" I asked.

"I don't know. I can't see where we are heading. We're going along on faith with no man knowing what the morrow will bring. You take my business, for instance. I can't make any plans for the future because I haven't the slightest idea of what conditions will be tomorrow. I don't know what my advertising income will be, because my advertisers don't know if things will sell. If we have inflation it will throw everything out of gear for a while, wages, income, sales. I need machinery but I don't dare buy on credit or pay cash, because I don't know what the dollar will be worth tomorrow or how I will be able to meet my bills. And there are others like me who can't make plans, because we don't know what's coming. Take the reduction in working hours. I reduced mine the same as everyone else, but I cannot stand more overhead, so I, along with everybody else, am looking for equipment to speed up production."

"And by doing that nothing is done for those who are out of work?" I asked.

"It looks like a vicious circle, doesn't it?" he said. "With everybody seeking to mechanize their plants we will speed up production to get as much done as before. Look at our farms around here. We've had the greatest demand for fertilizer we've had in years. Why? Because of the decreased acreage. We agree to curtail production in order to raise the price. But the farmer wants to get as much as possible so he is intensively fertilizing what land he can sow. The result will be a great crop and a drop in prices again."

He shook his head, puzzled.

"With the tendency to mechanize our plants which is prevalent everywhere, what will we do with the unemployed?" I asked.

"I think we're confronted with a perpetual problem of unemployment," he said slowly.

"What will we do with our older workers, with those who devoted their lives to building American industry?" I asked.

"Well, we passed old age pensions in this State, but we haven't the funds to take care of them. Most of this social legislation has been just gestures."

"Do you mean that as the molder of public opinion in this town, let alone your influence in the State, that the best you can offer your people is that you do not know what is going on, where we are heading or what it is all about?"

"The people in this town know we are as dazed as they are. There is really a hunger among them for some guidance, some interpretation of the events which are leaving such profound effects upon their lives. Our most popular columns in the paper are the interpretive columns, interpreting national affairs, economic affairs. They want to know the meaning of all this that is happening. They look to us and to the columns to tell them. And we cannot. We cannot, because we ourselves do not know."

"Well, if you don't know the way out, what do you think caused the depression?" I asked.

He smiled apologetically.

"I think it was due entirely to our lack of planning for the future," he said.

This feeling that failure to plan their economic life is responsible for the depression is widespread among the more intelligent men who are running their communities. The State of Washington, for instance, appointed a Commission of Nine to plan for its future. Mr. McCleland is

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one of the Nine. They were given a spacious room in the State capitol for meetings and authority to call on the staffs of two universities for advice and guidance. The Commission met several times. University professors sat in and gave them some swell notions of what the future should be like.

Mr. McCleland sighed when he told me about being a member of the State Brain Trust. It is only fair to say that *he* didn't call the Commission a Brain Trust.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Well, we met and the professors gave us their theories ——"

"What were they?"

"Well, you see, all the professors had different theories ——"

"Yes?"

"So I said, 'These are all fine, but where do we start?' and nobody knew."

"So what did you do?"

"So we went home," Mr. McCleland smiled ruefully.

II

The many different theories held by professors of economics and the bewilderment of the business men whom they guide is not confined to the State of Washington. Our economic life, based upon competition in production and distribution, cannot avoid industrial anarchy. The realization that this anarchy threatens not only their business but the capitalist system is evidenced by the many schemes offered for a planned method of production and distribution. But our society being what it is, each group of business men and financiers follows the guidance of its own economists who advise them for their own special interests.

University professors approach economic problems from a group or national interest or from both, whereas economics is essentially international. A correct perspective of economic events can be attained only when they are viewed as international phenomena, and a plan to balance production and consumption necessarily must eliminate competition. Such planned economy, if followed to its logical conclusion, would destroy the profit system, and thus capitalism. In an effort to avoid this capitalist economists offer different theories which, ignoring the internationalism of economics, lead their followers into blind alleys where, in their confusion, they squabble among themselves, as in the national and various State Brain Trusts.

The business man, nurtured on cut-throat competition in the struggle for immediate profits, does not realize that the price of wheat in the Argentine affects the price of shoes in Nebraska. When he does become dimly aware of the internationalism of economics, he dabbles in politics, thinking that by erecting a tariff barrier he will escape the immediate effect of competition in his own business. He knows that there is some relationship between economics and politics even in his own town, and he still thinks that political maneuvering may solve his economic problems.

Hence, in city after city, I found Democrats supplanting Republicans and Republicans supplanting Democrats. Politicians make their promises both to employer and employé—two distinct classes with different interests. The effort to satisfy these two opposing sides produces its own incongruities.

In Hibbing, Minnesota, I met a situation which, as the economic crisis deepens, will, I think, become more common in the whole country. Eventually politicians will have to take definite sides in the swiftly approaching struggle between the classes.

In this little village, in the heart of the

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iron ore industry, small property owners and workers registered their blind rebellion against economic conditions by electing a "labor government."

I talked with Mayor Arthur B. Timmerman and his advisors, his brother Ben and Clarence Smith, a local newspaperman.

"The important thing to me, Mr. Mayor," I said, "is that this is an announced labor government whose sympathies are with the workers. But you are sworn to uphold and defend property rights. Membership in the political party which elected you is chiefly made up of small property owners. You say you are having difficulty feeding the unemployed miners and fear that there may be riots. What will you do if the workers demand food, even to the extent of taking it forcibly?"

He shook his head with a worried air. "I don't know."

"Will you order the police to shoot into them?"

"I'm going to try to straighten it out if possible, but if it gets to the stage where the workers insist upon taking things, I think I'll tell the police to lose themselves somewheres."

"But what happens to your oath to protect property?"

"I don't know," he said forlornly.

"If you permit the police to let the people take food, then you lose the support of the storekeeper and property owner who make up most of your membership, and consequently your political control; and if you order the police to stop the workers you are no longer for them and lose their support. So which side are you on?"

"Say," he said, rubbing his head, "I've got an awful headache."

At lunch the next day Smith, Ben and I wandered into a saloon and, sitting in the back room, started all over again.

Clarence borrowed a pencil from me.

"Look," he said worriedly, "the iron companies have a per capita tax at the present time of $65 for every resident of Hibbing. We have over 15,000 people living here. The tax was reduced by the political party in power before we got in. If we raise it back to $70, that would bring us in, let's see—about a million dollars. With the other tax resources it would be about a million and a half. Now, if we raise that to $100 per capita tax, which is what they used to pay, that would bring us a million and a half from that alone and with the other income we would have enough to feed the unemployed. That's your answer."

"Not quite," I cautioned. "In the first place, the iron ore companies are already insisting the $65 per capita tax is too much. They want it reduced. They threaten not to pay the second half of the tax this year unless it is reduced, and they pay about 99% of your income. If they refuse to pay, where will you get money to run the town, pay the officials' salaries and thus keep your patronage in line, as well as feed the unemployed?"

"That's a sticker," said Ben Timmerman sadly.

"Sticker?" said Clarence. "That's a headache."

"The companies can start litigation, keep it in the courts for several years, and in the meantime, where do you get money to run the town?" I asked.

"Look here," said Clarence, "we have a friendly Governor. If the companies start litigation and won't give us a cent to pay salaries and feed the unemployed for whom they are responsible anyway because they brought them here in the first place, then the Governor can prohibit moving any ore out of the State."

"So what? Assuming the Governor does that—which, of course, he can be stopped

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from doing by an injunction—how will that bring in taxes to run the village? While all this is going on the workers get restless and take food. And where are you then?"

"Jesus," said Ben Timmerman, "haven't you any cheerful questions?"

Political tight-rope walking does not seem to offer a solution to the problems aroused between two opposed interests, but the average business man does not see it. Politics to him has been and still is only a means to achieve certain privileges for his business or to counteract antagonistic moves against it.

III

Men whose fingers touch every artery of their business, who know every inch of their factories, have only vague ideas of what is occurring in other factories, even in their own field. On questions affecting their industry in relation to other industries they are at an utter loss. When one asks them what caused the depression their answers are uniformly vague.

"The country's in this mess because there's not enough money in circulation."

"It's because of watered stock. These brokers would sell ten cents worth of stock for $50. Then all the money concentrates in the hands of a few men. That's what started the depression."

"It started because manufacturers built more and more factories during the boom days."

Perley G. Flint, treasurer of Field & Flint Company, manufacturers of high grade shoes in Brockton, Massachusetts, is an illustration of the more intelligent, successful business man. When I saw him he had all the data regarding his own particular factory at his finger tips. But when I asked what he thought could be done to escape the ever-deepening depression, he stared thoughtfully out of a window.

"I don't know," he said finally. "I really don't know. I guess the only thing we can do is to give these college professors running the country a chance. Let's cheer for them. Maybe they'll get us out of it."

"But suppose things don't get better even if you cheer?"

Again the long pause and a dazed: "Damned if I know. We'll sure be in a hell of a mess, won't we?"

"You're a leader in industry in this town," I persisted. "Business men like you are running this city, State and nation. Surely you must figure on what will happen if all the cheering doesn't help."

He shook his head. "I hate to think of what will happen if things don't pick up. But we are all hopeful. You see, all we need is to get money in circulation again. But one thing I do know—people will not starve to death. I don't see any sense in people starving to death in this country. I guess we'll have to arrange things so that the fellow who gets anything will have to share it. Maybe big taxation."

"What would be your attitude if the government, to meet its bills and feed citizens who can't get work, put a 50% tax on all you have?"

"I wouldn't like it," he said simply.

"What would you say to the government taking over the whole shoe industry?"

"That would be an awful calamity," he said quickly. "I am opposed to government ownership. That would be Sovietizing things. Of course, the government is making rules for the industry, but there is a big difference between making rules and taking things over. Business now is getting together and laying its own rules. The day of cut-throat competition is past. Eventually, of course, things seem to be

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tending towards standardization in the shoe industry—the minimum we have to pay in wages, what we can sell for, and so on. It seems to be a trend toward an eventual dictatorship of the whole industry. Little business men who cannot stand the pace will drop out, like little storekeepers drop out in competition with chain stores. Maybe centralized control is our only solution. But I'm opposed to government ownership. It stifles initiative."

"Look at the mess individual initiative and cut-throat competition got you and the country into," I suggested.

"That's true. What I mean is I favor a modified individualism."

"What's that?"

He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you attribute the troubles in the shoe industry to? Overproduction?"

"Not by a long shot. Under consumption."

"How will you increase consumption?"

"I don't know," he said thoughtfully. "I'm not smart enough."

The American business man talks glibly of production, distribution, wage scales, markets, profits. He knows that quantity production means cheaper production, and he strives for it, for only by cheaper production can he market his goods against his competitor. This striving for markets determines the rate of production but not the rate of consumption.

The business man, interested only in immediate problems, does not consider the inexorable economic laws which make for overproduction so long as the competitive system exists; nor does he consider the indirect influences of apparently unrelated things which profoundly affect his business. Or, if he does consider them, the struggle for immediate profits between himself and his competitor prevents him from taking steps to rectify a situation which eventually hurts his own business. An illustration of the business man's attitude in such matters can be seen in Roy F. Morse, general manager of the Long-Bell Sales Corporation in Longview, Washington.

Mr. Morse, an efficient, kindly man, was happy to coöperate in giving me what data he could. He could tell me a good deal about the lumber industry, but when I asked what happened to his former employés whom the company had been unable to absorb, he shook his head.

"They have gone to the four corners of the earth," he said.

He said it regretfully, yet in his tone was the attitude of American business: "I am not responsible for them after they are no longer needed."

"How many are living on charity?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I can't tell."

"Some of your former workers have gone to the land. Have you any notion how many are making a go of it?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

That these very men about whom business is so indifferent are the ultimate purchasers of their products does not seem to be considered. Upon the question of whether these former lumber men and other workers in this country, as well as in foreign lands, earn enough to pay decent rents, hinges the answer as to how much lumber will be used in repairs and in new building. But these factors seem so far removed from the immediate needs of getting profits, that what happens to people who live in houses built of lumber is ignored.

In Fresno, California, G. F. Thomas, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, expressed another common view of business with regard to its consumer problem:

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I asked whether he did not think the migratory worker is entitled to some of the pick-up in business which the farmer is experiencing.

"Sure he's entitled to it, but the farmer can't pay it until he gets himself all straightened out," was the answer

"That is business's attitude all over the country. But what will the worker do in the meantime? How will he buy the farmer's product?"

Mr. Thomas shrugged his shoulders. He could offer no suggestions.

The business man, whether in a large industrial community or an almost isolated farming village, usually arrives at his views from what he reads in his local newspapers, and I found that most editors themselves are not clear about the events they publish.

I asked L. H. Bowen, editor and publisher of the *Lincoln County Times* in Brookhaven, Mississippi, what he thought caused the depression. He beamed at me shrewdly from under a battered felt hat.

"The trouble with this county and this State, and I reckon with the whole country, is that everybody's playing the great American game: politics," he drawled. "There's politics in Washington, there's politics in Jackson, politics in Lincoln County. I don't want to say anything about this county that might be used against it, but it strikes me as very queer that the first thing most of those who got C.W.A. jobs did was to pay their poll tax. That enables them to vote, you know, and those who are handing out the jobs want voters. In addition to that many farmers who are well able to take care of themselves have gone to the government for relief; or if they haven't gone themselves they sent their tenants instead of giving them advances. Everybody views the government as a great big trough and now that the slops have been poured in, everybody's stickin' their snouts in. That's what's the matter with this county and with the whole country."

"But what do you think caused the depression?" I asked again.

"The crash of the Lincoln County First National Bank in 1931," he answered.

"That may have brought it on locally, but why did it crash?"

"They had loaned money to the farmers and couldn't collect."

"Then the price of cotton nationally had something to do with the failure of these farmers to meet their obligations?"

"Of course. But it was the crash of the bank here that started everything going downhill in this county. You know," he paused to choose his words carefully, "the real trouble with our people is that they don't know what to do with their money when they get it. That's really the main cause of the depression. This county and the whole country went on a spending spree. It wasn't that we spent our money but we mortgaged our salaries and our wages for months and years to come by buying things on the installment plan. People bought beyond their means. Look at autos. I've seen $25 a week clerks driving around in cars that mortgaged their salaries for two years. We were a people living high. The volume of debt mounted and when the rank and file could not meet their debts and couldn't buy more, production stopped and the crash followed. And do you think they've learned their lesson? No, sir. Look at what C.W.A. workers did with their money. Instead of buying provisions they bought radios—again on the dollar down and dollar a week plan. Business picked up for the local stores here and everybody thinks business is getting better. But what will happen when the relief jobs peter out? These men will

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not be able to keep up their payments and you'll have the whole thing all over again. That's what caused this depression and is keeping it up."

This tendency to buy on the installment plan did much to raise the "business increase" indices which has given the country so much optimism. The actual small increase in retail business which I found everywhere is directly traceable to the flow of government relief money and work relief jobs. To the purchase of necessities have been added such luxury items as refrigerators and radios, which put many people to work, stocked stores and raised the retail sales percentage. This widespread installment buying can have no result other than a drugged market, which will soon mean the closing again of factories, unemployment, and cessation of profits for the manufacturers.

When I discussed this unnatural retail increase with storekeepers they agreed that it was due to government money.

"That's the whole idea," they would explain. "The government is giving the people money to start buying. That moves our stock. We have to restock and that gives orders to the factories. The factories start working, people earn money again and—we're out of the depression!"

"What new stock have you bought?"

"Well, when the N.R.A. was announced and higher prices expected, naturally I stocked up while prices were low."

"Then you are still moving old stock and the manufacturer is moving old stock. In the meantime wages have gone down, prices have gone up and the people cannot afford to buy as much."

"That may be so, but this stock is bound to be exhausted and a new supply will have to be manufactured."

"But instead of putting people to work, manufacturers, eager for profits, are instituting the speed-up or putting in more efficient machines to turn out as much as before. Look at the Southern mills. They instituted the speed-up; now they are overstocked and want to reduce their output, thus again cutting down the purchasing power of their workers."

When you get that far they look utterly bewildered, and shrug their shoulders.

I attended several Chamber of Commerce and Retail Merchants meetings in different sections of the country, and the speeches I heard were amazing. I heard that the end of the depression is here; and that 1929 peak days will look cheap in comparison with the prosperity which this retail business increase presages. But, though there has been a general rise in retail sales estimated at 15 to 20%, even these low estimates are mostly optimistic guesses. In very few cases could I be given actual figures of the claimed increase; usually I found the situation similar to the one in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where retail business improved for a few months but dropped back to a little above the level of the depression period as soon as the C.W.A. was liquidated.

"We haven't any detailed figures," W. A. Raison, in charge of the Retail Merchants' Association in Tulsa, told me.

"How much have wholesale prices increased?" I asked.

"I don't know. But they have increased, some a little and some a good deal."

"How much have retail prices increased?"

"I don't know that either. I imagine they've jumped in the same proportion."

The same vagueness exists in other industries. Even in their own communities business men, who have been and still are running the country, have no idea of what is really happening to their own business, let alone that of the nation or the world.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT DENTIFRICES

BY JEROME W. EPHRAIM

EVERYBODY buys toothbrushes; everybody buys toothpaste (or its equivalent); nearly everybody buys mouthwashes. The total sums expended for these products run into the millions. Yet the average person purchases them haphazardly, usually with no knowledge whatever of basic facts, and nearly always with the illusory hope that they will cure pyorrhea, correct acid mouth, check tooth decay, remove stains, stop bleeding gums, purify the breath, or ward off colds and other serious infections. These false hopes are engendered by floods of propaganda based partly on fallacies and superstitions long since abandoned by the medical and dental professions; partly on fraudulent ingenuities put forward in the name of science, and partly on sheer ignorance.

Tooth decay (dental caries) is a disease which is only imperfectly understood by dental authorities. Every maxim, every theory, and every panacea hitherto offered have been questioned and found wanting. Thus it is not true that a "clean tooth never decays." Many do. It is not true that "acid mouth" causes tooth or gum infection. The saliva is practically acid in reaction, thus practically everybody has acid mouth; it is a perfectly normal condition. It is not even true that utter neglect of oral hygiene will necessarily be attended with disastrous consequences. Eskimos, South African bushmen, and primitive people generally are likely to have perfect teeth. So usually are wild animals.

This is not to be construed as a recommendation of neglect. The problem of causation has in recent years been attacked from many angles. Certain things have been learned. The question of diet is apparently important, especially in the case of growing children.

But a great deal more important is early diagnosis and treatment of any dental or oral disease. That means regular visits to a reputable dentist. If, as a matter of economy, it came to a choice of giving up your dentist or giving up toothbrushes, toothpastes and mouthwashes, you could much better dispense with the latter entirely and spend the money for competent professional treatment.

It is quite possible that a proper daily routine as applied to the teeth and mouth may have some value. One investigator concludes that "although oral hygiene *per se* is not a definite factor in the prevention or causation of dental caries, it may be a significant contributing factor in association with other conditions." Even this guarded statement relates to systematic prophylaxis as carried out by a dental hygienist, rather than to mere toothbrushing or similar manipulations. The probability seems to be that the chief advantages of brushing the teeth are mechanical and æsthetic. Says the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association: "The sole function of a dentifrice is to aid in keeping the teeth clean by the removal of loose food débris by

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the mechanical use of the toothbrush." Or as the *Journal* of the Association puts it:

> The claim of therapeutic or bacteriostatic virtue in a dentifrice borders on the ridiculous. Granted for argument that, in certain of these products there may be manifest a bacteriostatic action in a test tube, the fact remains that in the limited time consumed in brushing the teeth in the mouth any possible therapeutic effect is so infinitesimal or ephemeral that in the vernacular, "It doesn't mean a thing." *To claim tangible, therapeutic benefit from the use of a dentifrice is exploitation pure and simple.*

Such claims may be classified as chicanery or outright dishonesty, according to Dr. Samuel M. Gordon, secretary of the Council on Dental Therapeutics. Relatively only a few dentifrices enjoy the right of displaying the seal of acceptance of the American Dental Association. The chief reason is that the manufacturers refuse to comply with the very reasonable requirements of the Association as to misrepresentation and false advertising claims. Only recently the seal was withdrawn from two leading concerns for consistently misrepresenting and exaggerating the therapeutic value of their products.

It is significant that the biggest and most astute exploiters never put such claims on their labels. To do so would bring them within the purview of the United States Food and Drug Administration. Every now and then, however, some concern grows a little careless and repeats some of the old hocus pocus about hardening the gums, preventing pyorrhea, checking tooth decay, etc., on the carton or in a circular enclosed with its product. Then the government can and does act. Recent cases were 19875, 19881, 20357, 20377, 20395 (reported in *Notices of Judgment* of the Food and Drug Administration), and although the government charged that the claims made for these products were entirely false and fraudulent, none of the manufacturers saw fit to make any defence. It may be properly assumed that no defence was possible; it may also be assumed that if the operation of the law were extended to general advertising there would be a radical revision in toothpaste advertising.

II

But it is not my purpose to reflect on the morals of manufacturers or to conduct propaganda for better legislation. My sole intention is to assist the consumer to buy in the light of the best available knowledge. Specifically, then, the consumer may disregard all dentifrice claims based on incorporating ingredients alleged to have curative, remedial or therapeutic value. If you buy a toothpaste containing milk of magnesia, do so because it is a good toothpaste, not because it is supposed to counteract mouth acidity. Any alkaline substance will have the same effect temporarily, but there is no convincing evidence to show that you need to "correct" mouth acidity as a regular procedure, or that milk of magnesia has any unusual merit in this regard. It does, however, have the merit of being harmless, which cannot be said unconditionally of potassium chlorate, a toxic chemical, which has recently been urged as a precious ingredient having mystical powers. Says the Council on Dental Therapeutics: "In view of the complete absence of proof of its therapeutic efficiency, the indiscriminate use of [potassium] chlorate mouthwashes and dentifrices is to be regarded as potentially harmful, and there is no doubt of danger when it is swallowed in appreciable amounts." If you *must* use a potassium chlorate preparation, do not

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swallow it (any more than you can help) and keep it away from children!

It would be better to avoid it altogether, just as it is the part of wisdom to avoid all bleaches and stain removers. These are very likely to contain strong chemicals such as hydrochloric acid, and it may be taken for granted that any chemical strong enough to remove discoloration will ultimately be injurious to enamel and gums. If you doubt this, beg or borrow a discarded tooth and soak it over night in one of these bleaches: the chances are it will become noticeably damaged within twelve to twenty-four hours. Ordinary toothpastes, though frequently advertised as film removers and stain removers, fortunately do not normally contain such potent substances; it follows also that they will not do what is so extravagantly claimed for them.

Nor, as we have already seen, can any dentifrice preparation (*as commonly employed by the layman*) have very much value in the treatment of bleeding gums, trench mouth, pyorrhea or similar disorders of the mouth. The marvelous ingredients that are supposed to produce these wonderful results are usually found on chemical analysis to be common drugs such as zinc chloride, betanaphthol, or pepsin, or ordinary kitchen cleaning agents such as borax, trisodium phosphate, salt and baking soda. These ingredients are in the main quite harmless (though having no proven value), but as a general rule it is better to avoid products for which special claims are made, since you can never be sure that the manufacturer has not taken it into his head to experiment with some injurious or potentially dangerous substance.

Safety lies in understanding what a dentifrice can do and what it cannot do. It can be an *aid* in cleansing teeth, little more. For this purpose the two most desirable ingredients are a soft abrasive such as precipitated chalk and a cleansing agent such as soap. It is important that the abrasive should be of the best quality, fine enough to pass completely through a 200-mesh screen—that is, entirely free from coarse or gritty particles. It is sometimes possible to detect excessive grit by grinding the teeth together with a little toothpaste held between the chewing surfaces.

If coarse or gritty particles are felt, it is very probable that your dentifrice is unsuitable for daily use. Soap, when present, should be mild and not excessive in amount. A dentifrice that gives considerable foam is likely to have a higher soap content than is recommended by authoritative dental opinion. The presence of glycerin, which has sometimes been questioned, especially by tooth powder manufacturers, is not now considered harmful.

Quite as important as the dentifrice is the toothbrush. In fact the mechanical action of the brush is probably the most important single factor in tooth cleaning. Hence brushes should be selected with care, a short "hard" brush with short bristles of high quality being preferable to all fancy tufted varieties. Keep brushes clean; disinfect frequently (if possible); discard when bristles soften. Do not judge brushes by handles; it is often desirable to use brushes with cheap handles but good bristles, changing them frequently, rather than to buy a more expensive type which is likely to be kept in service long after its efficiency has been sadly impaired.

The general considerations that apply to dentifrices apply with equal or greater force to mouthwashes. Thanks to innumerable high-pressure campaigns, as Dr. W. W. Bauer has pointed out in THE AMERICAN MERCURY (July, 1932), America

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has been made "antisepticonscious". Here pseudo-science approaches its zenith. Barring the ancient belief in the sovereign efficacy of the powdered horn of the unicorn, probably no mass-superstition in all history ever quite equalled our naive faith in the antiseptic virtues of daily swishing and gargling. Rinsing the mouth now and then is undoubtedly a good practice, but from the medical point of view plain water or salt water will serve the purpose quite as well as the most expensive mouthwash ever offered to a credulous public.[1]

Popular "antiseptics" sold as mouthwashes are ridiculously weak to begin with (they have to be weak to be palatable and safe); the conditions of use and dilution tend to defeat any possible antiseptic action, while the time in which the solution is in contact with tissues is too short to permit any appreciable prophylactic or therapeutic effect. Even an effective antiseptic—*i.e.*, a substance showing high germicidal power in a test tube—would not, according to medical opinion, be effective in the mouth, since under ordinary conditions it would not reach any bacteria that were likely to be harmful. Says the Council on Dental Therapeutics:

> In the mouth, for example, the bacteria capable of doing harm are those located in the crypts and folds of the mucous surfaces or attached to the teeth and gums, which are covered with saliva and other secretions. The question may properly be raised: What chance has a "mouthwash" of coming in contact with these bacteria? The ones floating around in the saliva, which might be acted on by the antiseptic, are already on their way out of the mouth. In the case of gargles, the situation is even more ridiculous, for a "mouthwash" used as a gargle will only reach the anterior fauces . . . nor will it come in contact with the bacteria which are in the crypts of the tonsils or in the folds of the nasal pharynx.

The Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association strongly reaffirmed the position taken by the dentists. Both organizations agree (and their conclusions are well known to manufacturers) that the general use of mouthwashes can serve no more intrinsic purpose than as an aid in the removal of loose food and débris; that the main action is due to the mechanical action of rinsing, and that the normal person has not been shown to be in need of medicated preparations for use in the mouth.

Does this rule out mouthwashes altogether? Not necessarily. Not if you like the taste and find it refreshing. Only you should realize that they are not truly "antiseptic"; will not cure bad breath; will not prevent a cold—will not, in short, perform the wonders that are constantly claimed for them. Truly described, a mouthwash is a *cosmetic*, not a *medicinal* preparation. "Many use 'mouthwashes'," comments the Council on Dental Therapeutics, "because of the pleasant feeling they supposedly impart when employed as part of the mouth toilet, and this use may be considered in the same category as the use of talcum powder by men and women; that is, as cosmetic agents. For this purpose a 'mouthwash' should satisfy two main essentials: It should be harmless when used over a long period, and the user should not be led to believe that the 'mouthwash' possesses imaginary properties of giving health to the mouth, body, or dental apparatus."

[1] Dr. James E. Aiguier of the School of Dentistry of the University of Pennsylvania, who has been active in the revision of the dental section of the forthcoming sixth edition of the National Formulary, suggests the following mouthwash for home use: ¼ teaspoonful of salt, ¼ teaspoonful of borax, 1 teaspoonful of peroxide of hydrogen, to be dissolved in a glass of hot water. But on the general value, or lack of value, of salt as a dentifrice, see "Accepted Dental Remedies," the *Journal of the American Dental Association*, March, 1934.

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III

It follows that choice of a mouthwash is largely a matter of personal preference. Most popular varieties are probably harmless, though occasionally the government picks up a batch, labeled as antiseptic, *but actually containing bacteria.* Claims made for some that they are double, triple or quadruple strength ought to be the signal for a good laugh—or at least a slightly cynical smile, since a little elementary mathematics would show that multiplying zero indefinitely will never produce anything more than zero. It is true that popular mouthwashes can be made to exhibit some slight germicidal efficiency—provided you first catch your germs and then drench them with the stuff in a test tube. Under such circumstances a few weaker types of bacteria will succumb quite readily, and you may safely assume that advertised statements of "germ-killing" power relate to tests of this kind, not to actual efficiency in the mouth or on tissues. Even on this basis, if measured by the standard laboratory comparison with carbolic acid, these commercial antiseptics are absurdly weak, one well-known example having a phenol coefficient of 0.02 and another, hardly less prominent, having a rating of 0.15. Compare these figures with the rating of a good household disinfectant (5.0 to 20.0), and it will be obvious why the medical profession shows ill-disguised scorn for the high-sounding boasts of popular antiseptics.

There is, moreover, a real danger that such products may be used on cuts or bruises when a real germicide such as iodine is needed; in such cases the ignorance of the user and the fraudulent claims of the exploiter combine to promote a sense of false security, with the attendant hazard of serious infection that might otherwise be avoided.

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FIDDLERS ARE DUMBER THAN PIANISTS

BY EDWARD ROBINSON

In the present article I propose to dispose of a problem which has troubled musicologists for years, to wit, "Are fiddlers dumber than pianists?"

To insure accuracy, it would be well at the outset to define what we mean by a fiddler. If everyone who scratches a bow across a set of catgut strings is included in this category, the range of our investigation will extend to such proportions that it must necessarily lose all scientific validity. It is impossible, for example, to include women. A female fiddler is a gross violation of Nature's laws, a perversion of biological function, and, in short, an abomination. The merest schoolboy knows that women should have children, not violins. We therefore immediately rule them out.

Only one degree less monstrous are those *musico-acrobati* who astound vaudeville audiences by playing the "Poet and Peasant" on the fiddle while it is held between the legs, above the head, or behind the back. These are loathsome freaks who depart so widely from the usual specimen that they cannot be included in any sober study ostensibly devoted to normal manifestations and symptoms.

Sidewalk fiddlers we must reluctantly set down as outlaws and scavengers. They follow no tune, stay in no key, and obey no recognizable laws of rhythm. In certain peculiar externalities they resemble the type under discussion, but for purposes of scientific investigation they are inadmissable. Finally, students—especially those who play Drdla's "Souvenir" and d'Ambrosio's "Serenade"—are automatically excluded. This is a study of matured specimens, and unformed talent, no matter how gifted, does not come within the scope of our survey.

In the sense of our definition, a fiddler is a full-grown man, possessing the normal human faculties, and recognized by polite society. He has deliberately dedicated his energies to the public performance of music especially written for the treble member of the viol family. This instrument is held only under the chin. It has four strings, tuned in fifths, which are stopped by the fingers of the left hand, and it is made to sound when across these strings is drawn a horse-hair bow firmly propelled by the fingers of the right hand.

It is unnecessary to define a pianist, because everyone knows what that is. We may therefore proceed without further delay to our investigation.

II

We begin by examining the instruments themselves. The violin, as already indicated, has just 4 strings. The modern 88-note piano has 198 strings. A simple arithmetical calculation brings us to our first conclusion; namely, that a pianist has to organize his mental attention to a degree of mechanical complexity exactly 49½ times greater than that of a fiddler.

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The mechanical difference extends even further. Each of the 88 notes in the piano keyboard is adjusted to an average resistance weight of 2½ ounces. The violin bow weighs 900 grains, or slightly more than 2 ounces. But since a pianist invariably manipulates at least 4 notes at one time, he is actually handling a unit of more than ½ lb. as compared to the fiddler's bare ⅛ lb.

Now, a careful investigation of the amount of power expended by a fiddler and a pianist was recently made by the more enterprising members of the Laboratory of Pure Psychology at the University of Bulgaria, in Sofia. Two representative performers were allowed to give what is called a recital of an hour and a half of almost continuous playing. Basing their computations on the well-known physical law that the energy expended in *striking* an object is to the energy expended in *stroking* an object as $\sqrt{x}$ is to b^8, the Bulgarian experimenters found that the pianist gave off 206,132 foot-pounds of power as compared to the fiddler's mere 3,904. The full significance of this contrast was realized only when a subsequent series of rigidly-controlled tests proved conclusively that, in this same experiment, the number of brain cells consumed by the pianist and the fiddler had varied in exactly the same ratio!

Turning to the mechanical processes of the players themselves, we will again find certain basic disparities of very significant character. Because the piano has from two to three pedals that must be operated simultaneously with its keyboard, a pianist has to use his feet as well as his hands. If you will yourself try Sven Eryckson's famous experiment of rubbing the belly with one hand while tapping the head with the other, it will immediately be evident that the muscular coördination required of the pianist dwarfs the fiddler's simple manual operations to the level of mere childish exercise.

Another characteristic, which might at first sight appear to favor the fiddler, on closer scrutiny proves to be a decided deficiency. We refer to the fact that a fiddler stands up when he plays, whereas a pianist crouches before his instrument in a rather ignoble, subservient and degraded attitude. That the former presents a much more honorable and dignified posture, and one more calculated to appeal to the female portion of an audience, will be readily conceded.

But this is merely a case of deceitful appearances; besides, we are investigating comparative mental structure—not base emotional appeal. The old Talmudic proverb says emphatically that a good student must have strong buttocks. There can be no debate over the fact that this portion of the anatomy is completely neglected by the fiddler, and if we accept the Talmudic test as authentic, we can interpret this fact only as evidence of intellectual cowardice. In any case, there can be no question of intellectual superiority over a man who employs that anatomical segment constantly.

Moreover, by maintaining a stiff and erect posture, the fiddler at once stigmatizes himself as a military man. Now, a soldier's courage no one will question, but the weakness of his intellectual prowess is notorious. The pianist, there can be no doubt, remains the scholar supreme.

If, finally, we examine the type of music which fiddlers and pianists are called upon to play, the whole problem, *qua* problem, falls to the ground. Fiddle music is almost exclusively melodic, whereas piano music, involving chords, is melodic and harmonic simultaneously. The crudest distinction, therefore, is the fact that fiddlers play one

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note at a time, while pianists play anywhere from two to ten—and even more—notes concurrently.

Thus, as a simple illustration of the difference in intellectual effort required to perform any given work, let us compare Beethoven's violin concerto with the same composer's G-major piano concerto. These two works are of similar emotional and technical character, and thus afford an accurate basis of measurement. Now, the former work contains 46,728 notes for solo fiddle.

The solo part of the piano concerto, on the other hand, has 284,219 notes. Is it not at once obvious that the task of memorizing the first work is an accomplishment distinctly inferior to the stupendous feat that the pianist must negotiate?

III

But even more profound cultural distinctions are involved. Music is an expression of life, and in its various elements are reflected all the composite factors that go to make up human existence. Now, a unified picture of life is not gained if only one aspect is presented. Yet the notes that the fiddler plays are all treble notes—high, shrill and monotonous sounds that reflect only the harsher and more corrosive elements. Always fighting to gain ascendency, the fiddler represents that disruptive vanity which has ever degraded the human race and spelled defeat for its nobler undertakings.

The pianist, conversely, ranges through the entire gamut of emotions, from deepest bass to highest treble. He partakes of all the forces of life, and comprehends all the multitude of its infinite variations: the tender contralto, the perfidious tenor, the staunch bass and the coquettish soprano. He learns to reconcile often conflicting elements into one balanced and harmonious whole. He both leads and follows, sings and accompanies, and thus, in experiencing all phases and all situations of the human drama, he develops profound humility and an enviable sense of proportion.

The fiddler himself tacitly admits the severely restricted nature of his outlook. Is it not clear confession of his limitations that when he wishes really to say something of genuine musical importance he must drag in *four* fiddlers—a string quartet? Usually he needs even more, and has to employ the aid of an entire orchestra. At the very least, he begs the assistance of a—pianist. Surely, a man who cannot command respect for his accomplishments unless he bolsters himself up with a veritable army is not one in whom we may legitimately expect to find any great mental powers! No—the fiddler is but a vain prima donna. It is the pianist who is the true philosopher, for he, with his balanced outlook, can by himself blend the dangling puppets of the musical cast into an integral unit of cohesive perfection.

If we turn to the composers themselves, we will dispel any remaining doubts on this point. Towards fiddlers, the attitude of the greatest of them is distinctly contemptuous. Bach's noblest work was written for the organ, which is nothing more than a complicated form of piano. Beethoven grudgingly wrote one concerto for fiddle, where he joyfully poured out five for piano. His solo piano sonatas, moreover, number 38; the fiddle sonatas (which require a pianist, anyway) are only 10. Brahms wrote his single fiddle concerto only out of personal consideration for his friend, Joachim; the large number of piano solo works, in addition to the two concertos, more than make up for this lapse. Schumann, although he threw the fiddlers

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a couple of sonatas in his declining years, never trusted them sufficiently at any time to write even one concerto for them. Chopin didn't bother to compose for the instrument at all.

Furthermore, what was it that these composers themselves played? Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Brahms—did not all get their start in music by being piano virtuosi? If opponents of this argument, by way of weak refutation, mention such men as Tartini, Corelli and Vivaldi, it is only necessary to point out that these Italians flourished precisely in the most primitive stage of modern music. Everyone knows that as soon as brains were required to construct a musical score, the fiddlers dropped out of the running entirely.

Beyond this evidence it is not necessary to go. Only those who are hopelessly prejudiced can fail to be convinced by the mass of material already presented. More highly specialized scientists, of course, might be able to make out a good case for the theory that *all* musicians, including pianists, are unmitigated asses. But that is a matter beyond the scope of our survey. It was our object merely to show that, as compared to pianists, fiddlers are obviously dumber.

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THE SOVIETS FIGHT BUREAUCRACY

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

It is always open season for attacking bureaucrats in the Soviet Union, and some of these attacks in the past have taken the grim form of "wreckers' " trials, which have been rather dubiously received abroad. No day, however, passes without the publication in the Soviet press of many assaults (names and addresses specified) upon backward factories, farms and officials. The Communists believe that if eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, then eternally coöperating energy is the price of building Socialism, and not the least part of that energy goes to scraping away at barnacles that clog the ship of state. But, to change the figure, there seems now to be a merrier note in the hunting song, a lilt of almost jazzy satire in the endless serious fight.

The breezy little journal *Crocodile* has for years been the standard-bearer of Soviet satire, lampooning those haughty revolutionists who can cut heads but can't cut cabbages in the state pickle plant, or the pompous writers of "orders" who think that papers are "products." But lately half the Soviet press seems to have gone *Crocodile*. The Leningrad *Pravda*, the *Light Industry* and even the Moscow *Pravda* itself, final organ of Communist opinion, have taken to varying heavy statistics with biting anecdotes. Their objects of satire are many. There are the factory restaurants which spend large sums on worn Oriental rugs and paper flowers but forget to plate the forks whose metal is already poisonous to health; there is the Health Commissariat which spent so much "time, money and paper" on spectacular anti-fly posters ("though the least class-conscious peasant is willing to kill flies") that they had no means left to make tanglefoot fly-papers.

Final sanction, if any was needed, was given to the new satirical fashion of combat, by the recent report of Kaganovich, second only in authority to Stalin, at the All Union Party Congress. Discussing the seemingly heavy subject, "Organizational Problems of State and Party Structure" and handling it to the thorough extent of forty-four solid columns in the press, he kept the Congress, through a more than four hour speech, in a frequent roar of laughter. All of those forty-four columns are still read, laughed at, and quoted.

Who indeed can forget some of his priceless phrases? "Everyone in that department gives orders except those that are too lazy"—as an example of undisciplined disorganization. Or "their writing cannot be helped; it flows from their biting of pencils"—of a factory clogged with endless "orders." Or "when a man is given work, he must be protected from growing stale. He must be cleaned from time to time of the dust that falls on him."

Or who can forget the reference to the factory director who began every routine order thus: "The capitalist world is choking in the grip of the world crisis. It is

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furiously preparing for a new world war"; and only in the third paragraph reached the need of producing the detail needed in the shop? Or the "Socialist competition" between two local organizations of the Communist Party, each seeking to increase its membership, in which one member joined twice because he "wouldn't let his secretary down"?

All of these stories were given with names and places. But one of the most successful stories, applicable universally, was drawn from a Russian classic writer, the tale of Shchedrin's three officials. One was chief of the Knot-Tying Bureau, one of the Bureau for Untying Knots, and one of the Bureau for Statistics on Tying and Untying Knots. As fast as the first one tied the knots, the second untied them, and as soon as enough had been done the third made statistical summaries, balanced the budget, and reported receipts and expenditures tallying, rope in hand, nil. The trio lived happily together, all expecting promotion.

Every government department was made to wince under Kaganovich's biting comments. He described the work of the land departments in their handling of livestock problems with the words of the old Ukrainian proverb: "She moos but she does not calve." "These people moo," he said. "Everyone hears them moo. But they do not calve." (Especially apt in the "calf shortage.")

II

He startled the Congress by revealing that the All Union Commissariat of Agriculture, which was only organized four years ago, has managed to acquire 29 bureaus and 202 sections. He told how the Kirghizian Commissariat of Agriculture sent a letter on December 1, 1933, asking help from the All Union Commissariat in securing seeds for 28 crops. "The letter went to the grain department, the fodder department, the fruit and vegetable department, and then began to wander among the sections. In each of these it passed a dozen officials, each of whom wrote a resolution. When it had wandered forty days through the Commissariat of Agriculture, only the grain department had answered and that only about one crop. When the replies will go on the other crops is still unknown. Probably after the spring sowing."

A certain dairy farm belonged last April to the All Union Pedigreed Cows Trust, but in May, by order of Vice-Commissar Gershikov, was made an independent unit. On June 11 it was transferred by Yurkin, Commissar of State Farms, to the Northern Butter Trust, and on the same day another vice-commissar, Grushevski, ignorant of Yurkin's action, transferred it to the Northern Scientific Institute. Ten days later, Gerchikov, learning that his order of May had not been carried out, and not knowing that it had since been reversed by his chief and re-reversed by another vice-chief, wrote a scathing order for "a thorough investigation to discover who wrecks the work of the commissariat; drive the culprits out of the apparatus so that others will remember it for four Five Year Plans." . . . "One tied the knot, the other untied it," concluded Kaganovich amid Homeric laughter.

Nor did industry and commerce fare better than farming. Kaganovich told how the trading departments sent "under the name of haberdashery enough dog-collars to one province to dress all the dogs from head to feet, also tons of lamp-burners without glasses and tons of glasses without burners." He described stores where only 25% of the staff are salesmen, the rest

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being "managers, assistant managers, vice-managers, heads of departments," who send one another papers while customers stand in line.

The Red Dawn Knitting Factory was a "horrible example" in the industrial field. Five government organs and forty-six "sectors" supervised it last year. The factory received nineteen different "directives," contradicting one another. Its production plan was seven times redrafted, its labor plan four times, its cost plan eight times. Its 1933 plan was finally endorsed January 4, 1934, a year and four days late. (*Note.* Since the exposé, this factory has been doing wonders.)

Reports like these are not confined to Kaganovich; they blossom daily in the Soviet press. Many of them are quite funny, and they are told with a grim chortle quite different from the lugubrious tones of other years. It is amazing to find them, two or three to a number and often illustrated, in the *Industrial Gazette*, organ of heavy industry, comparable in weight to the American *Iron Age*.

The Karabash Smelting Works, for instance, is under attack. Its directors are in court, attempting to explain why, alone among Soviet industries, its output has steadily decreased throughout the Five Year Plan, and is even "planned" to decrease from January to July, 1934. A reporter from the *Industrial Gazette* queries the chief engineer.

"Yes, it's quite true," admits the engineer, "that the demand for copper increases in summer and work in the mines is easier then, but this doesn't necessarily mean that output grows. Summer is also the time when it is easiest to repair the mines and machinery, and then—workers go home for harvest." . . . This is a modern plant which has spent thirty million rubles in recent improvements!

Turok, chief of exploitation of the Perm Railway, furnishes another anecdote for the *Industrial Gazette*. On January 9 he received an order from the People's Commissar of Railways: "Immediately and under all conditions supply continuous loading for coal from Shamara station to Zlataoust Plant for Special Steels." Two months later, the paper reports Turok's reason for non-compliance: "The orders of the commissar are not obligatory for me. I have my own plan of car loadings to fulfil. I admit that division one, Shamara, has a serious under-fulfilment, all of it in coal, but on the other hand, division six, Zlataoust, has been over-fulfilling its plan of deliveries. You say the factory has no coal? That's not my affair. What is important for me is the total plan of freight deliveries to Zlataoust, which is excellently fulfilled."

In another factory a certain coöperative store had chronically long waiting lines. The reporter suggested to the party secretary of the plant that both go to investigate.

"Why should I go?" answered the secretary. "Most of the folks in line are not party members and don't concern me."

The bite of this report, also from the *Industrial Gazette*, can be only fully understood in the U. S. S. R. where the party holds itself responsible for all that happens or fails to happen in the country. The energetic reporter learned that a line of housewives waited all day for the bread delivery which should have come at nine and came at four.

The choicest of all the tales comes also from the hitherto staid *Industrial Gazette*. At a conference called to investigate wage-scales in a scandalously managed factory, Piatakov, high official from Moscow, asked at random for one of the workers' "pay-books" and saw that in January he

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had received, among other items, twenty-five rubles "for baby-feeding." This is the form used for payments to nursing mothers in the lower paid jobs, who get extra sums to insure the baby's health. But why was such payment made to a man?

"Have you a baby"? asked Piatakov.

"I've no children at all," replied the man, staring in surprise at the item which he noticed for the first time. "I've no idea how that money got into my book. I know I worked 141 hours, but who knows what I got paid for it? I never can make it out from the way they keep that book."

III

What explains this mirth—grim mirth, but mirth just the same—with which the Soviet press today handles the examples of bureaucracy which last year and the year before were subjects of "wreckers' trials"? Wreckers are still on trial, every day, in every high court in the U. S. S. R. But they are no longer major groups of wreckers, "conspiracies" threatening break-down or famine; they are numberless annoying barnacles to be scraped off with the sharp knives of prosecuting attorneys in every district court. Even the official reports of the trials have a note of satirical triumph utterly different from that disillusioned acceptance with which Americans received the proceedings of the Teapot Dome scandal.

One reason is the relief which everyone feels after last year's triumphant harvest, and the pledge which its excellent organization gives for harvests yet to come. Another reason lies in the earlier part of that same report by Kaganovich, dealing with the training of personnel under the First Five Year Plan. He recalled thousands of new factories built—an average, in the past five years, of several new factories each day; hundreds of thousands of collective farms, "averaging 120 new ones daily."

Whence come leaders for this colossal growth?

They come from the universities and higher technical schools, which have mounted in number from 120 to 600 in the past five years, with their student bodies increasing from 160,000 to 491,000. They come from technical secondary schools, which have grown from 1,033 to 3,522, with students increasing from 188,000 to 672,000. Through graduates from these schools, said Kaganovich, trained specialists in industry have doubled from 313,000 to 669,000, and in farming risen from 18,000 to 126,000, a sevenfold growth. Kaganovich said:

"More than half of all our specialists now are young men and women who finished their training under the Five Year Plan. Youth gives us 65% of our chiefs in iron and steel, 66% in lathe-building, 62% in our automobile and tractor plants, 64% in our electric and power industry."

Not all are young in years, for Soviet students are of every age. But all are fresh in knowledge, young in energy and will. All are "new people" of the Five Year Plan.

It is this youth whose mingled wrath and laughter create the satire of the Soviet press. "Not for much longer shall any pre-war bureaucrat, from the Czar's Middle Ages, have power. Not for much longer shall saboteurs and lazy men keep administrative jobs 'for want of substitutes.' We substitutes are coming, daily, hourly growing in numbers and experience. Make way!"

It is the angry comprehension, the lust for battle, the conviction of the coming triumph of these "substitutes" which sets the fashion in the Soviet struggle of today.

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BLIND FLYING IS NOT SAFE

BY KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

THE ability to fly blind—or by instrument—has been heralded as the great cure-all for the ills of air transportation. But there is considerable doubt whether it saves the lives of more pilots and passengers than it kills.

The maintenance of published timetables is a necessary goal of profitable airline operation; blind flying skill is the factor which the companies claim will accomplish this. The cancelling of a scheduled flight has numerous bad effects on profits. The least of these is the refund of the purchase price of tickets for that particular flight. Probably the greatest is the loss of confidence in the reliability of air transport on the part of the disappointed passengers. If they have made any definite appointments at their destination, the chances are that they must break them. Relying on the airplane's speed, they have usually delayed their start beyond the time when they can arrive by any other form of transportation. This means that in planning future travels they are quite likely to ignore the airplane, and to advise their friends and business associates to do likewise.

The operators are in the air transport business to make money, so naturally these cancelled flights are their bugbear. Bad weather has been the bane of schedules; blind flying is touted as the long-sought remedy.

There is no question but that under certain conditions, skill in instrument flying will save a pilot's life. The Department of Commerce recognizes this fact, and before giving a pilot a scheduled air transport rating, it requires him to pass a test in this subject. This test is as stringent as it is possible to make it. In a hooded cockpit, with all view of earth and sky obliterated, the pilot is required to perform all the maneuvers of normal flight. He must also demonstrate his ability to recover from abnormal situations and to fly cross country. This latter test includes his proficiency in finding a radio beacon, the location of which is unknown to him; in orienting himself, and following the beacon in the desired direction, after he has located it.

"That is a very complete test; doesn't it establish his ability to fly blind?" seems to be a natural question. The answer is "No." It does demonstrate his ability to fly blind under test conditions. The rub is, that there is a vast difference between passing the test and actual blind flying. The principal distinction is the pilot's own mental state, and the reason why qualified instrument pilots get killed is the failure of the human body. Let us look into this matter thoroughly.

While taking the test, the pilot flies in the secure knowledge that a "safety pilot" with full visibility rides with him and can rectify any mistake by the use of the dual controls. The responsibility is not on the shoulders of the man under the hood; someone else is "holding the bag." It is

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far different when he knows he is on his own. The next item is that the test is taken in normal weather, and atmospheric disturbances are far more marked in a storm area than they are in clear weather. Stormy air is as full of bumps as a back country dirt road. The airplane feels them just as violently as you would feel the ground ruts if you were to drive over them at forty miles an hour in an old automobile with broken springs. Every bump requires correction on the controls. It may —and probably will—disturb the equilibrium of the airplane in three directions simultaneously — directionally, latterally, and vertically. Each air pocket increases the physical effort and mental strain of the pilot. He passed his test when the air was fairly smooth; he fights for his own, and his passengers' lives, when it is at its worst. Even so, qualified pilots can cope with the difficulties for a certain length of time. But human beings—even pilots—have nerves, and nerves reach a breaking point.

II

A pilot plunges into a blind storm area! Calmly he reads his instruments and settles to his job, forgetting that the necessity of vision outside his cockpit exists. This is a difficult job to start with. We are all familiar with the fact that people lost in woods—deprived of reference points—travel in circles while attempting to hold a straight course. This is not idle fancy; it is an established fact. Extensive tests have been conducted by turning blindfolded men loose on snow covered fields where every footprint showed. In trying to walk in a straight line, they invariably circle. This directional distortion is cumulative, as proved by the fact that the further they go, the smaller the circles become. And the reverse is equally true. Blindfolded human beings, led in a straight line, feel instinctively that they are circling.

Next, the plane starts to bob around in the bumps like a cork in rough water, which adds to the difficulties and increases the strain. Eyes glued to instruments, the pilot pursues what these devices tell him is a straight course. Every nerve in his body soon begins to cry aloud that the instruments are wrong and that he is steadily turning. The bumps get worse—in his imagination at least—and each one seems more terrible than the last. He fights to keep his wings where the dials say they are level—although that doesn't seem level to him. His climb indicator says he is diving—and he could swear by all that is holy that he is climbing. Mental fatigue is also cumulative; his nerves soon become raw; by this time he may not have the remotest idea whether he is right side up, upside down, or sitting on the royal crown! About now he would trade his money, his wife, and his hopes of Paradise for a split second's look at the ground! A few jagged flashes of lightning, or ice forming on the wings, according to season, and the only question is: "When does he reach the breaking point?" The answer is the point where his nerves collapse and he must get a glimpse of the ground or fall out of control and crash.

One trouble with aviation is that dead pilots tell no tales; and live pilots don't always tell truthful ones. It is common knowledge that some pilots can endure the strain and fly completely blind for hours at a stretch; others have been killed in less than half an hour. There are many more who say they can fly blind for long stretches. The question with all such tales is what this or that pilot chooses to consider "totally blind." An aviator who gets

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an occasional fleeting look at the earth between periods of blind flying, may report himself blind for the entire trip. His occasional respites have, however, made a world of difference. Each look at terra firma, be it ever so brief, gave him an entirely fresh start. Then there is the further difficulty involved in weeding out the stories of a few pilots who talk largely of their non-existant blind flying exploits in order to enhance their prestige.

One interesting fact can be winnowed from the maze of conflicting reports as to the limit of blind-flying endurance. Blind-flying safety lies in maintaining ample altitude to clear all obstructions such as mountains. Yet despite this universally conceded fact, many pilots have made the fatal error of flying low in bad weather in the perpetual hope of getting a look at the ground. Their nerves simply become so ragged that they take a chance on colliding with obstacles rather than longer to endure the agony of fighting the enveloping "soup." This urge to keep in touch with the ground becomes especially acute where parachutes are not used. If all occupants of the plane were equipped with parachutes, the pilot could maintain his altitude, and when necessary all hands could bail out.

The worst offenders in regard to "hedge hopping" while flying blind—or semi-blind—are frequently "old timers," veteran pilots who won their wings before the days of instrument flying. The new school of flying teaches the fledgling pilot to trust his instruments rather than his senses. The veterans learned to fly by sight and find it difficult to change. When an instrument does happen to go haywire, the old timers have a chance to laugh. And they do fail now and then. The only 100% perfect thing about flying is the law of gravity; it never misses.

The difference is easily illustrated by the one instrument which is universally understood, the compass. The old timer likes to fly by land mark and check up occasionally by the compass. The new-day pilot plots a compass course and serenely ignores the ground—sometimes for hours at a stretch. Of course, the newer method is best, although far from infallible. It is the only method that can be used over water. Oversea flying offers one analogy to blind flying in that direction must be instrument dictated. And capable pilots relying on compasses have become hopelessly lost between Miami and Cuba, a distance of only about two hundred miles.

We can draw some conclusions from the foregoing facts. Skill in blind flying will get a pilot out of unexpected difficulties, and tempt another to try the impossible. Storms can so surround an airplane that escape without a period of blind flying is impossible; the ability to cope with such situations will prove priceless. Many pilots will deliberately plunge into blind weather and successfully fly through it; others will be killed trying.

For a number of years it has been the custom for parachute-equipped mail pilots, flying solo, to push into blind weather. There seems to be no objection to this. The practice of ordering passenger carrying planes, without parachutes, into such weather, is open to grave question. If it is done, it seems only fair that weather maps showing weather conditions all along the line in layman's language, should be posted in all air terminals. If a period of blind flying is contemplated, the passenger should be so informed before he starts. Flying is hazardous at the best, and it is the passenger's life which is at stake. He is entitled to make his own decisions as to the conditions under which it is risked.

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FRANCE CHANGES HER CONSTITUTION

BY ROBERT BRIFFAULT

More than any other people, the French are accustomed to blame the government for all ills. "Thieves, crooks, assassins!" are some of the milder epithets which are being currently hurled by all parties, from the Communists of *L'Humanité* to the royalists of *L'Action Française*—M. Léon Daudet's vocabulary of vituperation is particularly rich—at the government of the Third French Republic. France's flirtations with a variety of constitutions and régimes during the Nineteenth Century suggest the possibility of deeper changes than those involved in ordinary governmental crises. The friends of the *Action Française* contemplate, of course, a royal restoration. One of the innumerable little parties which prescribe panaceas for governmental evils recently afforded the Parisians much amusement by covering the walls with placards announcing their discovery of a direct descendant of the Merovingians of old, who, they declared, was the man to remedy all the disorders from which the French constitution appears to be suffering.

In truth, nobody, outside a small clique of ancient dwellers in the Faubourg St. Germain, believes in the likelihood of a royalist restoration. The old issue between monarchy and republic has lost most of the significance which it had in the last century, and has become plainly overshadowed by much more fundamental political and social realities. The word republic was at one time regarded by the simple political thinker as synonymous with liberty. The man in the street did verily suppose that all that was needed to secure the enjoyment of perfect political liberty and social justice was to have a republican government. As a French wit remarked, the Republic was never so beautiful in France as during the Second Empire. The intensive teaching of experience has in recent years destroyed the pristine bloom of that naïve political way of thinking. Even the man in the street has come to realize that there are far deeper and more essential aspects of political philosophy than the relatively unimportant traditional distinction between the monarchical and republican labels. He has been reminded of the dictum of Montesquieu that "the character of laws matters less than that of legislators."

Both Frenchmen and foreigners are apt to think of the Third French Republic as "the daughter of the revolution." In point of historical fact, the lineage of "Marianne" is somewhat different. The Empire of Louis Napoleon was pronounced deceased on September 4, 1870 by the clamor of the mass, or mob of Paris, and the government which they proclaimed was the Commune. M. Thiers and his associates stepped forward without a legal mandate, unless the recognition granted to them by Prince Bismarck be regarded as one, as the self-appointed heads of state. After they had drowned the Paris Commune in blood, a constituent Chamber consisting almost wholly of monarchists eventually voted a

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constitution, known as the Rivet Constitution, and in view of the fact that the general temper of the people at the time seemed incompatible with the establishment of a monarchy, provisionally called the form of government a republic. As M. Thiers laid down, when reluctantly acceding to that arrangement, "The Republic shall be conservative or shall not be." No one, in fact, expected at the time the republican form of government to be permanent.

History has repeated itself. The similarity between the mode of origin of the French Third Republic and the German Weimar Republic is strikingly close. Both, far from being "daughters of the revolution," owe their origin to the crushing of a revolution.

The Rivet Constitution was expressly designed with a view to being adaptable, with as little change as possible, to a constitutional monarchy. It was closely modelled upon the British pattern. Some of its peculiar features are due to the original intention which inspired its drafting, and which survived unchanged in the revised constitution of 1875.

For example, the functions of the President of the Republic, in contrast to those of an American President, are strictly pared down to that of an official figurehead. They are null. The French President cannot interfere in any political dispute, cannot declare war. He has, like the British monarch, the nominal power of commuting sentences. But even that power is, like all others, nullified by the clause: "Every act and decree of the President must be countersigned by a minister of the state." When, after the expiration of M. Grévy's term of office, there was a plethora of presidential candidates, M. Clémenceau proposed: "Let us elect the most stupid."

According to the letter of the French Constitution, the President has the power of dissolving the legislative chamber. That power was once invoked by President MacMahon, the Versaillais general who succeeded M. Thiers, and who desired to impose a cabinet of his own choosing. But the act raised such a storm of opposition from the growing republican party that the privilege has never since been used. Only recently, after the February riots, was it suggested by M. Doumergue that the President should be requested to avail himself of the long disused power granted by the Constitution.

II

Strangely enough, the present French Constitution is in its general framework far more democratic than either the British or the American constitution. Indeed, the complaints raised against it arise from its ultra-democratic character. The Chamber of Deputies, elected by universal male suffrage is, in practice, the sole source of power. The power of the Upper Chamber, or Senate, is extremely limited. It is an elected body of lifelong members, who must be over forty, and is used as a house of honorable retirement for senile politicians. It has the power to introduce legislation, but has not done so to nearly the same extent as the English House of Lords. Like the latter, its chief function is to keep a check on financial measures, which are the only ones subject to its censorship or veto.

The Chamber of Deputies, elected for four years, practically indissoluble, and from which every cabinet is drawn, is thus the arbiter of all government power. The Ministry is answerable to the Chamber alone. The constitution of any ministry is naturally dependent upon the votes which it can count upon commanding in the Chamber, and so are all its acts. Minis-

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terial crises and changes of ministry, so frequent in France, have thus not the same importance as in England, and far less than in America. Policy is determined by the constitution of the Chamber and the arrangements which the various parties may come to among themselves. It is an axiom in French politics that a ministerial crisis is a private matter for the Chamber of Deputies, a family quarrel, so to speak, in which nobody else has the right to interfere.

Democratic principles govern, moreover, the appointment of deputies. Provided he be a French citizen, no other qualification is demanded of the intending legislator, and no questions are asked. It is his own business to get himself elected by persuasive eloquence, or any other means. In contrast with the American principle, there is no rule restraining a representative from simultaneously exercising any other function. A deputy who does not hold some local office is in fact the exception. M. Herriot for instance, has been mayor of Lyons for years; M. Loubet, while President, was also mayor of Montélimar. So general is the rule that it is impossible to hold meetings of the departmental administrations except during the recesses of the Chamber.

It is obvious that under such a system the French deputy is looked to for the promotion of the interests of all his individual constituents. The local grocer or barber counts upon him to enlist the powers of the government of France for the promotion of any detail of legislative business that may affect his interests. His vote is given on that understanding, and for the deputy to fail in this respect would be regarded as a dereliction of duty on his part. To draw the line between such a duty and flagrant corruption is difficult. Acknowledgment of the legislator's services by wealthy and powerful interests forming part of his constituency is a matter of recognized custom. Between such avowed and habitual transactions and the allocation of two thirds of the billions invested by the French public in the Panama company to securing government support, the difference is a quantitative one.

When, therefore, the sewers of wholesale parliamentary corruption happen to leak out into the light of day and stink in the nostrils of the world, as has happened in the case of the Oustric and Stavisky scandals, general French public opinion does not so much blame individual deputies and ministers as the system itself —the ultrademocratic system of the French republican constitution. It is its very democratic character which renders corruption inevitable. "We must have honest legislators," some cry. "But how can any legislator remain honest under such a system?" the others reply.

III

By a seemingly strange paradox, common in every aspect of French culture, some features of the democratic French system are relics of the most obsolete and reactionary forms of government. The ubiquitous, wasteful, and vexatious French bureaucratic system, for instance, is a legacy from pre-revolutionary days. It goes back, indeed, to Roman times. Roman administration depended upon multitudinous petty bureaucrats. So did all medieval administration. So have all French administrations in the days of divine right. The bureaucracy which supplies an enormous proportion of the electors of the republic with a living adds one more factor to the omnipotence of the representatives of the people in Parliament assembled.

Critics speak of "the tyranny of electoral oligarchies," which makes the parliamen-

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tary power essentially permanent. As measured by the constant changes of ministry, the French government appears to the outsider one of the most labile and unstable in Europe. But if measured by the real governing power, which is the Chamber of Deputies, it is the most stable government in the world. It is well-nigh impossible to dislodge it except by revolution. When any considerable change takes place at an election in the constitution of the Chamber, the change amounts to a national cataclysm. The jobs of over a third of the French people are placed in jeopardy. The catastrophe is spoken of as "the waltz of prefects."

Another legacy inherited by the French Republic from previous forms of government is the unique power exercised by the police, and in particular by the Paris *Préfet de Police*. This was taken over from the Second Empire when the Third Republic succeeded it. Louis Napoleon relied, as is well known, upon the elaborate system of police vested with enormous powers, which he instituted, for the security of his régime. The notorious police of Maupas is a by-word for police despotism. The government of Thiers and the Versaillais, which came to power through anti-revolutionary repression, could not contemplate a reduction in the power of the police. Like many "war emergency" measures which have continued in force to this day, the notorious police organization devised to defend the imperial usurper has been perpetuated for similar purposes by the Republic.

The Paris *Préfet de Police* is a potentate whose jurisdiction extends far beyond what his title conveys to foreign ears. He is in fact the mayor of Paris. His incidental duties include the lighting and cleaning of the streets, the water supply, the control of commerce, the licensing of business enterprises, the issuing of passports, and he is head of the fire-department—all *pompiers*, who are armed with rifles and bayonets and are counted as soldiers, being under his command. Even the churches are subject to his decisions; the prohibition to hold services in the open air, for example, being purely a police regulation, that is, a *pronunciamento* of the Prefect of Police. In addition, he exercises control over the famous Second Bureau, which corresponds to what is called in England the Secret Service.

The Prefect of Police thus discharges functions which, in America, are the resort of the Mayor, the City Council, and of a number of State and Federal departments. The enormous powers with which he is invested, both as regards the disposal of an armed force which, greatly increased of late years, constitutes a veritable army, and through the possession of the *dossiers* of reports of the secret police which bestow upon him a lien on almost every political reputation in France, make the Prefect of Police one of the most formidable officials in the country. His appointment depends upon the Minister of the Interior, and the Prefect is nominally under his orders; but for obvious reasons, the office is so secure as to be practically permanent and independent of changes of ministry. Far from his power being subordinate to that of the minister, the Prefect of Police is, on the contrary, in a position to exercise a weighty influence upon the government, and to act, should he be so minded, as a sort of king-maker. Such is the latitude of his powers that in the exercise of them he is practically above the law. For instance, the practice of "preventive arrests," that is, the arrest of persons suspected of seditious intentions before their acts have furnished a ground for such action, which was introduced and extensively used by Prefect Chiappe, is wholly illegal.

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In February last the bold action of M. Frot, the Minister of the Interior, in dismissing the Prefect of Police, M. Jean Chiappe, was the culminating act which unleashed against the government the resentment and fury of the *Action Française*, the League of Former Combatants, *Jeunesses Patriotes,* the *Croix de Feu,* Coty's *Solidarité* league, and other reactionary and Fascistic organizations, and was the chief factor in imparting to the riots of the sixth their desperate character. The act of the government was, as has since been made clear, a necessary measure of self-defence. The sympathy of Prefect Chiappe with the Fascistic organizations was and is undisguised.

In the Fascistic disorders which preceded the riots of the sixth, the interference of the police was merely nominal, and Chiappe's instructions to them that it should be so have been made public. There is every ground for believing that M. Chiappe acted, and is acting, as a liaison leader between the various Fascist leagues and as the means of combining their action on a united front. In the circumstances, the government and the Chamber could not rely upon the Prefect of Police for its material defence against the attack of the Fascistic leagues, whose avowed intention was to seize the Chamber, the Ministry of the Interior, and the Elysée Palace, and to "throw the government into the Seine." Even after having dismissed Prefect Chiappe, the government did not trust for its defence to the police troops trained by him. There were only some fifty *agents de police* on the night of February 6 at the head of the Concorde bridge. Resistance to the Fascistic rioters had to be entrusted to *Gardes Mobiles,* a formidably equipped troop established in 1927 and recruited mostly from Breton peasants, to *Gardes Républicaines*, and regular troops, among which were some colonial battalions, which were held in reserve.

Although the putsch of February 6 did not attain its topographical objectives, it largely succeeded in its essential objects. The "radical" government was overthrown, and, under the name of "Union Nationale," a government of a quite different character was set up. The unusual step was taken of calling upon a personality outside the Chamber to form it, ex-President Doumergue, a gentleman whose reputation for integrity, greatly inflated for the occasion, and whose permanent smile, inspired confidence. The dominating figure of the government is, however, a gentleman with a very doubtful reputation for integrity, who has long been connected with a series of extremely shady financial transactions, whose name figures upon the butts of the Stavisky check-book, who was referred to by Jaurès more than twenty years ago as "one of the disgraces of France," and who is noted as the most zealous advocate of Fascism. I refer to M. Tardieu. The first act of the government was to obtain a sanction to enact financial measures by arbitrary decrees, *décrets-lois,* and to adjourn the Chamber.

IV

M. Doumergue had at first declared that he would accept the task on condition only that the President would use his prerogative of dissolving the Chamber. He further gave it as his opinion that what was called for was a thoroughgoing revision of the Constitution. A parliamentary commission was in fact appointed, under the presidency of M. Marchandeau, to make recommendations with a view to such a revision.

Those recommendations, which are being prepared by the commission are, ac-

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cording to the *Temps,* practically an embodiment of the views expressed in books, articles, and speeches by M. Tardieu. An electoral reform is first proposed. The Third Republic has already changed its electoral laws nine times, it being usual for "right" parties to change the electoral law when they suppose it to be favorable to their opponents of the "left," and vice versa. The present radical Chamber was elected on the electoral law of 1927, which is practically identical with that of England and America, that is, based upon a single member list—*scrutin d'arrondissement.* The parties of the right have usually favored general electoral lists drawn up by representatives of the mayor, municipal council, and prefect—*scrutin de liste,* which afforded brilliant results for the "right" parties at the time of General Boulanger. The plan at present proposed is to revert to election by ticket, abolish the second ballot, thus rendering bare majorities valid, and strictly to eschew proportional representation.

The commission is further putting forward a proposal which, if adopted, will drastically curtail the power of the Chamber. According to the suggested law, the Chamber would be asked to vote the supplies before any announcement or discussion of their proposed allocation. Those drastically anti-democratic measures are, of course, wrapped, like the Fascist Austrian constitution of Chancellor Dollfuss, in edifying language. "Let it not be supposed," writes the *Temps,* the organ of M. Tardieu and the *Comité des Forges,* "that there is any question of curtailing the prerogatives of the Chamber. On the contrary, since the suppression of its initiative frees it from a veritable burden of responsibility, and from a pressure which is at times intolerable, the law will increase its prestige, and make the deputy no longer the mandatory of private interests, but the representative of the nation and public weal."

Further, and this is emphasized as the essential measure of reform, it is proposed to establish as a regular practice the right of dissolution of the legislative Chamber, without consultation with the Senate, and without appeal.

As will be seen, the present French government, which was established as the outcome of the Fascist putsch of February 6, and which is now governing by arbitrary *décrets-lois,* is now openly proposing the Fascisation of French democracy. The charge has been so far loudly and elaborately repudiated. While the various organizations which have overthrown the Chautemps radical-democratic government and brought into power M. Tardieu are parading in Hitlerite uniforms before French generals, giving the Fascist salute, and the new Prefect of Police, M. Guichard, issues printed instructions to his forces to coöperate with the Camelots du Roi, and suggests that they should be regarded as "auxiliary police," the official organs of the government are devoting a good deal of dialectic to demonstrating that they are not Fascists, and that the real Fascists are—the Communists and Socialists.

Those Fascistic tendencies are not so much directed against the Communist organizations, which are very strong among the workers of Paris and industrial districts, as against the "left" radical, or social-democratic parties, which at present constitute the majority of the French Chamber. The chief grievance against those parties, which the partisans of authoritarian government denounce as "Bolshevist," is that they favor a policy of devaluation of the franc, and, like their leader, M. Herriot, the acknowledgment of the American debt. Under present con-

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ditions of increasing economic stress, those policies, which would normally be reconcilable with the protection of dominant financial interests, impose upon them a sacrifice too heavy not to be resisted by every available means.

There is significant irony in the fact that the loudest denunciations of the French constitution do not come from radical, but from the most traditional conservative quarters. The prescriptively senile Senate has spontaneously come forward as the zealous champion of constitutional reform. The chairman of the commission which it has appointed to report on the subject, M. Henry Béranger, does not mince words. He charges that the French constitution is "worm-eaten" and suffering from "arteriosclerosis," and declares that "when conservatism regards reform as spelling danger, the death of the régime cannot be far distant." The venerable aged reformists of the Luxembourg palace are telling the country that its choice lies between "revision or revolution." The champions and defenders of the constitution are the radicals, Socialists, and republicans.

No country in the world is more democratic in spirit than France. In no country are the doctrines of Fascism viewed by the traditional disposition of the people in general with more horror. Yet if Fascism is not established in name, the character of its government and constitution is undoubtedly becoming more and more Fascistic in fact. Time was when adequate defence of vital economic interests could be satisfactorily effected by the method of democratic parliamentarism. But that defence now involves measures of radical "economy" which can only be effected, while at the same time safeguarding those vital financial interests, by "sacrifices" on the part of the wage-earning and salaried classes. The opposition which such measures arouse can be met only by an increasing exercise of "authority" on the part of democratic governments.

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WALT WHITMAN IN RUSSIA

BY ALBERT PARRY

In 1918 a poem by Walt Whitman, extolling struggle, was translated into the Russian and published as a broadside by a local Soviet propaganda outfit in the small town of Totma, in Northern Russia. At about that time Red troops were passing through the town on their way to the Archangel front, to fight the White Russians and the American expeditionary force. The Whitman poem was distributed among the Red soldiers to inspire them in their stand against the invading compatriots of the Good Gray Poet.

In 1920, in Kislovodsk, a spa of the Northern Caucasus, I was in the midst of an immense crowd of convalescent Red soldiers who wildly cheered the recital, by a Moscow poet, of another poem of Whitman's, the unforgettable "Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!," also in a Russian translation. This translation was done by Korney Chukovsky, a pioneer booster for Whitman in Russia. In my opinion it remains the best translation with which the Russians have so far honored the American poet. Certainly, it was the most popular bit of Walt's poetry in the Russia of 1917 and after.

In 1922 translations of other Whitman poems were issued by the poets and propagandists of Baku, doubtless to instill pride of their oil-fields, their derricks, their machinery, into the local workers, and to spur them on to the reconstruction of the then moribund Russian oil industry. At about the same time, in Petrograd, university students formed a literary society in honor of Whitman; and so closely did they follow his ideas and rhythms that they were known as the Whitmanians. All over Russia, Whitman's poetry was translated again and afresh, read, declaimed, imitated, quoted in conversation and the press; Whitman was appraised and lauded in a number of lectures, debates, articles. His "Europe" was made into a play and produced on the stage of the Palace of Proletarian Culture. By the middle nineteen-twenties, the influence of Walt Whitman could be definitely traced in the work of a score of recognized Soviet poets, and how proud they were to affirm their debt to the American!

And yet, only in the beginning of the century, Chukovsky's efforts in behalf of Whitman had been ridiculed by some of the best minds among the Russian intelligentzia. Editors refused to print his translations, though they would print almost anything else he submitted, and finally he began to smuggle Walt's work into the Russian magazines by shortening and rhyming it, an achievement of which he is now duly regretful. When occasionally he succeeded in printing unemasculated versions of Whitman, he was jeered, and one Russian journal went so far as to print an article accusing him of a hoax. The journal declared that there never

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had been such a poet as Whitman. The first line of the article read: "Chukovsky invented Walt Whitman."

Not that Chukovsky was the first Russian man of letters to notice Whitman. There had been other admirers, commentators and critics among the Russian literati, but at best they had been half-hearted or misleading, or they had talked about him not to their compatriots, standing so sorely in need of enlightenment on Whitman, but to foreigners who already knew him.

No less a man than Turgenev was one of the first Russian connoisseurs to sample and praise Whitman's poetry. In November of 1872, while in Paris, he decided to halt his "A Sportsman's Sketches," and instead to devote his time to the study and translation of "Leaves of Grass." He wrote to P. V. Annenkov, a friend and editor in Russia, that Whitman was "an amazing American poet," and that "one cannot imagine anything more striking." He remarked that he was sending to another Russian editor a few of his translations, together with a brief preface, and Annenkov jealously asked for some of these verses, but in less than a month Turgenev wrote that his illness had interfered with his enthusiasm for Whitman's poetry: "My translations of Whitman have also been stranded on the sand bank, and therefore I cannot as yet send you anything."

A few more months passed, and to an American interviewer Turgenev wearily confessed that his interest in Whitman had somewhat cooled, that now he found in "Leaves of Grass" no more than "some good grain amid a great deal of chaff." To this day, no translations of Whitman's lyrics by Turgenev have come to light, nor has there been any trace of the prefatory article on Walt mentioned by Turgenev in his letter of 1872. The Russian forms, "I am sending" and "I am doing" are notoriously ambiguous; they may refer to something being actually sent or done, or they may signify only the writer's or speaker's intention to send or do. Turgenev, for all his brief but flaming interest in the "Leaves," may never have translated a line of Whitman's.

This is not perhaps a matter for the keenest regret. Had Turgenev actually made any translations, and had they been published in Russia, they would have been of little immediate value to Whitman, as the soft-stepping Turgenev would probably have transformed the thunder and full-blooded lines of Walt into a sort of oversweetened pink tea. Nevertheless, as Chukovsky rightly remarks, it would have aroused the Russian poets if not the Russian readers. The poets would have been fascinated and thrilled by Whitman, they would have studied and recognized him, and they would have come under his influence decades before the revolution of 1917.

II

All through the second half of the last century and well into the Twentieth, Walt's few admirers felt that, to be successfully introduced into Russia, he needed the backing of some Russian literary idol. Where Turgenev had failed, they hoped for Tolstoy's intervention. They started by the most incongruous likening of the American to the Russian. In 1892 a Russian magazine published an obituary of Whitman under the heading: "The American Tolstoy." But Tolstoy remained silent. The few Whitmanians in Russia then used the derivative method of attack: Tolstoy admired Edward Carpenter, and Carpenter admired Whitman, therefore, they argued, all the numerous Russian followers of Tolstoy must also follow

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Whitman. Again, Ernest Crosby was a follower of Tolstoy and found many points of similarity between Tolstoy and Whitman; he also wrote poetry in the Whitman style: therefore Whitman really had a Tolstoyan endorsement.

At length, in the same nineties, Tolstoy unburdened himself on the subject of Whitman. He was far from complimentary and endorsing. He said that Whitman's chief failing was that, despite his great enthusiasm, he had no clear philosophy of life. Tolstoy was displeased with the American poet. He made this statement to his English Boswell, Aylmer Maude, and it was first published in the English-speaking countries. Not until 1908 was Tolstoy's displeasure translated into the Russian and published in St. Petersburg. As a matter of fact, there was nothing strange in Tolstoy's condemnation of Walt. Only naïve optimists could hope for a harmony of the American's hearty rebellion with the Russian's non-resisting piety.

In the first decade of the present century, the need for Whitman's recognition by the Russian public, according to the handful of his faithful in St. Petersburg and Moscow, had become urgent. In 1906, in the Moscow *Vessi* (the Scales), Chukovsky exclaimed: "It is time for Whitman to become a Russian poet. He is on the way to us—to our parlors, our auditoriums, our books. In our souls he has been for a long time and steadfastly, but in our books he visits for a minute only." The *Vessi* being no Russian *Atlantic Monthly*, but rather a way-station from the London *Yellow Book* to our own *Hound and Horn*, Chukovsky's plea was neither heard nor heeded by the mightier arbiters of Russian letters. His endorsement meant little, because he was only a critic, his creative writing being negligible in quantity and indifferent in quality. The Russians traditionally heed only those critics who are also creators in their own right; there have been only two exceptions to this rule—Vissarion Belinsky and Apollon Grigoriev.

Consider the case of another Whitman booster in those far-off days, one Konstantin Balmont. He is still alive, in obscure West European exile. He has always been a fussy and self-admiring symbolist, but in the first years of the present century he was extremely fashionable. He thought of himself as the equal of Pushkin and Lermontov, and a number of Russians agreed with him. Balmont decided that, backed by his own rapidly swelling prestige, Whitman might at last get a hearing in Russia.

So in the fall of 1903 he started on his ambitious project of translating not separate poems but whole sections of the "Leaves." He worked at it on the Baltic seashore, and his inspiration came mostly in what he termed the enchanted hours of late Northern mornings and evenings. He finished his translation in the fall of 1905, in Moscow, to the accompaniment of gunfire between the revolutionaries and the Czar's soldiers. In the quiet of the Baltic shore as well as amid the fury of Moscow, Whitman's voice was nothing but mystic muttering to Balmont, with a slight and safe democratic undertone. He wrote and published explanatory articles on Whitman. How helpful they were to a proper understanding of the American poet by Russian readers may be judged from the following passages:

> If Edgar Poe is my soul's travel from the Southern smiles toward the North, from flowers and kisses toward the crystals of ice, Walt Whitman is the opposite movement. From sorrows and doubts he comes to a positive beginning. Through him, my soul,

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gradually freeing itself from the heart's fanaticism, from my ardent fealty to the individual events of my individual life, enters the ocean of Universality and, having merged all the instruments into a thunderous organ, sings abandonedly: "Hosanna!"

Walt Whitman is the South Pole. In the regions of the South Pole there are also many of those ice-fields, which are already known to us, for the journey toward the North Pole we have undertaken many times. But there is also much of the unexplored and the unexpected. At the South Pole, it is well known, there are warm Mediterranean seas, which as yet have not been navigated by anyone, also islands with flowers and fruits, which are like and yet unlike our own flowers and fruits. Through the ceaseless symbolization of all, that for a moment appears in the current of life, through the falling of all the individual streams into one cosmic Ocean, Whitman, many and many times, victoriously approaches the cosmic affirmation of I, who, having looked into a mirror, has gone away from it, approaches the Existence of the Confirmed, which externally spends itself without losing a single of its drops—and perhaps losing but in an unregrettable way. . . .

Plainly, Balmont's advocacy of Whitman's poetry did the American's cause more harm than good. His translations of the "Leaves" turned out to be full of sickly, coquettish, æsthetic jabberwock. There was a lot of Balmont in them, but very little Whitman. The job done, Balmont settled back and waited for the plaudits, but Chukovsky irefully rose to announce that Balmont had wasted his rapturous breath, that he had misrepresented Walt, and besides: "Positively, Balmont does not feel the language from which he translates."

The common gossip soon was that Balmont did not know English well enough to read and translate it, that his wife did the job by translating Whitman into Russian prose which Balmont then proceeded to versify. The resulting lapses were often ludicrous. The famous lilac-bush in Whitman's door-yard became a "lily-bush" in the Balmont version. Whitman's panegyric to women, "They are ultimate in their own rights," was rendered by Balmont into "They can present an ultimatum." Walt's pioneers became, thanks to Balmont, "the first-born people." The very title, "Leaves of Grass," was transformed into "Shoots of Grass." How much Balmont knew about American letters generally can be seen from the fact that he began one of his articles thus: "In America, there were three great poets: Poe, Whitman, and Longfellow." This article was published as late as 1910, by which time Balmont had had sufficient opportunity to accept Chukovsky's criticism and to rectify his superficial way of studying American literature. It was the same Chukovsky who proved conclusively that much of Balmont's ecstatic critique of Whitman was nothing but rank plagiarism from John Addington Symonds's "Walt Whitman, a Study."

III

Balmont only added another misleading voice to the chaos of errors and misunderstanding that had already existed in Russia on the subject of Walt Whitman. The chaos was started by the very first notice of "Leaves of Grass" to appear in the Russian press. In 1861 the solid *Otechestvenniye Zapiski* (the Native Annals) called Walt's opus a *novel*. Thirty and forty years later the date of his death was variously reported by the Russians as 1892, 1895, and 1898. His biography was recited with the most fantastic details. In 1898 a writer in that most serious and reliable of old-time Russian monthlies, *Russkoye Bo-*

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gatstvo (the Russian Abundance), thus elaborated upon Walt's part in the Civil War:

> He joined a hospital detachment. Under a hail of bullets, under the whistle of grape-shot, Uitman was carrying the wounded out of the fire on his mighty moujik's shoulders, at the risk of being killed any minute . . . During the campaign, he became acquainted with Abraham Lincoln who valued Uitman as a poet.

There being no letter or sound W in the Russian language, the American's name had become variously Valt Vitman, Volt Vitmen, Vot Vitman, Uot Uitmen, and Uolt Uitman, but there were also such weird and thoroughly inexcusable versions as Uait, Guitman, Veitman, Vaitman, Uaitman, and Uaptman. In a desperate attempt at accuracy, a Russian magazine of 1908 printed Whitman's name in Latin letters, and it read: Waet Uhitman.

The problem of Whitman's personal morals had bothered pre-revolutionary Russians long before they knew his poetry, and it also led to many curious misstatements about him. In 1892, in an encyclopedia article written before Walt's death, one Zinaida Vengerova chided the American for the "naïve frankness" with which he "glorifies love between man and woman," but hastened to assure her readers that, according to the people who knew Whitman intimately, "his personal character and life are distinguished by unusual purity." The other extreme of strange information about Walt was reached in Russia in 1913 when a number of Russian magazines translated or summarized from the *Mercure de France* an article by Guillaume Apollinaire giving a sensational account of the allegedly orgiastic funeral of Walt. I cite a Russian version of this account from the Moscow *Bulleteni Literaturi i Zhizni* (the Bulletins of Literature and Life) for November, 1913:

> Uitman, secretly from his friends, had saved up a considerable sum of money . . . After his death, in accordance with his will, a great plaza was hired, usually occupied by traveling circuses. The plaza was now circled by a low fence painted green; inside of the fence three pavillions were built: one for the poet's body; another for the preparation of the popular folk dish of the Americans, made of beef and mutton; the third, for the drinks—here were placed barrels of whiskey, beer, lemonade, and water. Nearly 3500 people —men, women, and children—took part, without any invitation, in the ceremony of the burial. All this took place in Camden, State of New Jersey. Three orchestras of uniformed musicians played alternately. Here were all whom Uitman had known in his life: poets, New York journalists, political leaders from Washington, ex-soldiers, invalids of the Civil War, oyster-fishermen from the native State of the deceased man, trolley-car conductors from Bredvey, Negroes, former mistresses of the writer, also his cameradoes (the word, which Uitman had considered Spanish and with which he had defined those young men who had presented him with the delights of love, for—alas! the poet had not been a stranger to the unnatural vices), military doctors, hospital orderlies and nurses, parents of those who had been wounded or killed in the war, in short, all who had known Uitman or corresponded with him.
>
> Pederasts came to the celebration in a horde, and among them the greatest attention was drawn to a lad of twenty or twenty-two, of outstanding handsomeness. This was Peter Connely, an Irishman, a trolley-car conductor, who had been honored by Uitman's extraordinary attention. Uitman had often been seen in the company of the handsome conductor, sitting on the sidewalk and annihilating honeydew melons.
>
> Whole mountains of such melons were offered to those present at the funeral. There was no turn for the funeral ora-

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tions; everybody talked who wanted and whenever he wanted, standing on chairs and tables, several orators at once. Everybody drank immoderately. There were sixty fist-fights and fifty arrests. Many of the orators, trying to be more expressive, pounded the beer steins with their fists. Here could be also seen Uitman's numerous children with their white and black mothers. At sundown, the funeral procession started. The musicians played vulgar songs; the six pallbearers were drunk.

"The moral is plain," pathetically exclaimed another Russian magazine of the time, *Vestnik Znaniya* (the Messenger of Knowledge). "Great people are at the same time small people, little differing from us sinful!" This magazine tried to show off its knowledge of the English language: while discussing Walt's career, it called him, in English, a *self-madman*. The unintended aptness of this appellation escaped both the editors and the readers.

Quite as chaotic was the Russian idea of just wherein lay Whitman's greatness, and precisely what his message meant. To begin with, the earlier critics tried to put the blame on Walt himself. Vengerova recognized the depth of "certain parts" of his poetry but scolded him for his "general chaotic incomprehensibility of the design." A poet? Well, said the lady, you could hardly call Whitman that. His work was really not poetry but rhythmic prose. If the Russian reader did not as yet know Whitman it should not worry the reader. The facts of the case were that "Vitman's language is hard to understand for an unprepared reader," and the fault was Walt's and not the reader's. For "often one is compelled to read several pages before finding a subject or a predicate explaining the grammatical sense of the whole; the abundance of adjectives, painting the slightest shades of objects, greatly increases the complexity of phrases which are already long." Anything really good in Whitman? Oh yes, Whitman was human: "Along with the entire humanity he is old and young, lightheaded and sage."

In 1883 one N. Popov, writing in *Zagranichny Vestnik* (the Foreign Messenger) propounded a query: "Who is this Uolt Guitman?", and made the following answer: "He is the spirit of rebellion and pride, the Satan of Milton. He is Goethe's Faust, but a happier one—it seems to him that he solved life's mystery." But some thirty years later, Ilya Repin, the famous Russian painter, wrote that, far from being a proud Satan, the American poet was "God's child" and "the second son of Christianity," that Walt had discovered Christ's teachings and repeated them in his new and beautiful way. Indignantly, Repin accused "frivolous mankind" of overlooking this great and only merit of Walt's.

We have already noted Balmont's attempt to foist his own mincing æstheticism upon the broad, manly chest of Walt. Other Russian æsthetes tried much the same trick, even though in some cases their æstheticism was of a somewhat more robust brand. In 1907 Yuli Eichenwald published in *Russkaya Misl* (the Russian Thought) an article in which he called Whitman's creative strain an artistic Niagara and "an impetuosity of overwhelming words," while Whitman himself was "the most unrestrained man in the world . . . Intoxicated by the reality . . . the drunken host of the universe, he walks along the street of the world and yells genius-like." The main difference between us and Whitman, says the critic, is this: we are children and our way of contemplating the world is childish and obeying, while Whitman is a father. "He

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has forgotten that he himself was born; he does not turn back, and he, father, *pater,* sovereignly applies to the daughter-life his *patria potestas.* Much-conceiving, he walks upon the earth, and out of his broad stride there rise the luxurious shoots of life, the shoots of human grass."

Some Russians said that Walt was nothing but a pantheist, others that he was nothing but a democrat, still others that he was a pantheistic democrat or a democratic pantheist. In 1913 in *Bulleteni Literaturi i Zhizni,* an anonymous writer praised Walt chiefly for "that almost inhuman ecstasy with which he transformed democracy into a cosmic, universal force —into a new sun of new skies." He asserted:

> Such a cosmic-grandiose soul has as yet been unknown in the world's poetry. . . . The millions of equal hearts transport him into an ecstasy, into a delirium. He does not know a higher exaltation than to plunge into this ocean of humanity, and drown, melt in it. There are neither better people or things nor worse—there is no hierarchy—all things, all deeds, all emotions are equal and of equal rights—and a cow dully chewing her cud is as beautiful as Venus of Milo; a leaf of grass is no smaller than the ways of the sky's planets, and the soul is no greater than the body, and the body no greater than the soul, and we have not as yet prayed to the bedbug and to manure as they deserve it; they deserve our prayers as much as the veriest *sanctum sanctorum.* All are godlike and all are equal.

The Russians loved this idea of praying to the bedbugs and manure, mainly for the touching humility of it. Their own philosophers had long been preaching much the same thing. Stressing Walt's mystic pantheism, Chukovsky found many striking points of similarity between Whitman's work and Rosanov's philosophy. Vassily Rosanov (1856-1919), a unique writer of some genius, insisted that soul was sex, that all religion sprang from sex, that genius itself was naught but the sexual blooming of the soul, and that conception was the chief mystic act of life. Yet, curiously enough, Rosanov was a confirmed reactionary in politics, while Whitman was deemed by many Europeans a red-hot revolutionary. Chukovsky, stressing Whitman's red color, failed to note this point of difference between Walt and Rosanov.

IV

But how red was Whitman? This was another point of contention between the various factions of his Russian admirers. In Balmont's interpretation, for instance, Walt's fiery democracy turned out to be a namby-pamby sort of thing. He said:

> He [Whitman] is the Poet of the Present and the Future. He is a part, and a great part, which rapidly comes to us, which is already becoming our present. The idealized Democracy. The victorious procession of Humanity in the task of conquering the Planet. It is coming, it will come, and Whitman had shouted to us about it.

Early in his worship of the American, Chukovsky wrathfully questioned the editors and the readers: How dared Balmont? What was this talk of Balmont's about Whitman's namby-pamby democracy? Whitman was much more than that, he said; he was the singer of the barricade, with a specific message to the awakening masses of Russia.

In 1905, in an ephemeral satirical magazine, *Signàl* (the Signal), Chukovsky printed his translation of the reddest lines he could find in the Gray Poet's "Pioneers! O Pioneers!" Expressly for this act, Chukovsky was promptly tried by the Czar's courts. Six years later, a Moscow

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court ordered the destruction of a book of Walt Whitman's poetry as translated, not by Balmont, but this same unruly Chukovsky.

But even before Chukovsky came upon the scene, the American poet was looked upon with suspicion by the Czar's censors and police. Articles on Whitman, expounding his rebellious phases, had been censored by the Russian authorities as early as the eighties. Of such, Popov's article in *Zagranichny Vestnik* was especially butchered. The Czar's were, in fact, not the only police in Europe that could not stomach Walt's redness. In 1922 a new translation of "Leaves of Grass" into the Hungarian was confiscated by the Budapest police as soon as the book was displayed in the bookstores.

Even those Russians who agreed on Walt's redness flew into each other's faces when they tried to classify him as to his party or ism allegiance. In 1909, in *Sovremenny Mir* (the Modern World), an influential radical monthly, one M. Nevedomsky asserted that Walt was an anarcho-Socialist. In the same year Maxim Gorky wrote that Walt, having begun with individualism, had eventually reached Socialism. Chukovsky denied both assertions.

According to him, Whitman was an individualistic rebel from beginning to end, and Socialism to him would have been a strange phenomenon. Anatole Lunacharsky, the late Soviet commissar of education, tried to solve the exact shade of Walt's radicalism in the following profound but vague observations:

> Man is immortal. Only the individual is mortal. Whoever does not understand this —does not understand Uitmen. Victory over the individual is mankind's triumph. . . . Democracies, which we could observe till now, have been individualistic. The power and the grandiose beauty of Uitmenism were in the principle opposite to such a democracy—they were in Communism, in collectivism.

With the revolution of 1917 came Walt's heyday in Russia. The spade work done in his behalf, over a period of years, by Chukovsky and other admirers was not in vain. After 1917, when the Russian radicals felt all alone in the capitalist world, still fighting its imperialistic battles, it was a great consolation and inspiration to recall an ally beyond the ocean. Whitman's sweeping tempo, his broadside style, his faith in humanity, his praise of the machine—all these were peculiarly in tune with the spirit of the Russian revolution. In 1917 Professor Vladimir Friche, an outstanding Marxist, blessed Whitman in an encyclopedia article as "the singer of equal value and equal rights of men, of international solidarity," who "sang the big city, the hurly-burly of its streets, the ceaseless labor of machines, the working people and the folk mass, the busy life of an industrial-democratic society." With the advent of the Soviets, Chukovsky applied himself to the task of re-translating Whitman, for he now regarded his own old translations as too timid. The Soviet-published "Leaves of Grass" quickly became a best seller. A copy of Chukovsky's translations of the "Leaves", which has reached me recently in New York, was published in Moscow in 1923 and marked as the sixth edition. I hear that, in the ten years since then, there have been many more editions of Walt's poetry in Russia.

Walt Whitman is now famous in Russia not as a mystic but as a revolutionary. He is now imitated by such class-conscious poets as Alexey Gastev in his "Poesy of the Working Blow," and a host of other young Communists or Communist sympathizers.

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THE STATE OF THE UNION

THE TEACHERS' UNION

By Gertrude Diamant

New York City

On June 8, 1934, 1500 teachers employed in the public schools of New York City gathered at a call of the Teachers' Union to protest the Board of Education's campaign against academic freedom, and the persecution and repression of militant teachers. In a profession notoriously unpoliticized and passive, this represented a mass turnout. The immediate occasion for the meeting was to discuss the cases of four teachers brought up on charges, and to organize plans for their defence. A unanimous vote was taken for the right of teachers to hold their own political views. Resolutions were also passed, calling for the reinstatement of all teachers brought up on charges, and condemning Superintendent Campbell's pronouncement on the ousting of teachers who hold radical views.

Not since the era of suppression during the World War, and the period of Luskism, has there been a drive against academic freedom and the rights of teachers as citizens comparable to the present. The nation-wide attack on education has expressed itself not only in retrenchment programs that bring the state of American education to a level lower than education in the poorest European countries, but also in repressive measures that amount to a reign of terror in the public schools. A spectre is haunting the schools, the spectre of radicalism. In his last annual report as Superintendent of Schools, Dr. O'Shea said:

> The radical group has slowly grown in number by the accession of young teachers of like temperament, who find in the destruction of established customs and principles, keen satisfaction. . . . No teacher who ardently holds an extreme view can avoid injecting it into his teaching. A sneer, an intonation of voice, an imperceptible gesture, a one-sided presentation, will carry their meaning to the impressionable children in the class.

Answering an inquiry about the case of a teacher under charges, the Board of Superintendents went on record to the effect that:

> There rests upon every teacher in the employ of the Board of Education a duty to defend the Board against unfounded, wild and reckless statements . . . [The teacher] made no protest against these statements. Quite the contrary. She joined in a denunciation of the Board of Education, and she urged the audience to take part in mass action against the Board. Her failure to protest, and her attacks upon the Board, were acts of disloyalty to the educational system. The Board of Education may not be subjected to attacks by one of its employés.

According to these statements every teacher must watch her facial expressions while teaching, lest an unconscious lift of the eyebrow or curve of the lips give her lessons a profound Marxian twist. And any teacher—as pointed out by the American Civil Liberties Union—who was ever present at a meeting during the last mayoralty campaign, when LaGuardia commented unfavorably on the administration of city departments (including education) was guilty of disloyalty, and deserving of punishment.

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Teachers who demand their rights, according to Dr. Schlockow, district superintendent, are "a dissentious minority, deficient in good manners and in temperateness of speech," and seeking "to inject into the schools, among other things, the Marxian class struggle." To achieve this, the group "foments dissension among different service groups, and attempts to erect an artificial barrier between supervisors and teachers,—the horrible oppressors and the innocent victims—a ludicrous analogue of the economic class distinction between capitalist and proletarian."

On the ostensible charges of incompetence, lack of coöperation, disloyalty to the principal, etc., teachers have been persecuted for activity on salary committees, organization work among unemployed teachers, defending the rights of victimized colleagues, and rousing public opinion against the inhuman conditions of crowding in the schools. The academic peonage of teachers was recently illustrated in a vivid form by the case of two substitutes in Brooklyn. "They should not," said Dr. O'Shea, "have gone out parading through the street and arousing the ire of people against their employers." When reminded that parades are an American institution, Dr. O'Shea replied: "Not for teachers."

This drive against academic freedom is opposed by the Teachers' Union with a campaign that seeks to educate teachers about their rights, to train them away from their time-honored passivity, and to promote such legislation and amendments to the Board of Education's by-laws as will raise the status of teachers to that of all free-born American citizens. The Union raises the question: Are teachers citizens? And it points out that according to the proposed Moffat Charter Revision Bill (recently defeated) they are not. This bill would have provided that:

> No officer or employé of the city . . . appointed from the classified service and not in the exempt class . . . shall make any subscription or contribution to any political party committee or organization . . . No such employé shall serve as a member of a committee of any such organization, or take part in a political campaign . . . or act as a worker in favor of or in opposition to any candidate for public office, party nomination, or party position.

At a meeting of its Delegate Assembly in May, 1933, the Union attacked the whole procedure by which a teacher's case is tried, and passed resolutions calling for a complete revision of the rulings that now govern a teacher's hearing. Under the present regulations the hearing is held behind closed doors. The teacher is denied both the right of friendly help, and the right of counsel, and may not have a stenographer of his own choosing present to take an accurate and impartial record of his trial. He is subjected to a form of inquisition that has no parallel in American public institutions. The Union demands that henceforth teachers receive a statement in writing of the purpose of the hearing, and a stay of one week in which to prepare a defence; that they be permitted advice of counsel, and the right, if they so desire, to have their own stenographer present to make a transcript of the proceedings; and that all hearings be public, and limited to the discussion of the charges preferred. In the Feld Bill, which was introduced in the State Legislature in March, 1933, but which failed of adoption, the Union also attempted to secure for teachers the right of appeal to the Supreme Court from the decision of the State Commissioner of Education, whose verdict on dismissal is now final.

Other points of attack by the Union are those provisions in the State Education Laws and the by-laws of the Board of Edu-

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cation which serve to abrogate the right of free speech. These statutes, while seeming to give ample protection to the teacher's tenure, contain two elastic clauses that may be used as a basis for intimidation and dismissal. The first of these clauses is Article 20 of the State Education Laws, calling for the removal of any teacher who is guilty of "the utterance of any treasonable word or words, or the doing of any treasonable or seditious act or acts." This is tantamount to vesting the Board of Education with powers of policing and defence, functions that pertain legally to the Federal and State authorities. In this connection the Union opposed the recently vetoed Ives Bill, which would have required an oath of loyalty from all teachers, on the ground that such an oath would become the implement for gagging the teachers and promoting a reign of terrorist espionage in the schools. Some seven hundred teachers (later branded in a New York *American* editorial as "protestants who must be Communists, enemies of social order, enemies of the country") petitioned against the passing of the bill.

The second elastic clause condemned by the Union is section 40, 2C of the Board of Education by-laws, providing that the Board shall hear and determine charges against any teacher found guilty of "conduct unbecoming his position." Because of the questionable uses to which this indefinite phrase may lend itself,—consider that at one time smoking by women teachers was considered "unbecoming conduct" —the Union demands its excision from the by-laws.

The Teachers' Union of the City of New York, organized in 1916 as Local 5 of the American Federation of Teachers, a member of the American Federation of Labor, differs from all other teacher groups in that it is the only teachers' organization affiliated with the labor movement. Its program at the time of its organization was to fight for academic freedom, for economic justice for the teacher, security of tenure and sound pension laws. During the war hysteria of 1917-1918—the period of the Union's greatest militancy—it defended those teachers dismissed from the city schools on charges of disloyalty. It has sought in the past to stand between the parents and teachers, and those business interests in the community that masquerade as cultural movements.

In 1924 the Union was the first teachers' organization to call public attention to the objectionable character of the saber-rattling and chauvinistic American Education Week program—a product jointly of the United States Bureau of Education, the National Education Association, and the American Legion. In 1926 the Union enlisted the aid of the American Federation of Labor in opposing the militaristic possibilities incorporated in the National Education Association bill for organizing a Federal Department of Education. When the National Association of Manufacturers issued an "educational program" relating to the employment of children, the Union exposed the program as a drive against the child labor laws in all progressive States. Within the last half year the Union has opposed the Brownell Bill, which would have placed New York City teachers under local control, and the Board of Alderman's Residence Ordinance, requiring residence within the city limits of all city employés. It has circulated a petition for 300,000 signatures, calling for a special session of the Legislature to provide full State aid for education. It has proposed the nationalization of banks and credits, approved the Wagner Senate bill on section 7a of the N.R.A., the Costigan-Wagner anti-lynching bill, and the Wagner-

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Lewis Unemployment Insurance Bill. A more radical bill, HR 7598, for workers' control of unemployment insurance, it approved only in principle, as a basis for social insurance.

The militancy of the Union has declined steadily since the war, and the action of its leaders seems now aimed to confuse the teachers, and to prevent a genuine defence of the schools. The present official policy of the Union is to rely on legislative lobbying to achieve its ends; but there is a strong rank and file minority that opposes the leadership, calling for a more effective program, and for militant mass action. As a result of this rank and file opposition a situation has developed within the Union that forms an interesting parallel to the supposed relationship between the Union and the Board of Education. In spite of the Union leaders' avowed insurgency toward the red-baiting campaign of the Board of Education, they have stigmatized the rank and file opposition within their own ranks as the activity of left-wing radicals, and have made rank and file members the object of their own campaign of red-baiting and victimization.

In the *Daily News* for May 30, 1934, a prominent Union official, apparently seeking to repudiate a part of the Union membership, pointed out that "possibly there are a few dozen, or even a score of teachers, who are Communists. The Unemployed Teachers' Association, and the class-room teacher groups comprise most of these left-wing people, some of whom belong to our Union. Their leaders are undoubted radicals. But all step softly in the class-room. We've no evidence that they take advantage of their position before the children." This was the same Union official who, a year ago, wrote in the *American Teacher* that "from the House of Morgan in the economic field to the Communist movement in the political field, and the immersion of the race in crime in our great cities, we have a degradation of the mind of men that is the most appalling of all possible problems in public education."

The rank and file regards the red-hysteria within the Union as a smoke-screen behind which the Union leaders are trying to hide the ineffectiveness of their recent salary fight. On April 10, 1933, the passage of the Economy Bill by the State Legislature gave the teachers a wage-cut of 8%, through the payless furlough plan. The different courses of action taken by the rank and file and the leaders during the four months of opposition that preceded the passing of the bill vividly dramatized their different policies, and exposed the leadership's logic of repeatedly accepting the lesser of two evils, and regarding this as a victory.

Before the mayoralty election, the rank and file pointed out that salary cuts were an inevitable outcome of the city's four-year agreement with the bankers. Repeated motions by the rank and file to demand the repudiation of the four-year plan were voted down, on the ground that evil as the agreement was, its repudiation might mean no checks at all—an attitude encouraging the acceptance of pay-cuts and furloughs inherent in the plan, as the lesser evil to the payless pay-day. Rank and file proposals that a delegation of teachers go to Albany, and that the Board of Estimate hold an open hearing on the budget, when parents and teachers could attend, received only vacillating and ineffectual support from the leaders. The climax of the rank and file opposition to the Economy Bill occurred on January 15, 1934, with a demonstration of six hundred teachers outside of City Hall. On this occasion the Union's legislative representative re-

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fused to permit any but his handpicked committee to gain an audience with the mayor, and emerged from the interview to tell the assembled teachers that he felt the deepest sympathy for the mayor in his financial difficulties, and believed in his sincerity, sportsmanship, and reluctance to make wage-cuts. A rank and file leader intervened and pointed out that it was not the rôle of the Union's representative to apologize for the mayor, but to protest wage-cuts unequivocally. His criticism was described by the Union leaders as "an ill-mannered outburst," "disorderly tactics," "professional behavior unworthy of the characterization," and the culprit was suspended for a year.

The divergence between the two factions represents not merely the usual differences on questions of procedure, but a fundamental divergence of aims and interests. The rank and file points out that, in a teaching body of 36,000, the Union membership comprises a group of only 2,000 teachers, 38% of whom are earning more than $3500; and that the Union therefore represents a minority group of teachers in the higher salary brackets, with special interests to protect. A telling instance of this was the Union's failure to support the Jacobi Bill, designed to eliminate the holding of multiple jobs. The avowed program of the Union, emasculated by opportunistic tactics and an apologist attitude toward the interests that the Union fights, amounts in the end to collaboration with the enemy. The fight for the reinstatement of victimized teachers has been largely a paper fight, and the Union's policy of red-baiting the militant rank and file leaders has played right into the hands of the supervisors, indirectly causing the victimization of these teachers by the Board. A leader of the Union has even gone so far as to call on a Superintendent of the Board to prosecute one of the rank and file members for "conduct unbecoming a teacher," a tactic that is tantamount, in the interpretation of the rank and file, to calling on a boss to punish a fellow-worker.

In line with the short-sighted policy of many A. F. of L. craft unions, the leaders have ignored the interests of the 10,000 unemployed teachers in the city, and of those eligibles—forming one-quarter of the total number of high school teachers—who should be regularly employed according to laws on the statute books, but who have been illegally used to fill regular vacancies, at one-half to one-quarter the usual salary. At present the Unemployed Teachers' Association, organized by one of the rank and file leaders, is appealing from a verdict of the Supreme Court reversing the Wasservogel decision, which commanded the Board of Education to fill all existing vacancies in the city schools by March 1, 1934. The Union has not only refused to support the appeal, but has indulged in sniping criticism of the Unemployed Teachers' Association for carrying on the fight. The rank and filers believe that this indifference to the younger and unemployed teachers will lead eventually to the undermining of the salary and tenure status of all teachers. They have opposed the leadership in their policy of preventing unemployed teachers from joining the Union, and have forced the Union to accept their definition that any teacher who holds a substitute's license is eligible for membership.

The rank and file has been responsible for whatever militant action the Union has engaged in. It has campaigned for a more than nominal affiliation of the Union with labor, pointing out the apathetic rôle of the Central Trades and Labor Council, with which the Union is associated, and

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forcing through the organization of Speakers' Committees to coöperate with the trade unions. It has exposed the rôle of a progressive group in the Union, as a pseudo-opposition. It has prepared the way for expanding the Union membership and making it more representative by winning a lowering of membership dues for teachers earning less than $2,000. The present slate of the rank and file is to organize mass delegations of teachers to Albany, to fight the bankers' agreement, to wage an open, active, and prompt defence of victimized teachers, to secure State aid for food and clothing for needy children, to arouse teachers to the dangers of the plan (temporarily in suspension) to pay them in city bonds at par—in effect a payment in scrip—and to support the Unemployment Insurance Bill HR 7598.

A GOVERNOR GUIDED BY DIVINATIONS

By W. D. Gillis

Boise, Idaho

There is no more glamorous date in the story of the West than 1849. It was the beginning of the greatest and the most adventurous search, in history, for virgin gold.

It was in that year that John Ross, a boy of seventeen, began the long voyage, from a New England port—around the Horn—to California. Having reached his destination, he mined for gold a short time, but neither hills nor streams would give up the hoped-for fortune. The packers were earning more gold dust than most of the miners found, so the boy turned patiently to guiding the pack-train as it transported the necessities of life—sardonically inventoried as "whiskey and flour"—to the new California towns and mining camps.

The packers were a rough, hardy group. Shaving and much washing were contrary to their customs. It was solemnly claimed that they looked upon the taking of more than two baths a year—one in the spring and another in the fall—as sure evidence of effeminacy and foppishness in the male. If the winter came early to the hills, then the second bath, they insisted, might properly be omitted.

Young Ross spent a dozen years in California—mostly as packer—then moved on to Oregon.

In the early sixties, gold was found in Idaho and shortly its Boise Basin was pouring out a rich stream of the yellow metal that was to stiffen the sagging credit of our war-strickened nation. Gold signals with an imperious hand to those who have once prospected for it, or followed its mining. So John Ross now hurried to Idaho and to the allure of its boisterous placer mining camps.

In 1864, over the Oregon Trail to Idaho from Illinois came a young woman by the name of Jeanette Hadley, who within a year after her arrival became the wife of the man whose expedition we have described. She put a stop to his wanderings at once. They built a home at the lower end of the Boise Basin, where the Boise River joins the Snake; went into cattle-raising, and Southern Idaho claimed them as residents until they died—he, not until he was eighty-seven.

I have attempted, in a few words, to tell the story of John and Jeanette Ross, not because their lives and experiences were remarkably different from those of many others of the adventuring pioneers of their day, but because we would fix your attention, for a moment, to the thought that the pioneer as he wanders

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in new and strange places seems, sometimes, to develop mystical manifestations or transmits them to the next generation.

To this pair, six children were born, and one of them was a boy who has a great belief in himself, and a belief in divinations. How he has followed them; how they have brought him as far as Governor, makes him unique, at least, in one detail.

They named this boy Charles Benjamin. He writes it—C. Ben Ross, and it is the official name of the first native-born Governor and the present executive of Idaho.

He attended the country school near Parma and went as far as the sixth grade. That section of Idaho was beginning to have reasonably well-organized schools at the time young Ross attended them, and as he attained his teens, so it was not altogether because of lack of facilities, but rather his dislike of the restraint of school, that made him leave it as soon as possible.

Sometimes, he causes considerable uneasiness for the teacher by telling the pupils not to worry about examinations and the passing of grades—that school is not all-important—he did not get through the grades, himself, and see he is their Governor—the Governor of a great State.

When Ben was a small boy there was open range for a hundred and fifty miles northward from the Ross ranch house. Along the Boise, the Snake, the Payette and the Weiser Rivers and their tributaries, was excellent grass. Almost as soon as he could straddle a horse, Ben was riding the range. He could by then read and write, so there was little objection from his father and the life of a cow-hand attracted the boy. It attracts the man.

Riding a cow-pony and politics (and the lofty places he believes the latter holds for him) are the only things which can now command his interested attention.

And these habiliments fascinate him: the high crowned Western hat—the silken neckerchief, of brilliant rainbow hues—the soft open-throated shirt—the leather vest—belt and holstered six-gun—tight-legged trousers—high-heeled boots—chaps—the heavy jingling spurs—a Montana saddle—and raw-hide quirt, and, of course, the lariat. These are the things—not golf, though many courses are close at hand—not one of the score of things most other men turn to for hobby or recreation—none of them interests him, only the cow-horse and equipment . . . and politics.

Bill Leigh rode the range with young Ross. "I heard Ben make his first long speech," said Bill. "You could have heard him at least two miles, that morning. We were on the round-up. Ben was doing the cooking that day. He could make the best sour-dough biscuits you ever ate. We had molasses, too, that morning. And the pesky yellow-jackets were just swarming over everything—especially the molasses. Ben had put a lot of it on a half of one of those biscuits, brushed off and picked out all the yellow-jackets—as he thought, and hastily crowded it into his mouth. But Ben had overlooked one of those jackets. As he closed his mouth it drove its stinger deep into his tongue. He's never made a louder, more forceful speech since, than that one. No puncher ever spoke more exhaustively about the ancestry and antecedents of yellow-jackets, and the curses he wished to visit upon them, than did Ben. Now, he hopped around holding his tongue, now, turned it loose, so he could let out a louder yell."

Ross was not more than seventeen when he began to tell the neighbor boys, who rode with him, that he was to be Governor of Idaho some day. Of course, they hooted in derision.

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Continuously and concentratedly he wanted the office of Governor of this State. He attained it. But in doing so it seems never to have occurred to him that he should study the problems of government and be prepared to be a better Governor. It seems never to have occurred to him that he might learn much from books about government. Books do not now and never have interested him. He knows nothing about the theory of government, or of political science, economics or history—from books. He reads very little save the newspapers.

However, he recently announced a discovery of his, in reference to the Egyptian pyramids. He said they were built to relieve a local unemployment situation by giving the boys good jobs.

His practical experience with government and its administration has been more extensive. From 1915 to 1921, he was county commissioner of the politically radical county of Canyon. Three commissioners govern a county under Idaho law. Then he moved to the city of Pocatello on the other side of the State. Within two years, he was back in an executive office—this time as mayor of his newly adopted city. For eight years he served as mayor.

He made no outstanding record either as county commissioner or as mayor. He made no particular effort to save the inarticulate tax-payer's money or to give government a quality above the popular average. As mayor, he satisfied the so-called better element and also the fairly large population of gamblers and bootleggers. He is now completing his second term—four years—as Governor.

So it will be noted, that for twenty years, continuously, with only a break of two years, while he moved from the western to the eastern side of the State—through at least twelve of the twenty of Republican rule—this Democrat has kept himself in executive office.

But during all those first sixteen years he wanted to be Governor and during all those years he worked and sacrificed greatly to attain this office he so greatly desired. Success has built a tremendous egoism for him. But he has had to pay. He does not have an intimate friend—not a friend upon whose desk he can put his feet in relaxation.

There is one other, besides himself, in whom he has absorbing confidence. It was more than twenty years ago that a woman began to advise him and foretell his future. She is a clairvoyant.

She looks to be about fifty-five. She is neat in appearance—almost prim. She speaks highly of her own abilities in the field of the occult. She says the medical world is jealous of her abilities in a field which she terms "snatching from the beyond." She modestly asserts she can bring "back from the grave" nearly anyone, if she can only get to them before the "silver cord" is snapped or stretched out too far. She says this "silver cord" may be plainly seen (we assume by her) at times of illness, stretching out, sometimes from the top, sometimes from the back, of the patient's head. The "silver cord" apparently has only a limited elasticity. It may not be pulled out too far. A ten-foot pull she can handle easily, but let the cord be pulled out twenty feet before she gets to the person—that makes a hard fight for her—sometimes a losing battle.

According to her, all have a guardian angel in the spirit land. Someone who has passed on. This guardian protects and directs the life of its ward. Governor Ross has Abraham Lincoln as guardian angel.

But it is in securing information as to the future—directions as to what he should do—for reports as to what will happen

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—that the Governor most frequently consults his old necromancer friend.

Her technic in producing this does not differ greatly from that reported of the priestess, soothsayer and seeress of ancient days. Twenty-five centuries ago the oracle of Apollo at Delphi sat on a three-legged stool over the chasm in the mountain-side, and over the sulphurous fumes, underwent some ecstatic frenzy and then told the Athenian admirals and the Lydian monarchs what would happen to the fleet —and the effects of fording rivers—other than getting their feet wet. These Idaho divinations lack the beautiful settings (ordinances and police departments cramp the style today), but otherwise they differ little from the older ones.

We are told that when the Governor tells his cabinet or a board that he wishes to "sleep on a problem" it means he wishes to consult his oracle.

But then the Governor cares little for sleep. He works not less than fourteen hours each day. His industry is enormous. He personally hired every stenographer, every employé (except a few in the offices of the constitutional officers) of the immense personnel of the State government. He uses even the Federal relief work to build his machine. The State Administrator sent this to all the foremen appointees: "On the recommendation of Governor Ross I am pleased to designate you as a foreman in the employ of the State Civil Works Administration for your county." Ross has built a truly remarkable personal machine. It is his, alone. But he trusts no member of it. He distrusts experts. He fears his inferiors. Almost to a man, every leader or man of prominence in his own party hates and fears him. As Governor he is the head of many boards and commissions, but he dislikes board work. It apparently bores him. Questions of finance and taxation fill him with impatience or a far-away look comes to his eyes. He gives no attention to the legislature, when it is in session, except when his remarkable mental agility suddenly seizes upon some action of theirs which he can make redound to his personal political benefit.

He has attacked the N. R. A., C. W. A., E. R. A., Wallace, Farley, Johnson and most of the other Cabinet members. Even the President has not escaped.

No Governor probably ever received a more scorching letter than did this Governor, last September, from Ickes, when Ross criticized the Department of the Interior and its Commissioner, and his manner of handling certain projects. The letter fairly blistered, sizzled and smoked. The Governor just laughed and declared his mandate came from the people—that the common people elected him—and he is indifferent to all the howls of the boys who think themselves to be statesmen.

Ross knows with canny Scotch certainty how large a percentage of us favor those who pander to our selfishness. He has found moratoriums useful instruments by which he may show friendship for the farmers. The farmers are a majority in Idaho. Here is a typical little talk of the Governor to a group from that majority:

> I want to say to you folks. I want to talk to you about agriculture because that is a thing that is dear to my heart. I expect it always will be. Now, I told my legislature, last winter I wanted them to give me the right to issue moratoriums, and they did. There is talk of running a lawyer against me. And there are several Republicans, who are lawyers, who want to be Governor.
>
> Now, you farmers, who have mortgages on your farms, know what I have done for you with that moratorium. Two or three courts have declared my moratoriums were unconstitutional but that hasn't made any difference to me. I've kept right

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on issuing moratoriums. Every sixty days I've issued a new one. And I'm still doing it. Do you think a lawyer, if he had been your Governor would have done that, and kept them from foreclosing the mortgage —kept them from taking your farms?

No, sir-ee! All the lawyers say I'm wrong.

He is constantly travelling over the State. He is making speeches for himself all the time. Other office-seekers make speeches during what they call "the campaign"—a period of sixty or ninety days. But Ross speaks on every occasion offered.

He is, as has been said, completing his second term as Governor. He announced almost a year ago that he will seek a third term. This is forbidden by the unwritten law of the State. His Republican opponent has not yet been selected by the primary, nor has the more bitter opponent in his own party yet been eliminated. So the campaign in which he takes peculiar delight is not yet begun. But he is making speeches. He delights in displaying his resourcefulness as a speaker.

Over in the southwestern end of the State the denomination of the Nazarenes have a college. It happened, at the time of the gubernatorial campaign of two years ago they were dedicating a splendid new building. All the friends of the college had gathered from all the Northwest. They invited Governor Ross and his Republican opponent to deliver addresses.

The Republican candidate is a cultured man. He has written several books and went thoroughly prepared as he thought. He had an inspirational patriotic address, finished in every detail, carefully adapted to his audience. The latter was a large and attentive one. The address was received with much applause and apparently gave great pleasure.

Then came the Governor's turn. Upon the wall where it could be seen by the audience, hung a framed Bible text: "Seek Ye First the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness." Pointing to it Ross declared, solemnly and slowly: "I repeat those words every night just before I go to bed." He paused an impressive moment and then began again: "My friends, what we need is not more patriotism, but more God." In no time there was a thunder of "amens" coming from that audience.

Some ten days later, the Governor and his Republican opponent happened to meet again, this time in a large group of mutual acquaintances, in the lobby of a hotel, on the other side of the State. There he told with much gusto how he had "put it over" on his opponent. He said: "He had made a good speech and I saw it was 'agoing' to take desperate measures to beat him. I threw the speech away I had intended to make. I preached them a sermon. I got all het up. I just climbed right over into the Manger, with the Baby. And before I got through I certainly had them yelling amens and hallelujahs."

The election returns showed that community voted almost solidly for Ross.

You wonder why, after having had the office twice, he should desire it a third time against an unwritten rule as old as the State.

He frankly tells his plans. He will, he says, be elected Governor a third time—then he will defeat the veteran, William E. Borah, for his seat in the United States Senate. Following that he will be elected President of the United States of America. How does he know this? His sibyl has spoken. She has told him these offices await him. He thoroughly believes the divinations cannot be mistaken.

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Modern American Prose

MODERN AMERICAN PROSE, edited by Carl Van Doren. $2.75. 6 x 8¾; 939 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

THIS is an anthology of American prose during the last twenty years. Mr. Van Doren "has chosen to deal with imaginative rather than with argumentative literature, with works of art rather than with documents," and he has tried "to demand of the examples offered only that they be truthful, beautiful, alive." The selections include almost every branch of prose writing, except mere journalism. Altogether, sixty authors are represented, and among them are Sherwood Anderson, Mary Austin, Carl Becker, Thomas Beer, Van Wyck Brooks, Cabell, Cather, Dreiser, Faulkner, Hemingway, Lardner, Sinclair Lewis, Sandburg, Santayana, Gertrude Stein, Edith Wharton, Thornton Wilder, Thomas Wolfe, and Elinor Wylie. Near the end of the volume are reprinted the last two chapters of Mr. Van Doren's "American Literature: An Introduction." This is followed by an annotated index of authors.

The book is a useful compilation, and the cheapness of its price should help get it a goodly number of readers. But it is open to several criticisms. In the first place, it is too long. At least one-fifth of the authors included have no place, by any rational critical standard, in such a collection. Among them are Floyd Dell, here represented by "Phantom Adventure" from the childish "Love in Greenwich Village"; Waldo Frank, represented by "Maya" from the muddy "America Hispana"; Thornton Wilder, by "The Cardinal" from that horrendous piece of literary spew, "The Cabala"; and Alexander Woollcott, by "In That State of Life" from his recent raffle-barrel of gossip, "While Rome Burns." I also have grave doubts about Burton Rascoe's "Lucian" from that monstrosity of scholarship, "Prometheans"; and about the two pieces by Erskine Caldwell and Albert Halper, "Death of a Hero" and "Young Writer Remembering Chicago," respectively. The Caldwell story, like most of his stories, is no story at all; it is merely an incident. The Halper chapter of reminiscence is a dull piece of autobiography, almost completely devoid of that retrospective delirium without which no writing about the personal past is worth anything. Mr. Halper's general outlook on life is that of a fat-faced girl. He has intellectual asthma, and long stretches of writing seem to be beyond his strength, as "Union Square" abundantly showed. But he has written three or four short things which have a considerable lift. At the moment I recall especially "A Herring For My Uncle" and "My Brothers Who Are Honest Men." Either one is immensely better than the one Mr. Van Doren has picked. Finally, Mr. Van Doren has done an injustice to himself by reprinting the last two chapters of his brief survey of American literature. Not that the stuff is bad; it is really quite good for the audience of adult novices it was addressed to. My point is that it does not represent Mr. Van Doren in his best light. Many years ago, when he was on the *Nation*, he wrote three or four articles which still make interesting

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reading. And only three years ago he wrote a review of Henry Seidel Canby's "Classic Americans," in Dr. Canby's own paper, the *Saturday Review of Literature*, which was one of the best pieces of critical mayhem ever performed in that journal.

Over against these criticisms, one must say that many of the selections are very good. The pieces quoted from Van Wyck Brooks, Willa Cather, Dreiser ("My Brother Paul"), Sherwood Anderson ("I Want to Know Why"), Lardner ("The Golden Honeymoon"), Faulkner ("That Evening Sun")—I can't imagine anybody finding fault with these. Mr. Van Doren has also shown excellent judgment in his choice of Thomas Wolfe's long short story, "A Portrait of Bascom Hawke," one of the very few things Mr. Wolfe has done since "Look Homeward, Angel," which are really first-rate. And the selection of the chapter on William James from George Santayana's "Character and Opinion in the United States" was ideal. It shows Mr. Santayana at very nearly his best. He is really no philosopher at all, but a literary man who likes to write about philosophical subjects, almost none of which he understands. Only when discussing living philosophers whom he has met does he manage to say anything worthy of respect, and then only because he seldom discusses their philosophies, but their personalities. It is as an observer of character that he shines, and not as a philosophical critic. And in such capacity he has probably never been more effective than in his paper on William James. James also was not a philosopher, but a literary man. Mr. Santayana thus looked upon him as a brother false-face, so to speak, and what he said about him probably came nearer to God's view of James than any other human being has ever come.

What does the book as a whole reveal about American prose during the last twenty years? What it reveals, I'm afraid, is that the United States has not yet come of age in literary culture. The nineteen-twenties, for all the noise that was made in them, begin to look sadder and sadder as the years go by. In a very real sense it was a decade of adolescence. There was so much pother about Cabell, Lewis, Fitzgerald, Dreiser, Anderson, and the rest of them, but nearly all their works get thinner with the passage of time. Cabell's long, weary tale of Poictesme is rapidly becoming unreadable. It is all so fraudulent and drug-storish, so little related to life as real human beings live it, and so irrelevant to the inner, confessional turmoil of the night. One or two of his shorter things, in particular "Between Worlds," will probably last for a few more years, but even it is lacking in size. Of all of Lewis's books, "Babbitt" is clearly the best. I cannot agree with the apparently general opinion that "Arrowsmith" is his best. That book has always seemed to me to be a glorified Horatio Alger story. But to return to "Babbitt." It is a thoroughly good novel, as American novels go, and its ending is truly magnificent, but the more I read it the more I am dissatisfied. Precisely why, I am not yet ready to say. I incline to think that what ails it is its superficiality. The vacuous hustle of Babbitt's day life is all there, but the reveries of twilight, the torments of Sunday afternoon, and the intermittent groans of that horrendous half hour in bed before going to sleep—these are overlooked completely.

Dreiser comes close to filling in this lack in his books, particularly in "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt," and some of the chapters in "Twelve Men." But while he is conscious of the backdrop of delirium in human life, and of the lonely agonies of the night, his perceptive equip-

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ment leaves much to be desired. He seems to think that sex and position in life are the deepest thoughts of men and women, but every honest person knows that this is not quite so. What besets us all is something far more vague and far more removed from this world. It is a yearning for the evidence of things not seen and for the substance of things hoped for. Dostoievsky, Emily Brontë, Melville—all the great novelists know this. And what is true of Dreiser is also true of Anderson, and to a greater degree. It is this failure to grasp the full import of the diurnal quest of the mind and the otherwordly hunger of the heart that keeps "I Want to Know Why," "I'm a Fool," and "Hands" in "Winesburg, Ohio" from being truly great things. They are very good, but the seed of lasting grandeur is not in them.

The world, unfortunately, can still get along without most American books. Herman Melville has so far been our sole major contribution to the literature of modern history, and even he marred his stupendous "Moby Dick" with too many statistics. But Captain Ahab, with his mounting fugal maledictions upon all creation, will be listened to for at least another century. With him Melville sounded a trumpet call to all the tormented children of earth.

The critical prose writing of the last twenty years, as is becoming clearer every day, is in for a short life. Most of it has been uninformed and devoid of that quick and sure grasp of the artistic impulse, without which all the tedious gabble about movements and influences is mere legerdemain. Literary criticism is not physics, and it is not economics. It is an art which can be practised only by people with the souls of artists. Van Wyck Brooks, as I tried to show in this place last month, is perhaps the only contemporary literary critic with any chance for survival, but his fine feeling for literary values is cluttered up with a dubious sociological theory.

All in all, therefore, we must continue to be humble with our prose writing. The seed of literary immortality has somehow passed us by so far. Our prose is still bedraggled with immaturity. When God will kiss our writing is for Him to decide.

CHARLES ANGOFF

Creative Research

JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS, by Thomas Mann. Translated by H. D. Lowe-Porter. $2.50. 5½ x 7¾; 428 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

THE chief works of Thomas Mann, both the longer ones, "Buddenbrooks" and "The Magic Mountain," as well as the briefer overflows from or preparations for these, "Tonio Kröger," for instance, or "Death in Venice" can be read and relished by intelligent readers for story and character, for style and charm and intellectual stimulation. But the works of Thomas Mann share this mark with those of other quite first-rate writers—I use this qualification of him soberly and without fear of contradiction by time—that they can be best understood as well as most profoundly enjoyed within the total frame-work of his creative life.

That frame-work is, in the case of Mann, singularly harmonious and well-proportioned. The "figure" in his "carpet," to use a happy image of Henry James, stands out to the instructed eye in beautiful relief. During the long slow years of his development Thomas Mann, to drop all figures, has achieved an incomparable harmony as character, thinker and artist. He has built up that life structure of normal citizenship in the highest sense, both of his coun-

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try and of the world, which he conceives of as the necessary condition of the functioning of the artist as sage and prophet. And he conceives this to be so because he holds this functioning to be an integral if not the decisive part of that larger process by which chaos is molded into cosmos, by which nature is interpenetrated by spirit—*Natur* by *Geist*—the process which constitutes civilization and is the work as well as the being of man on earth. This is, of course, an unjustly concise statement of that blending of re-current themes that sounds from every tale and from every essay that Thomas Mann has written. It may be clarified by the briefest statement of the relation to each other of his three monumental works: "Buddenbrooks," "The Magic Mountain," "Joseph and His Brothers."

"Buddenbrooks," the history of a family, the history of *his* family, was Thomas Mann's accounting for himself and justification of himself as artist. For he felt early that the mere artist, the mere dabbler in what he calls beauty (*cf.* the story "Gladius Dei") is apt to be lost to himself and to humanity, because mere beauty is too pagan; it does not interpenetrate *Natur* by *Geist*; it is therefore in a certain sense both diseased and sinful, as was later to be illustrated by the toppling over the abyss of paganism of Gustav von Aschenbach in "Death in Venice." Thus through "Buddenbrooks" the young Thomas Mann justified the abnormality of the career of art by intellectual and moral compensations, even as he did in life by fleeing from Bohemia and becoming house-holder, husband, citizen, father.

Such were the foundations upon which was to be raised that vast structure of creative research into the soul of contemporary man and his world called "The Magic Mountain." I emphasize the word research. For the modern artist has no settled socialized notions either religious or philosophical within which he can work; he has no intelligible symbol or myth or legend left through which he can project his creative vision; he must, as Thomas Mann did, master all the knowledge and summon all the winds of doctrine of his day in order to delineate mankind in upheaval, in flux, in contention, in spiritual tragedy and yet hold fast that tumult and disaster in some eternal structure of art. Europe fell, Europe went down to disaster according to "The Magic Mountain" because mankind had fallen in love with death; because mankind had not succeeded in turning chaos into cosmos, in achieving a balance between *Natur* and *Geist* or, rather, in the redemption of nature by spirit.

From that disaster of his own age Thomas Mann turned to the unfathomable past of mankind. This is his second mighty creative research. What was the beginning of human things? Go as far back as you like, the process of transforming nature by the spirit of man has not only begun, but is far upon its way. What is its exact nature? From this point of view the prelude to "Joseph and His Brothers," called "Descent into Hell," is one of the most astonishing and profound as well as one of the most immediately significant pieces of writing in the world, with its apparently mystical and literally correct conclusion: "The history of man is older than the material world which is the work of his will, older than life, which rests upon his will." Nor was it accidental that for his research into the past Thomas Mann selected as his field the primitive history of the people Israel. For that people has longer and more steadily than any other sought consciously to sanctify the natural, to interpenetrate nature by the

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spirit of man and has, perhaps for that reason, not only survived but come to be constantly embattled amid the brutal pagan forces of a world unspiritualized and unredeemed.

I have left myself no space to make the ordinary observations that belong in a review. But it must be evident by now that in the commoner and more accepted sense, too, Thomas Mann is a very great artist. After the prelude the book is purely epic. Mann understands the noble and almost lost art of narrative—narrative in the sense of both Homer and Fielding—in which sharp characterization and dramatic conflict are arrived at without interrupting that narrative flow and mood which is the eternal mood of the stories told by men to each other from myth and legend to romance and novel. Read from this point of view "The Story of Dinah" for instance. It is, quite literally, Homeric and yet fed at every moment by the subtlety and awareness of a modern mind of the first order. And that is indeed the mark that ultimately distinguishes Thomas Mann from practically every other living writer: the union in him of the highest creative and the highest intellectual power. Therefore he is not always immediately accessible to readers enfeebled by the works of men with more talent than brains. Therefore, by the same token, "Joseph and His Brothers," like Mann's previous works will, finding first its few fit readers, come soon to belong to the necessary cultural landscape of the human mind. LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Morris Hillquit

LOOSE LEAVES FROM A BUSY LIFE, by Morris Hillquit. $2.50. 5½ x 8¼; 357 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

"A BABBITT of Babbitts is Hillquit, the ideal Socialist leader of successful dentists." Thus Trotsky dismissed the late mentor of American socialism. The invidious touch was justified, but the characterization was not very happy. To be sure, the contemptuous reference to Hillquit's smug and vulgar petty bourgeois following was sound enough. Only an American Flaubert could adequately convey the spiritual halitosis of these Socialist "dentists," be they pants-pressers or liberal parsons. But to call Hillquit himself a Babbitt is to miss the key to his long and tragic leadership.

If Hillquit had been Babbitt he would have been perfectly happy in striving towards a Socialist-good government Tammany, such as Victor Berger, a typical immigrant Scheidemann, built in Milwaukee. Or he might have accepted with good grace the Y. M. C. A. Socialism of Norman Thomas. Though these purely liberal forces finally defeated him, as they are now defeating themselves for the simple reason that the New Deal is going them one better, Hillquit never abandoned, at least in theory, his early Marxism. Finally, his Marxism became conservative, even reactionary. But this reaction was not achieved by the Rotarian intellectualism of the progressive mind. It was the refuge of his disappointments. His Socialism became tired and sectarian; and he no doubt knew it. He came to feel that the American atmosphere, for all sorts of historic reasons, was fatal to the social revolution, at least for a long time to come. Yet his lucid mind could not abandon the clarity of Socialist doctrine.

This gap between his social logic and his "realism" took away his spiritual wind. It dwarfed his social stature. He died a very clever, cynical, scornful and embittered man; and essentially a small, though honest, man. But he never became Babbitt. For that he was intellectually too

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civilized. Indeed, the only thing he saved from the wreckage of his youthful revolutionary outlook was a supreme contempt for the liberal "Socialist" Babbittry about him. Probably the most ironic thing to himself about his own career was his success in a system he honestly despised. As a lawyer he was not merely the equal of the Elihu Roots and the John W. Davises, but by far their superior. And so he always had a sufficiently large labor practice to keep his quite un-Socialist fortune from rolling into the millions; and also to keep his merited distinction as the greatest labor lawyer in American history. Compared to him Darrow is not a lawyer but an actor.

As the years went by this split in his personality widened. He became the incarnate contradiction of the "Socialist" leader, an intellectual snob who could not break through to the masses. He dealt only with a close and insignificant oligarchy of personal cronies, whom he didn't even trouble to control; and he became involved in innumerable ways with the various "progressive" forces. He despised the personalities of all these liberal, pseudo-Socialist tendencies. He laughed at the complex emptiness and the opportunist pragmatism of a John Dewey, who started out to "revolutionize" our education and wound up as the patron saint of all the Teachers Colleges.

He was amused by the humble-pretentious humanitarianism of a Jane Addams, who professed pacifism while advocating meatless days during the war. Privately, he lumped together the Rabbi Wises and Harry Emerson Fosdicks and Norman Thomases; to him they were all merely left publicity seekers. La Follettism he considered a mere return to the trust busting 1890's. He was fully aware that the "lovable" Debs was not the first native Marxian but the last and most befuddled Jacksonian. He intensely disliked the heavy, *echt Deutsch,* beer garden, Ebert variety of Socialism of Milwaukee. He knew the abject mental and moral bankruptcy of even the so-called progressives in the A. F. of L. He was a thoroughly disillusioned man.

And yet, he believed that nationally American Socialism could not keep from becoming a sort of vague synthesis of all these forces; and he stayed on as the philosopher and somewhat contemptuous guide of the movement. Where else was he to go? That, he came to feel, is "America." He always remained deeply conscious of the immigrant nature of American Socialism. His mind was far too orderly to welcome the Populist laborism of Debs, the Christian Socialism of Thomas, the goo-goo flirtations of the Deweyites. But he respected tremendously their nativity.

In his heart he really admired the Trotskys of history, who despised him. But then, Russia was not part of Western industrial society, especially not America. His conception of Western Socialism became a sort of nebular hypothesis: in time all these soft, pink movements will harden into a red revolutionary star. And with a wry pen he defended even the Eberts and MacDonalds, until that became impossible; and he spoke of American progressives as "fine" characters. But his private mellowness he reserved for the radical oppositions which had abused him all his life. The Wobblies and the Communists, who called him every name under the sun, he considered more or less insane. Still, they were crazy on the left, and he cursed them almost affectionately.

"Loose Leaves From A Busy Life" is a very shrewd book of memoirs. Above all, Hillquit wished to leave a picture of himself as a true-blue Marxian. Above

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all, he did not wish to be remembered as a wishy-washy liberal. And so he dwells lovingly on his early years, almost half a century ago, when as a Socialist agitator he was the leading figure in organizing Jewish American labor. He makes a good deal of his defence of ultra-radical cases, of Johann Most the anarchist, of the Communistically inclined editors of the old *Masses*, of the victims of the red baiters during and after the war. He is proud of the fact that it was he who forced the Socialist party into a clear anti-war stand. And one cannot help but admire his real courage in the memorable New York mayoralty campaign of 1917, when in the midst of all the war hysteria he stuck by all his guns. It was Hillquit who was mainly instrumental in taking the American Socialist party out of the Second International; and he even wistfully regrets that the Third International made it impossible for the party to join it. He clearly comes out against the revolutionary cowardice of the German Socialists and states his belief that Soviet Russia is on the way to Socialist construction.

And yet he does not succeed in establishing his revolutionary character. He can't. He has to contradict himself. In one place he indicts and elsewhere he whitewashes the Eberts and MacDonalds. His pen sketches of the American progressives and labor leaders are invariably flat. He tries to praise them. But he obviously does not care for them. In the most literal sense these memoirs are an *apologia pro vita mea*. Still, it may well be that the historians of the future will agree with Hillquit's unconscious justification of himself, legible between all the lines, that the last half century of American life was probably the worst possible environment for the development of a revolutionary radical.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Homes are as Barren as Box-Cars

BOY AND GIRL TRAMPS OF AMERICA, by Thomas Minehan. $2.50. 5½ x 8½; 246 pp. New York: *Farrar & Rinehart.*

THIS judicious and absorbing account of vagrant children is written by a sociologist of the University of Minnesota, who, having previously made a study of older male transients, has now pushed his researches still further by taking to the road with a younger army of hoboes, and was evidently young enough himself to observe them at close range without detection. He dressed in old clothes, caught rides and camped out with them in all weathers, slept where they did in cars and on the floors of missions and jails, and with his camera and note-book made the same kind of record of his travels as if he had penetrated the tropical instead of the hobo jungle. Although the book has an appendix of numerical tables for those who prefer their information in this form, Mr. Minehan has deliberately chosen the method of the reporter, and set himself to answer the kind of questions that any reader would naturally ask about an unknown tribe of children. His chapter headings read; Why did they leave home? How they travel; How they get food; How they get clothing; How they sleep: Their education, sex life, philosophy, and conversation.

He found, for instance, that 387 out of 466 gave hard times as their reason for leaving home; 28 the fact that they liked to travel; and 23 their dislike of school. Whether or not these were the actual reasons, apparently the children thought they were, which is all that the author pretends to record. Of the 577 tramps he interviewed, 295 were less than 17, and 454 less than 19. Of this number, about 1 in 20 were girls, and the girls ran

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younger than the boys. Despite the fact that these children have had somewhat more schooling than the older hoboes, and talked upon a wider range of subjects, including Communism, their sex life was as naïvely unrestrained as that of older derelicts, with the one exception that they do not take so readily to homosexuality. "I don't like that sin. I mean I don't like it," expressed a reaction which was fairly general among easy-going travelers who did not draw the line at much else.

Perhaps more significant than the philosophy of life so labelled by the author, is that which is latent in all their behavior and conversation. Each young vagrant obviously believes that when he is hungry, whomever he asks for it should give him a good meal, and when he is tired a comfortable place to sleep should be provided and no questions asked. The stale bread and watery soup of the breadline is as deeply resented by the tramp who emerges from a box-car to demand it, as if he sat at a hotel table and were charged a good price for his meal. Food is an everlasting subject of conversation, and these children want it as fresh and well-flavored as the rest of us do. Sometimes, by judicious stealing, they get it, but more often not. They have discovered that young brides are more generous with shirts, and German butchers with sausage; that new tomatoes are good eating; and an onion improves any stew. They deeply resent the fact that they get the cement floor and sour beans of small town jails, while local miscreants sleep on mattresses and eat fried eggs. And almost more than jailers they detest social workers, who ask impertinent questions, and offer advice and, perhaps, work—none of which is wanted. In short, beside the railroad tracks adjacent to our dooryards, camps a nomadic tribe that feels entitled to the shirts on our clothesline, and whose conception of the rights to the roast in our ice-box differs radically from our own.

The author's conclusion is that this emergency can only be met by a Child Conservation Corps which will take charge of boys and girls under 18, as the Civilian Conservation Corps takes boys over 18, and will train them, not merely for camp life but for life in our social order. As things are, he says "I who have lived with child tramps find little that is wholesome, and nothing that is permanently good." This suggestion is excellent—but why restrict the Conservation Corps to tramps? What Mr. Minehan says of the relatively small tribe of child tramps, could be said with equal truth of the larger army of neglected and untrained children asleep in their own dingy beds. All the juvenile delinquents that I know live under a code similar to his tramps. All of them are undisciplined, unwholesome in mind and body, and resentful of interference. And they all live by snatching their food, their clothing and their pleasure where they can get it. If all of Mr. Minehan's child tramps were given a return ticket, the chances are that their homes would be as barren of good influences as a box-car.

So when his Child Conservation Corps is established, I can only hope that he will not restrict its membership to the children who took to the rails, but will give the same welcome to their equally wretched brothers and sisters who stayed at home.

ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

Life in the Bush

REBEL DESTINY, by Melville and Frances Herskovits. $3.00. 5½ x 8½; 366 pp. New York: *Whittlesey House.*

THE thin narrative thread which binds together these observations of the Bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana is that of a journey

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up the Suriname River, in dugout canoes manned by native paddlers, which Professor and Mrs. Herskovits made in 1929. From this device and also from the oversimplified, tender, almost reverential style, which white people nowadays seem impelled to use when writing of persons of a darker hue, their book resembles many recent accounts of broad-minded white couples who have sought mystic experiences among isolated blacks. But there the similarity ends; for the Herskovitses went into the Suriname Jungle not as wide-eyed, credulous adventurers looking for miraculous yarns to spring upon the home folks, but as sober students of ethnology pursuing further their studies of the cultural background of the New World Negro—studies which had already led them from the United States to the West Indies and Africa. Though their present book is a popular by-product of their more academic research, its emphasis is not upon any thrills that "the white man" and "his woman," as the Herskovitses describe themselves throughout, may have experienced, but upon the thoughts and mental attitudes of the people they gradually learned to know and understand.

The Suriname Negroes have lived in what they themselves call the Saramacca Country since the end of the Seventeenth Century when their ancestors, recently brought from Africa, escaped from the plantations on the coast and through treaties with the Dutch planters secured their freedom. They have not, of course, remained entirely untouched by Nordic civilization. The men trade their lumber to coastal merchants for real, if not very many, guilders, and Catholic missionaries prowl the Bush. Already tales of the cinema have begun to figure in their folklore and the throne of the Granman of the entire Saramacca tribe is a canvas camp chair. Yet because the Suriname River is the only highway into their jungle fastness and only native paddlers can maneuver a small canoe through its treacherous rapids, the Saramacca Negroes have been less affected by the culture of the whites than any of their widely dispersed relatives, even those who have remained in deepest Africa. Their occupations, their customs, their ceremonials, their metaphysical beliefs and their ways of thinking are essentially those of their Seventeenth Century forebears.

In strictly social matters the Saramacca people apparently regulate their lives with less fuss and distress than many of the rest of us. Though they have their intricate moral code they are able to accept such frequent infringements as pre-marital unchastity and post-marital infidelity with sanity and humor. They have even hit upon an admirable solution of the recurrent problem of the younger generation, for though their youngsters are required to treat their parents with respect and to conduct themselves rather prudishly before them, they are allowed to tease and heckle their grandparents and great-grandparents to their hearts' content. And there is a special sanction for giggling with the old folks over lewd and lascivious stories.

This does not mean, however, that the life of the Saramacca Negroes is free and simple as compared to ours. It is, in fact, incredibly complex. Not only do the women have to work hard to raise enough food for their families and the men undergo perpetual dangers in the jungle and on the river, but supernatural matters complicate their slightest actions enormously.

A Saramacca Negro has not just one soul to worry over, but two—his *akra* which stays with him and his *Dyo-dyo* which wanders about until his death. He

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has his own private taboo, which he must always remember, and his own personal gods, which his father either gives him or buys for him with hard-earned guilders, and which, when they possess him, cause him to dance in much the same manner that the more communal spirit of Jesus compels his relatives on the Mississippi to clap their hands and shout. Besides this, there is a whole hierarchy of other deities with whom he is less intimately associated but whom he must always be cajoling—the Sky God, Mother Earth, the river gods, the snake gods, the ant hill gods, and countless ancestors and lesser spirits. And he has to be forever decking his body with obia charms to ward off evil magic and attract the good.

Yet no matter how softly a Saramacca Negro walks in the presence of the gods and spirits, there is always *kunu* that will bring to him misfortune and eventually death. The actions that provoke *kunu* can be anything from incest to the accidental destruction of a small ant hill, but irrationally, its dire results are visited not upon the particular person who commits this act but upon all the innocent members of his family.

What was this *kunu*, the Herskovitses asked again and again, was it the vengeance of the gods, or fate, or conscience or morality? And the most usual answer they received was "*Kunu* is *kunu*. If you have *kunu* you have it." But when they said to one of the chiefs, "Then life is hard for you Saramacca people. You must always think of *kunu*," the old man laughed at their seriousness. There was nothing to be done about it, he assured them for "there are always things happening, people always do things they shouldn't." This seems as satisfactory an explanation as any theology has devised to account for the vicissitudes and injustices of human life.

The intentional vagueness of the Herskovitses' style is somewhat monotonous and often a trifle irritating, but in the main they have done a thorough and extremely interesting job.

GRACE ADAMS

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JEROME W. EPHRAIM *is a manufacturer of household products. He is the author of "Consumers' Guide to Scientific Buying and Saving."*

W. D. GILLIS *is attorney for the House of Representatives of Idaho.*

F. C. HANIGHEN *is the author of "Santa Anna" and co-author, with H. C. Engelbrecht, of "Merchants of Death."*

MERIDEL LE SUEUR *has worked on newspapers all over the country. At present she is living in Minnesota.*

SAUL LEVITT *has contributed stories to the* Windsor Quarterly, *the* Anvil, *and the* Magazine. *He is now living in New York City.*

LUDWIG LEWISOHN'S *books include "Upstream," "Expression in America" and "The Island Within."*

JOHN MULLEN *was until recently a labor organizer.*

ALBERT PARRY *is the author of "Garrets and Pretenders" and of a book on tattooing.*

EDWARD ROBINSON *is a New York music critic. He has an A.M. from Columbia.*

GEORGE SIMPSON, PH.D. (Columbia), *is the editor and translator of "Emile Durkheim on the Division of Labor in Society." His book, "Conflict and Community," will be published soon.*

JOHN L. SPIVAK *was at one time foreign correspondent for the International News Service. He has been engaged in journalism for many years.*

BENJAMIN STOLBERG *is a New York journalist.*

ANNA LOUISE STRONG *is founder of the Moscow* News. *She has lived in Russia for more than twelve years.*

ANTHONY M. TURANO *was born in Italy in 1894. He is a lawyer, and is now practising in Reno, Nevada.*

SIGRID UNDSET *won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1928. Her books include "Kristin Lavransdatter," "In the Wilderness," and "The Wild Orchid."*

HENSHAW WARD *is the author of "What Is English?," "Charles Darwin—the Man and His Warfare" and "Exploring the Universe." He lives in New Haven, Conn.*

ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE, PH.D. (Radcliffe), *is the author of "Other People's Daughter" and "Life Among the Lowbrows."*

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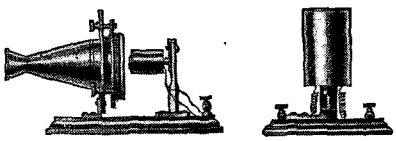
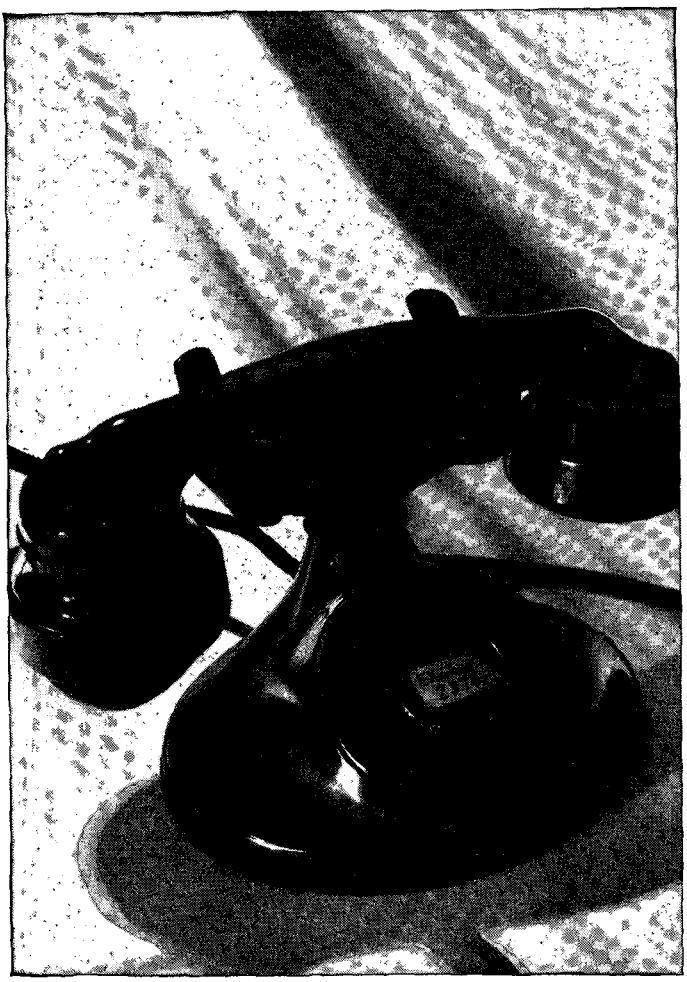


Telephone Transmitter and Receiver used at the Philadelphia Centennial

From one telephone to thirteen million



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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page vii

third a clever but unscrupulous lawyer. The woman had been at one time the mistress of her elderly employer, and after his death she had blackmailed his family. She always spoke of him kindly as "her dear foster-father." The story runs through an almost endless series of intrigues and inter-relations of the characters; at the end the idealist becomes disillusioned, the philosopher turns cynic, the girl glides half-heartedly through women's political clubs, and the lawyer is elected Governor. Mr. Hackenburg, a New York magistrate, writes from a full knowledge of his characters, but his prose has little distinction. Third-rate stuff.

WATER FRONT.

By John Brophy. *The Macmillan Company*

$2.00 5½ x 8¼; 256 pp. *New York*

The story of a lowly family on the water front of Liverpool. Nora and Fanny McCabe are employed in a large store. They are both "keeping company," Nora with a stolid, hard-working ship's engineer, Ben Saitherwaite, at present out of a job; Fanny with a foppish do-nothing rich man's son, Maurice Bruno. Their father, no-good and drunken, has been away on a ship for fourteen years, and in the course of the book, turns up to the embarrassment and the indignity of his family. He gets drunk, kills a man, is put in prison. Mrs. McCabe, despite her heretofore virulent disgust, turns soft and becomes the heavy wife. Although Mr. Brophy writes from considerable first-hand observation, his descriptions are colorless and he pays too much attention to unimportant detail. Second rate stuff.

TWO LOVES I HAVE.

By Clara Longworth de Chambrun.

The J. B. Lippincott Company

$2.50 5½ x 8; 319 pp. *Philadelphia*

This is just one more unsuccessful attempt to depict the every day life of William Shakespeare. Although there is evidence here of considerable research and intelligent speculation, somehow the character of the great poet remains—as no doubt it always will remain—safely buried in obscurity. However, this is not to the discredit of the Countess de Chambrun, for seldom if ever has genius been brought to life in a novelized form, and perhaps the present version of Shakespeare's career—describing the early Stratford-on-Avon days, the period of struggle and disappointment in London, the affair with Ann Hathaway, and the ultimate success of his literary efforts—is as good as any which has been written in the past, although it is not particularly entertaining.

Recorded MUSIC

CONCERTO NO. 1 IN D-MINOR.

By Johannes Brahms. *R.C.A.-Victor*

$10 *Camden, N. J.*

10 parts; 5 12-inch records

Brahms was only twenty-six years old when this magnificent concerto was first performed in 1859 in Leipzig. At the beginning it was a complete failure with the public and the critics, but in time it assumed its rightful stature in the eyes of both, and its grandeur is becoming more and more apparent as time goes on. The first subject in the first movement is one of the miracles of musical thinking. In sheer dramatic power it reaches heights that even Beethoven seldom reached. The present recording, by the British Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Adrian Boult, does fair justice to this movement, though the string choir is a bit feeble in parts. As for the soloist, Wilhelm Bachaus, he is excellent. In the second movement, indeed, he does much to redeem the rather ineffective playing of the orchestra, but in the third movement the two are in equally good form. The superb rondo rings out with all its brilliance. On the whole, an uneven recording, but well worth owning, if only for Mr. Bachaus's piano playing.

SYMPHONY NO. 41 (JUPITER). (K. 551).

By W. A. Mozart. *Columbia*

$6 *New York*

7 parts; 4 12-inch records

The Jupiter symphony, which, according to the best evidence, was written in fifteen days (from July 25 to August 10, 1788), remains one of the stupendous compositions of all time. Like everything Mozart wrote, it is almost flawless technically and in impeccable taste; but unlike most of the things he wrote, it has a considerable profundity. The present recording is by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. On the whole, it is a very good job, particularly in the first movement and in the finale. The second movement is played, perhaps, a trifle too slowly, though one must admit that there is room for argument here. Sir Thomas is especially happy in his playing of the inner voices, all of which come out clearly. On the eighth side there is a sarabande and a tambourine by Händel, as arranged by Sir Thomas. They are played with consummate skill and delicacy.

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RECORDED MUSIC

QUARTET IN A-MINOR. Op. 132.
By Ludwig Van Beethoven. *Columbia*
$7.50 10 parts; 5 12-inch records *New York*

This quartet, one of Beethoven's last, is one of the supreme achievements in the history of chamber music. In it the master of Bonn reached depths of profundity in musical ideation, beyond which no composer, with the possible exception of Bach, has gone. The grand prayer of the third movement is not merely a plea; it is a statement of supervision. It is one of the longest third movements ever written, but it is so full of inexpressible devotion, vigor, and richness of development that one is almost sorry to be distracted by the little march which opens the fourth movement. What the quartet means, if it means anything in the ordinary sense of the word *meaning*, will forever remain any critic's guess, but that it carried the flag of music very much nearer heaven no one can deny. The London String Quartet plays it with high competency. Its playing of the third movement is particularly to be commended.

VERKLÄRTE NACHT.
By Arnold Schönberg. *R.C.A.-Victor*
$8 8 parts; 4 12-inch records *Camden, N. J.*

Herr Schönberg wrote this in 1899, when he was twenty-five years old. It was originally written as a string sextet, but was later transcribed for a string orchestra by the composer himself. The present recording is of the orchestral transcription, and is played by Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. The original sextet has a considerable appeal, and to at least one listener is the only thing Schönberg wrote that is worthy of respect, despite its obvious borrowings from Wagner. The orchestral transcription was unfortunate. It sounds thin and all its Wagnerisms seem to leap at you, whereas in the sextet they are somewhat hidden. Mr. Ormandy's indifferent, and in parts downright bad, performance does not help matters in the slightest. "Verklärte Nacht" is chamber music and should remain such.

RAPSODIE ESPAGNOLE.
By Maurice Ravel. *R.C.A.-Victor*
$4 4 parts; 2 12-inch records *Camden, N. J.*

At this late date it is almost superfluous to comment on this composition of the late French wonder-boy of the musical world. The music is dull and hollow, and the first section in particular, "Prelude à la Nuit," is hardly more than an exercise in endurance. It makes the same composer's "Bolero" seem almost like inspired music. Dr. Stokowski and his Philadelphia Orchestra do heroically by it, but their magnificent playing is of little avail, for the music simply is not there.

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aak as i see it

It is with special pleasure that I announce the publication of John Collier's new novel *Defy the Foul Fiend.* I have been his ardent admirer from the moment I read that astonishing and astonishingly neglected novel of his, entitled, characteristically, *His Monkey Wife.*

Defy the Foul Fiend is even better. The hero is the illegitimate son of a dissolute and bankrupt peer. At twenty, with no equipment, except a few romantic notions which do not survive very long, he is pitchforked into the postwar world. Like all of us at twenty he wants to become a fine fellow; but the question is, what kind? You cannot imagine a young man with warmer feelings or fewer morals, or a more Candide-like innocence, and he naturally gets into all sorts of deplorable scrapes. His dreams and idealism depart, but not his zest for life; and his adventures go on. His career is rich, robust, comical foolhardy and dazzling, and Mr. Collier leaves him at the end "in as good a condition as any in England, short of dukedom."

I warmly recommend it to you as a thoroughly entertaining story. It has not, by the way, been recommended (I don't mean selected) by the judges of The Book-of-the-Month Club so there are some readers, apparently, who don't care much for it. But I think you will enjoy it. ($2.50)

I have long wondered how on earth G. D. H. Cole gets so much work done. He is probably the most productive serious writer in English today. During the past two years he has written a 550-page book on the economics of the depression, entitled *A Guide Through World Chaos,* a 650-page book on the European situation, in collaboration with his wife, Margaret Cole, entitled *The Intelligent Man's Review of Europe Today,* a 300-page book on Marxism, called *What Marx Really Meant,* and a 600-page book on politics, again in collaboration with his wife, entitled *A Guide To Modern Politics,* which I shall publish early this fall. In addition he has edited a 450-page book called *What Everybody Wants to Know About Money,* of which he wrote four of the twelve chapters. (In considering these figures bear in mind that the average "good-sized" book contains 100,000 words.) Besides these political and economic works which I publish, Mr. and Mrs. Cole deliver to another publisher every season a murder mystery story. To top it off, as it were, Mr. Cole contributes frequently to the English reviews and journals.

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It is an astonishing record—and in view of the fact that the detective stories are uniformly good and the serious works unvaryingly superb, it is almost incredible. A few weeks ago my curiosity led me to ask him how he does it. I think his reply will interest you. It bears witness to the quality of his mind and the strength of his character. He writes:

"In the first place, there are three Oxford terms in the year and each lasts eight weeks, or rather nine if you include preliminary meetings. I am up in Oxford every week in term at least from Tuesday to Friday and sometimes rather more, and as I usually lecture three times a week and have something like fifteen hours teaching in addition I find it quite impossible to tackle any writing of books during term. All that I can manage to do then is a certain amount of article work, and even a good deal of that has to be done in the vacation. I live in Oxford during the week and come home for weekends, and such writing work as I am able to do during the term has to be done at weekends. In the vacation I generally settle down pretty promptly to do some work on a book. On one book, the major product of the year, I work mainly in the Christmas and Easter vacations. That, for example, is how *Europe* and the *Guide to Modern Politics* have been mainly written; but in the case of the *Guide Through World Chaos* I was aided by an illness which kept me away from Oxford. More than once I have found illness a very great help in getting through my work. In the summer—our vacation lasts from mid June to the beginning of October—I reckon to get a detective story done, and probably some smaller book or at least part of one on an economic or political subject.

My wife, of course, has not got her year divided sharply into parts in the same way as I have. She reckons to do a detective story a year, and to find time to collaborate with me in my major book, or in the alternative to do something else of her own. That is over and above the responsibility of managing a household, paying attention to three children, and doing much more work than I can spare time for in connection with the New Fabian Research Bureau and other political activities. I am Honorary Secretary of the New Fabian Research Bureau, but cannot do much active work for it; she is Honorary Secretary of the Economic Section and does a good lot.

As for how we get through it, I think as far as I am concerned the answer is that I like work and find changing from one sort of work to another the best kind of recreation. I like getting off every now and then for a holiday, but I am miserable on a holiday unless I take some work with me. It always has come natural to me to write, and I find I can only think effectively by trying my thoughts out on paper. In addition to my books I do regularly part of the Notes and a good many articles for the *New Statesman,* and a regular weekly article which appears both in the *Manchester Evening News* and the *Glasgow Evening Times,* also some miscellaneous journalism and an occasional short story. I am not sure that I shall be quite so energetic as I have been now that I

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as i see it

have got a house on the edge of London with a pleasant garden; but I don't think anything would persuade me to be even reasonably lazy —I should so soon get bored if I went in for 'pleasure'."

I have just published L. A. G. Strong's new novel, *Corporal Tune*. Readers of his previous books—*The Garden, Brothers* and *Sea Wall*—will not have to be told that his new one is beautifully and sensitively written. It is in every other way as well, however, an unusual story. It deals with the thoughts and emotions of a sick man, and I may add that Mr. Strong wrote it out of intense personal experience. The chief character, Farrelly, is a widower whose wife died in childbirth, leaving him another man's child. Cut off from full participation in things, Farrelly becomes a morbidly profound observer of both himself and others. His tragedy is handled by Mr. Strong with an exquisite touch and deep and humane feeling. We all know what it is to be ill, but here, almost for the first time, is illness treated in its universal aspects. Some readers think this is Strong's finest novel. ($2.50.)

Paris is, of course, not France, but even that part of Paris that tourists usually see is not Paris. I have just published a book called *Tale without End* by Lilo Linke which will give you a new insight into French life. The author is a young German girl, who wandered all through the country by herself, living with *the people,* and only rarely—and then only as an outsider—coming into contact with the fashionable world. On the west coast she stayed on an island with the fisher-folk, in Lyons with a weaver, in the South with the vintners, in Marseilles with the sailors. In Paris, she explores the workers' districts and the homes of the lower middle classes.

But her story has a far greater significance than its charm and humanity as a book of travel. It is primarily a self-portrait of one of those remarkable young Germans who have now been exiled, killed, imprisoned, or silenced by the hordes of Hitler. Here is the spirit of idealism, of adventure, of love and friendship and learning that only a few years ago seemed ready to build the brotherhood of man in Europe. The book has a long introduction by Storm Jameson, who, as a matter of fact, befriended Lilo Linke when she left Germany and helped her to settle down in England where she is already at work on another book.

I am sure that many of you read and admire Bruce Marshall's novel, *Father Malachy's Miracle*. I have just published his new one, called *Prayer for the Living*. It gives further proof of Mr. Marshall's unique and astonishing gifts. One way of describing it is to say that it is a story of life in a prep school in Scotland during

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as i see it

the war—but that is no way at all of conveying the devilish wit and cutting satire with which Mr. Marshall heightens and brightens his scene, or the pathos surrounding schoolboys who will overnight be turned into soldiers, or the moving idyll of love between the headmaster's daughter and a young teacher about to leave for the Front. Mr. Marshall has made of his little world something quite out of the ordinary—something difficult to describe, but very easy indeed to appreciate. ($2.50)

"Slowly but surely man is beginning to realize that the sexual instinct is a righteous integral part of himself and that the proper functioning of it should be dealt with, just as we consider every other activity of the human organism." So Dr. Edwin W. Hirsch begins a book I have just published under the title of *The Power to Love*. In it Dr. Hirsch seeks to instruct those who want to know what "the proper functioning" of the sexual instinct is and how it may be attained.

This is a book by a scientist—a member of the faculty of the College of Medicine of the University of Illinois—for laymen. It is written frankly and simply, as though it consisted of the remarks of a physician addressing a patient during a private consultation, but in addition it is written with the understanding and tact of a man who realizes how personal and delicate a subject is that of love, even in its physiological and neurological aspects. It is written primarily for men.

There are chapters on the sexual mechanism, the physiology of sex, the role of the psychic in sex, the causes of sexual debility, the medical and surgical treatment of impotency, psychical impotency, frigidity, fear, control, and sexual incompetency in general. ($4.00)

On August 13 I initiated a series, called the *Alblabooks*, of new and cheaper editions of good books—usually but not invariably non-fiction. These books have been tested by earlier publication and not found wanting in that curious permanency so sought after by the wise publisher. Not necessarily great books, they are very good books indeed and they will be added to this series only because I honestly believe that many thousands of readers will want each title in this new format and at this new and lower price.

The format of the *Alblabooks* has been designed by W. A. Dwiggins, who is not, however, responsible for the typography. Each book in the series is priced at $2.50. The books released on August 13 are: *The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson* by Genevieve Taggard, *A History of Russian Literature,* by D. S. Mirsky, *Renoir* by Ambroise Vollard, *Travels in the Congo,* by Andre Gide, *In My End Is My Beginning* by Maurice Baring.

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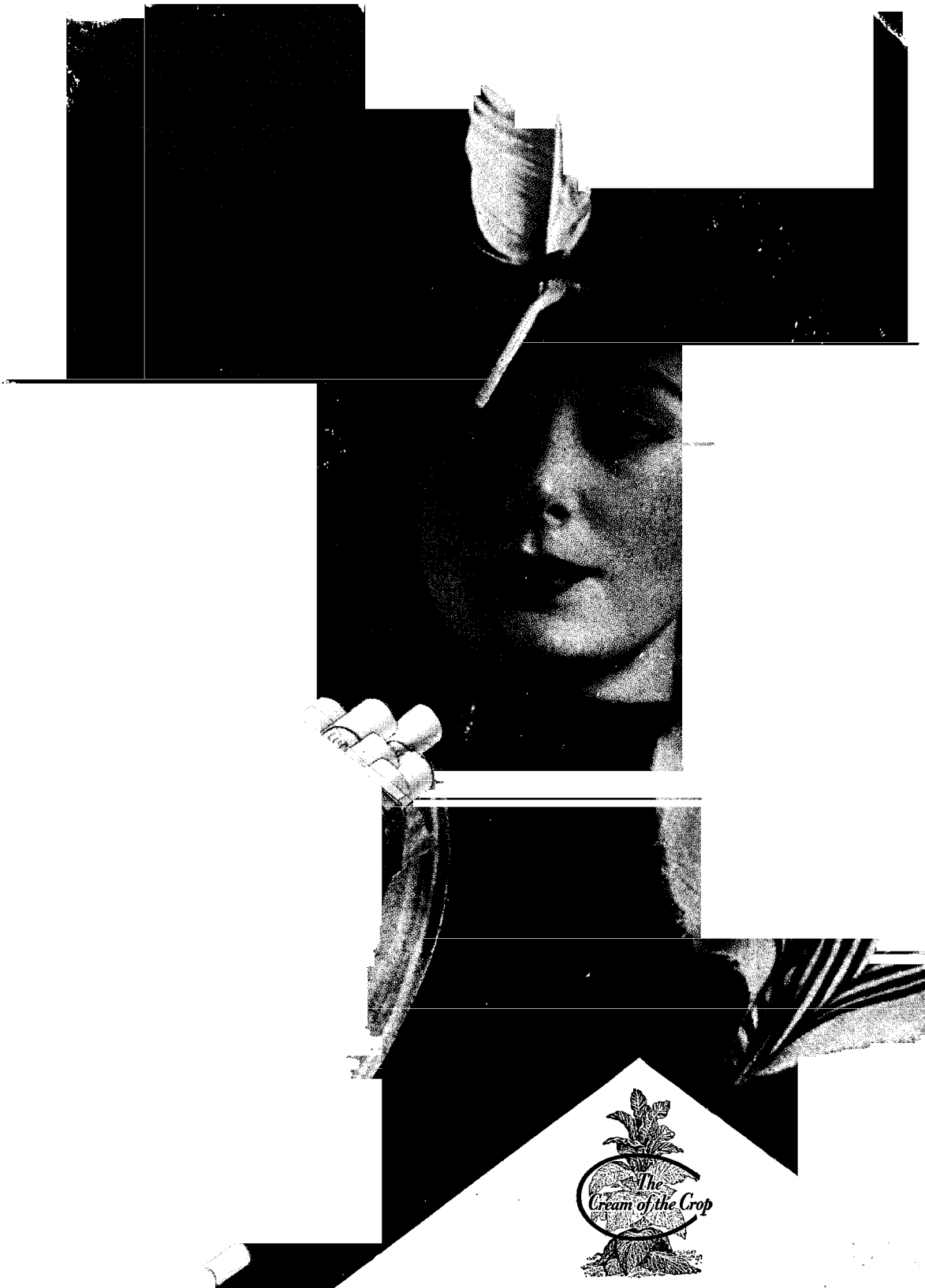

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They Taste Better!

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